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DE LAMARTINE,

Published by Wm Wright 13 St. Georges Road Southwark 1837

TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND,

OR

A VISIT TO THE SCENES OF

OUR REDEEMER'S LIFE.

From the French of [illegible]

ROBERT HUISH, ESQ.

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TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND;

OR, A VISIT

TO THE SCENES OF OUR REDEEMER'S LIFE,

BY

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,

IN

1832—1833.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

ROBERT HUISH, Esq. F.R.S. F.Z.S. &c. &c.

TRANSLATOR OF "STURM'S MORNING DEVOTIONS," "THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST," EDITOR OF THE "VOYAGES OF CAPTAINS BEECHEY AND BACK," &c. &c.

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LONDON:
W. WRIGHT 13, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
SOUTHWARK.

1840.

M'GOWAN AND CO., GREAT WINDMILL STREET.

PREFACE.

The Towers of Babylon are in the dust—the Walls of Jerusalem are laid low—the gorgeous Palaces of the East are in their ruins desolate; the Temples and the Synagogues, the Altars and the Arks are overthrown, but a mighty voice comes from their ruins, which speaks to all the nations of the world. proclaiming to them the great and glorious deeds which were accomplished on their site, when the Divine Founder of Christianity glorified it with his presence, and gave to it a sacred character, for ever to be venerated by the pious and the just.

Delightful must it be to follow the inspired Poet in his contemplation of those glorious and holy visions of the past, when standing on the ruins of the once powerful Jerusalem, he is full of the consciousness, that he is surveying the wonderous scenes, once hallowed by the footsteps of an incarnate Godhead, to whom he is indebted for the inestimable blessings of salvation; that he is refreshing himself from the waters of the same rivulet in which the Son of man was baptised, and that he is, perhaps resting his weary limbs on the hill upon which flowed the blood of the Lamb of God, that through him the redemption of the human race might be accomplished.

It belongs not often to the human mind to be possessed of those high intellectual powers, which, in the contemplation of such wonderous scenes, can in the full spirit of devotional enthusiasm enjoy the fullness of their glory, and what is perhaps still more uncommon, which know how to

describe them with that intensity of interest, and that sublimity of emotion, which such objects, encircled with the blaze of divinity, are so well calculated to inspire. The traveller standing on the Field of Golgotha, at his feet the desolate Halls of Jerusalem, where the Herods and the Pilates once held sway—the pilgrim who visits the shrine of the Most Holy One to offer up his orisons to his Saviour, are in their entranced imaginations the living witnesses of the momentous acts which a Godhead performed on earth, and in the fervent breathings of their spirit, they promulgate to a listening and an admiring world the glowing ecstasy of their thoughts.

Such was De Lamartine, of whom his country has just reason to be proud, as one of the noblest of her sons in the diffusion of those holy sentiments which enchain the human mind, and lead it on irresistibly to the love of all that is good, or great, or virtuous. Arduous as may be the task to infuse his rich and glowing images into another language, to follow him through those bright and vivid associations, which throw such an indescribable charm over every page of his edifying work, and which tend to impart that soothing influence to the soul, which must necessarily flow from a mind like his, imbued with the purest principles of religion and virtue; still the translator confidently hopes that he will be able to surmount every difficulty, and that at the close of his labours, it will be acknowledged that he has presented to the British public, one of the most edifying, instructive, and moral works of which the literature of this country can boast. It will also be no trifling source of satisfaction to him to know that he has been the humble instrument of bringing the pious and the good into a closer communion with that God, who takes into his merciful consideration the frailties of his creatures, and that he has conducted them to those sacred scenes, where the Holy Son of that benevolent God breathed his last on earth for the Salvation of the human race.

TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND;

OR,

A Visit to the Scenes

OF

OUR REDEEMER'S LIFE.

Marseilles, 20th May, 1832.

When my grandmother was on her bed of death, my mother received from her a handsome Bible of Royamount, in which she taught me to read, whilst I was yet in my infancy. This Bible was illustrated with engravings on every page, of sacred subjects, delineating Sarah, Tobit and his angel, Joseph and Samuel, and above all, there were depicted those beautiful patriarchal scenes of the east, intermingled with all the actions of that simple and miraculous life of the father of the human race. When I had recited my lesson to the satisfaction of my mother, and read nearly, without making a single blunder, the column of the Holy Scriptures, she would then expose to me the engraving, and holding the book open upon her knees, allow me to examine and contemplate it, giving me at the same a full explanation of it, as a reward for my cleverness. She was by nature gifted with a mind as pious as it was affectionate, and with an imagination, the most sensitive, and the most unsophisticated. All her thoughts

were sentiments, and all her sentiments were an image; her sweet, handsome, and noble figure reflected in its radiant physiognomy every thing with which her heart was inflamed, every thing that was depicted in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and deeply expressive tone of her voice imparted to all that she said, an accent of strength, love, and delight, which even at this moment vibrates in my ear after, alas! six years that the sound has never been heard. The sight of those engravings, explanations and the poetical commentaries of my mother instilled into me from my infancy a taste and inclination for biblical knowledge; from the love of the things themselves, to the scenes where they had taken place, there was but one step. From the age of eight years, I was therefore inflamed with the desire of travelling to visit those mountains on which God descended; those deserts where the angels came to show to Hagar the secret spring, from which her poor child, exiled and dying with thirst, might be refreshed;—those rivers which flowed from the terrestrial paradise—that Heaven, from which the angels were seen to descend, and afterwards to ascend on the ladder of Jacob. This desire was never extinguished in me; the east was for ever afterwards the object to which all my attention was directed; I dreamt of a voyage thither as forming one great act of my meditative life; I was eternally constructing in my thoughts a grand and religious epopee, of which those beautiful places were to be the principal scenes. It appeared to me also that it was there that all the doubts and cavils of the mind, that all the perplexities and contradictions of religion would find their solution and explication. In fine, it was there, where I was to dip my pencil in the brightest and the most splendid of colours, the tints of which were to shine in my poems, for life itself was always to my mind a grand poem, full of glorious and majestic scenes, as it was always to my heart the effluence of love. God, Love, and Poetry, are the three words which I should wish to have engraved on the tablet of my tomb, if ever I should be worth one.

Hence the origin of the idea which now impels me to the

shores of Asia, hence the reason that I am this moment at Marseilles, and that I am taking so much pains and trouble to quit a country that I love, the dwelling of my friends, where many a fraternal feeling will cause a tear to flow, and many an anxious heart will follow me on my path.

Marseilles, 22nd, May.

I have freighted a vessel of 250 tons with a crew of sixteen men. The captain appears to be a man of good dispositions, at least there is something pleasant in his physiognomy, having in his voice that sedate and sincere accent, which tells of unimpeachable probity and an unsullied conscience. There is also a fixed gravity in the expression of his countenance, and in his look that direct, frank and vivid ray, which is a certain symptom of a resolution at once, prompt, energetic, and intelligent. He is besides, a man, mild, polished and well-bred. I studied his general character with that nicety, which ought naturally to be observed in the choice of a man, to whom one is about to entrust not only our fortune and our life, but also that of our wife and only child, and where the lives of three beings are concentred in one. May the God of Heaven protect us, and restore us in health to our native shores.

The name of the vessel is *L'Alceste;* the captain, M. Blanc of la Ciotat. The ship-husband is M. Bruno Rostand, one of the worthiest merchants of Marseilles. His civilities and kindness deserve our warmest acknowledgements. He has himself resided a long time in the Levant; is a man of great information, and capable of fulfilling the duties of the most important situation. His probity and his talents have acquired for him in his native town a degree of consideration equal to his fortune, which he enjoys without ostentation, and surrounded by a charming family, his chief occupation is to impress upon the minds of his children the traditions of loyalty and virtue. What a country must that be in which similar families are to be found in every class of society, and what a fine and grand institution is that of a family, which protects, preserves, and

perpetuates the same sanctity of manners, the same grandeur of ideas, the same traditional virtues in the cottage, the counting house, or the villa.

25th May.

We are treated in Marseilles as if we were the children of its own beautiful skies. It is a country of generosity, of benignity, and of the true poetry of the soul. The Marseillois hail the poets, as if they were their brethren; they are poets themselves, and I have found amongst the common people, amongst the upper classes, amongst the members of the academy and the young people, who have but just entered into life, a number of characters possessed of those talents which are well calculated to confer honour not only upon their country, but upon the whole of France. In this respect the south and north of France appear to me to be far superior to the central provinces. The imagination flags and languishes in the intermediate countries, or in the too temperate climates; poetry is the daughter of the sun or of eternal frosts, Homer or Ossian, Tasso or Milton.

28th May.

I shall carry in my heart an everlasting remembrance of the kindness and civility of the Marseillois. It would appear that it was their desire to increase in me that anguish, which lacerates the heart, when we are on the eve of leaving a country, ignorant at the same time, whether we shall ever see it again. It is my wish also to impress upon my memory the names of those individuals, to whom I am so particularly indebted for so many proofs of their kindness, and the remembrance of whom will cling to me as the last and sweet impression of my native land. M. J. Freyssinet, M. de Montgrand, M. M. de Villeneuve, M. Vangaver, M. Autran, M. Dufeu, M. Jauffret, &c.; all of them men distinguished by an excellence of heart, and mind, whether they be philosophers, governors, authors, or poets. May I see them again, and on my return discharge the debt of gratitude and friendship, which it is so pleasant to owe, and so pleasant to pay.

The following are the lines which I composed this morning

whilst sailing between the Island of Pomague, and the coast of Provence. It is a farewell to Marseilles, which I leave with such sentiments, as if I were one of her sons. Some of the stanzas have also a prospective tendency and are deeply impressive on my heart of the future.

FAREWELL,

A TRIBUTE TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

If with the rustling of the rapid sail
I leave behind the scenes most dearly lov'd,
Scenes which to me have been a Heaven of bliss;
If to the waves of the perfidious sea
I trust the dearest objects of my heart,
My wife—my child;—or if to the ocean,
The sands and clouds, I fearlessly commit
All future hopes of bliss, and beating hearts,
Doubting of return—my only trust
The mast, which the south wind bends.

It is not that the ardent thirst of gold
Now fills a heart to nobler views inclin'd,
Nor that the torch of glory lights within
A longing for a name, more fleeting still.
Not to our days does it belong that I
Should taste the sorrows of a Dante's fate,
And eat the bitter bread the exile craves,
Nor that the rage of faction hath destroyed
The threshold of my home.

No, with tears I leave, embosom'd in a vale,
Midst trees of pleasing shade, a field, a house
Peopled with glowing memories of the past,
Which many a friendly eye delights to bless,
In mossy dells I find a sweet retreat
Where faction's clamour is a sound not known,
And where instead of civil broils is heard
The voice of joy and benediction.

An aged sire in dear remembrance of us
Starts as amidst the battlements, the wind,
In hollow moans bespeaks the coming storm,
And with uplifted eyes to Heaven, he prays
That he who rules the tempest in its course
Will calm its fury to our straining ships.
The servants good, now of their masters 'reft
Search for our absent feet upon the mead,
My dogs, now basking idly in the sun,
Howl when my name is mentioned.

I've sisters dear, nourished by the same breast,
Boughs, which the mur'mring winds should soothe to rest
Round the same aged trunk. I've friends, beloved
Friends, whose soul sublime are my own soul's blood,
Who read my mind's bright workings in my eye
And listen to my thoughts. I've stranger hearts
In stranger lands, who speak my name with pride,
Mysterious friends! who feel my muse's power,
And are as viewless echoes on my path,
Bringing sweet music to my ear.

But with instincts is the human soul endowed
Which nature knoweth not: that instinct lik'ning
That makes the tender and adventurous bird,
To gain some other food in distant lands,
Traverse in one bold flight the ocean's waves.
What do they go to ask of brighter climes?
Have they not beneath our roofs their moss and nest?
Their fields of food all ripened by our sun,
And grains that fall to feed their young?

And I—I have like them my daily bread,
I have like them the hill and rushing stream,
No thirst have I for greater boons than they,
And yet I go, and yet like them return;
But like them, on to the glory of the eastern skies
A force attracts me; but nor eye nor hand

Of mine, has yet in holy rapture dwelt
On Cham's fair land, that first and early world
Where God conversed with man.

Nor yet on Afric's desert sands I've roamed
With drowsy motion of "*the desert ship*;"*
I have not quenched my burning thirst at night
At Hebron's Wells, beneath the triple shade
Of fragrant palms; nor have I spread my cloak
Beneath the tents, and slumbered in the dust
Where Job repos'd, laid by his Maker's will;
Nor in the night amidst the gentle rustlings
Of my canvass tent, in holy visions 'rapt,
Have dreamt the dreams of Jacob.

The world has seven pages, and there's one
Still for me to read, inscrutable and dark:
I know not how the stars twinkle in Heaven;
Under what weight the human breast respires,
Nor can I tell why the heart beats so strong
When it draws nearer to its Maker's throne.
I know not how, why at some column's base
When on the bard descends the shadow deep
Of other years, the grass is eloquent;
Why the low mutterings of the earth are heard,
Or the breeze in passing sighs.

I have not heard amongst the cedars old
Ascend and echo back, a nation's cries;

* Je nai pas navigué sur l'océan de sable
Au branle assoupissant, *du vaisseau du désert*,

The anonymous translator of this work has thus rendered the above passage.

I have not voyaged o'er the sea of sand,
Lull'd in the *hammock of the desert ship*.

Thereby completely falsifying the sense of the author, and rendering his own version confused and unintelligible. He ought to have known that the camel is beautifully and figuratively styled "*the Ship of the Desert*," and it is to this metaphor that De Lamartine evidently allludes.

Nor on the heights of Lebanon have I seen
The birds prophetic from the hand of God
Descend in wrath on Tyre's proud palaces.
I have not on the ground repos'd my head
Where Palmyra's name is but an echo,
Nor heard the sound beneath my lonely tread
Of Memnon's empty realm.

I have not heard out of its deep abyss
The doleful Jordan raise its mourning voice,
Grieving with tears and sighs still more sublime
Than those which Jeremiah shed, startling
Its waves. I have not heard my raptur'd soul
Within me sing in that harmonious cave,
Where the bard of kings in the depth of night
Struck from his golden harp with hand of flame,
His great Creator's praise.

Nor have I wandered on those heavenly plains;
In fields where Christ beneath the olive wept;
Nor have I sought his tears amidst the roots,
From which the jealous angels have in vain
Essay'd to wipe them. Nor through night's sublime
Have I in the garden, praying, bent my knee,
Where from his face divine, the bloody sweat
Ran down—that holy of all holy spots,
Where th' echo of our griefs, th' echo of our crimes,
In one single breast resounded.

Nor have I bow'd my forehead in the dust,
Prest by the parting footsteps of our Lord;
I have not taken to my lips the stone
His holy mother, with her tears embalmed
Laid on his form divine—then wrapt in death;
Nor have I in those places beat my breast
Where he the future conqu'ring by his death
Flung open wide his arms t'embrace the world,
And stoop'd to bless it.

Therefore do I go,—therefore do I spend
Some days of mine, now useless here below.
O what matters it in what lonely spot
The storms of winter, prostrate throw the tree,
Beneath whose leafless boughs, sterile and dry,
No being asks, nor seeks for shelter there.
The crowd may call me mad—themselves are mad;
All do not find their bread in every place,
The poet as he travels his thoughts are bread,
His heart is nourished by the works of God.

Then farewell, my aged sire—my sisters lov'd,
Farewell my home beneath the walnut tree,
Farewell my noble steeds, now idle in the fields,
Farewell my faithful dog, sole tenant of my hearth:
The thought of thee afflicts me, for thou seem'st
The shadow of that happiness, I once enjoyed
Now gone—but which would still detain me.
Oh! that the time may come, less dim and sad,
The hour that shall restore us.

And thou, my country, expos'd to fiercer storms
Than the frail vessel, the master of my fate.
Land! which contains the fortunes of the world,
Farewell! thy shores escape my straining sight.
O may a beam from Heaven dispel the cloud
Which covers people, liberty, throne and temple,
And on thy sacred strand more lasting burn
Thy Pharos of immortality.

And thou, Marseilles! plac'd at the gates of France
As if her guests to welcome on thy waves,
Whose harbour on the sea, beaming with hope
Like th' eagle's nest, seems to the wand'ring ship.
Where'er my hand may press a hand esteemed,
Where'er my feet may be detained by love
On quitting thee, receive my last farewell,
And my first welcome home.

15th June.

We have been to inspect our vessel, which is to be our dwelling for so many months. It has several small compartments or cabins, in which there is but room sufficient for a hammock and a trunk. The captain has had some small windows cut out for the purpose of imparting a little light and air to the cabins, and which we can open when the waves are not too high, or the leeward side not too deep in the water. The chief cabin is entirely appropriated to Madame de Lamartine, and Julia. The chamber-maids will sleep in the small cabin of the captain, which he has very willingly given up to us. As the weather is fine, we shall take our meals on deck, under an awning spread out at the foot of the main mast. The vessel is freighted with provisions of all kinds, which are required for a voyage of two years in a country not over-burdened with resources. A library of five hundred volumes, including the most esteemed authors in history, poetry and travels, constitutes the handsomest ornament of the chief cabin. Piles of arms occupy the corners, independently of which I have bought an additional armament of guns, pistols and swords, wherewith to arm ourselves and our people. The Greek pirates infest the seas of the Archipelago, but we are determined to fight to the last extremity, and not to allow them to board us, until we have sacrificed our lives. I have two lives to defend more dear to me than my own. We have four cannons on the deck, and the crew, who are aware of the fate which awaits them, should they fall into the hands of the Greeks, are determined to die, rather than surrender to them.

June 17th, 1832.

Three friends are my companions: the first of whom is one of those men, whom Providence in its goodness attaches to our steps, when it foresees, that we shall stand in need of a support which shrinks not under misfortune or danger. His name is Amadeé de Perseval. We have been united from our earliest youth by an affection, which at no epoch of our lives has suffered any diminution. My mother loved

him as if he were her son; I have loved him as a brother; whenever I was wounded by a stroke of adversity, I always found him at my side, or I beheld his arrival to bear his share of it: the principal part and indeed the whole of it, if it had been within his power; he has a heart which lives only in the happiness of others, or suffers only in their misfortunes. When, fifteen years ago, I was at Paris, alone, sick, ruined, despairing and dying, then he passed whole nights by the side of my couch, watching my lamp of agony. When I had lost some dearly beloved being, he it was that brought me the fatal intelligence to mitigate the severity of the infliction. On the decease of my mother, he arrived at the same time as the mournful intelligence, and conducted me two hundred miles, even to the tomb, whither I went to seek in vain for the last farewell, which she had addressed to me, but which, with its blessing, I had never heard. At a later period—but my misfortunes are not yet completed, and I shall experience again his friendship, whenever the murmurs of despair are to be stifled in my heart, or his tears are to be mingled with my own.

Two other respectable men, enlightened, accomplished, polished, and well educated, are also arrived to join our party during our pilgrimage. One is M. de Capmas, sub-prefect, deprived of his situation by the revolution of July, and who has given the preference of a possible restoration to his office to the precarious chances of a painful and uncertain future. An oath would have been repugnant to his loyalty, inasmuch as it might have appeared interested. He is one of those men, who sacrifice every thing to the scruples of honour, and in whose mind, political sympathies have all the warmth and purity of a sentiment.

The other of our companions is M. de la Royëre, a physician of Hondschoote. I became acquainted with him at my sister's, at the time when I was contemplating this journey. The purity of his soul, the original and sprightly grace of his mind, the extraordinary elevation of his political and religious sentiments made a strong impression upon me. It

was my desire that he should accompany me, more as a moral resource, than with any view to the exercise of his profession. I had afterwards great reason to congratulate myself upon my choice, as I placed a much higher value upon his character and his mind, than upon his professional abilities, although he has given some striking proofs of the latter. We conversed together more upon politics than medicine. His views and ideas on the present and future state of France are enlarged, and in no degree confined by the ties of affection, or personal prejudices. He knows that Providence in its illimitable works attaches itself to no particular party, and he perceives, like myself, in human policy, ideas and not merely names. His thoughts are directed to the goal before him, without troubling himself by whom or by what manner it is to be reached; his mind is destitute of all prejudices, all prepossessions, not even those of his own religious faith, which is fervent and sincere.

Six servants, all advanced in years, or born under my paternal roof compose the remainder of our establishment. All took their departure with delight and joy, appearing to take a personal interest in the journey, for each of them conceived that he was travelling on his own account and for his own pleasure. I have not concealed from them the dangers, which they will have to encounter, but they have expressed their determination to brave them all, nor to yield, but with the sacrifice of their lives.

In the roads at anchor, in the little Gulph of Montredon.
10th July, 1832.

The anchor is weighed—the sails are filled, and the waves are now the sovereign of our destiny. I have now no other tie to my fatherland, than the thought of the beloved beings, whom I have left behind, and especially, the thought of my aged father and my sisters.

In order to explain to myself, why verging already on the close of my youth, at that epoch of life, when man retires from the ideal world, to enter into that of material pursuits,

I have quitted my beautiful and peaceful residence of Saint Point, and all the innocent delights of the domestic hearth, rendered enchanting by a wife and embellished by an infant; I repeat it, in order to explain to myself, why at present I am sailing on the vast ocean towards shores unknown, and an uncertain future, I am obliged to take a retrospective view of the origin of all my thoughts, and to search in them for the causes of my sympathies, and my inclination for travelling. One of those causes is, that the imagination has also its wants and its passions. I was born a poet (*Poeta nascitur non fit*) that is, I was gifted with a greater or less knowledge of that beautiful language, in which God speaks to all the human race, but more distinctly to a few individuals, by the powerful voice of his works. In my youth, I heard this voice of nature, this language formed of images and not of sounds, in the mountains, in the forests, on the lakes, on the verge of the abysses and the torrents of my own country, and the Alps. I had even translated from that language into a written one, some of those expressive accents which had so deeply affected me, and which in their turn have created a powerful emotion in other minds; but those accents are no longer sufficient for me. I had exhausted the small portion of the divine sayings which our European land has furnished to man, and my thirst was great to hear on other shores accents more grand and sonorous. My imagination was enamoured of the sea, of the deserts, the mountains, the manners and the traces of God in the east. During the whole of my life, the east has been the darling dream of my gloomy days amidst the autumnal and wintry fogs of my natal vale. My body, like my soul is the son of the sun. Light to it is indispensable—it is necessary to its existence—it requires that ray of life which that great luminary shoots forth, not from the tattered bosom of our clouds of the west, but from the depths of that purple firmament which resembles the mouth of a furnace; those beams which are not merely a coruscation of light, but which descend with an intense heat, and which in falling, calcine the white rocks, the sparkling

projections of the mountain's summit, and which cast over the ocean a reddish tint, as if a conflagration were floating on its waves I felt a great desire to gather and to mould within my hands a little of that earth, which was the land of our first parents, the land of miracles, and of God; to behold, to traverse this evangelical scene, in which was enacted the great drama of a divine wisdom in conflict with human error and perversity; where moral truth became a martyr to fertilize with its blood a more perfect civilization. And besides, I was, and had almost always been a christian in heart and imagination, for which I was indebted to the anxious solicitude of my affectionate mother. Sometimes, indeed, in the less virtuous and less holy days of my early youth, I had ceased to be so; adversity and love, a love perfect and complete, which purifies every thing which it inflames, had with equal power drived me back at a later period, into that first asylum of my thoughts into those consolations of the heart, which we ask again of our reminiscences and our hopes, when every motion of the heart is still within us, when all the emptiness of our life appears to us like an extinguished passion, or a death which has deprived us of every thing, that we could love. This christiantiy of feeling and of sentiment had become a sweet habitual propensity of my thoughts, I often ask myself, where is truth to be found, perfect, demonstrated, incontestable? If it be anywhere, it is to be found in the heart, in the conscient evidence, against which there is no act of reasoning that can prevail. But the truth of the mind is under no circumstances complete; it exists with God, and not with us; our vision is too contracted to absorb a single ray of it; all truth for us is merely relative; that which will be the most useful to man, will then also be the most true, the doctrine which is the richest in divine virtues will also be that, which will contain the most divine truths; for that which is good, is true; and that is the sum and scope of my religious logic; there stops my philosophy—it cannot ascend any higher—it restrains me from all doubt; from all the interminable dialogues of

of reason with herself; it leaves me that religion of the heart, which associates so intimately with all the infinite sentiments of the life of the soul, which resolves nothing, but which assuages every thing.

10th July, 7 o'clock, P.M.

In deep reflection, I said to myself, this pilgrimage, if not of a christian, at least of a man and a poet, would have been so much the more pleasing to my mother, for her soul was so ardent, and became so suddenly and so completely influenced by the impression of things and places. With that influence, would her soul have been exalted, before this grand and sacred theatre of the great drama of the gospel, of that all perfect and complete drama, in which humanity itself, and the divine part of humanity, each fulfilled their respective character; the one crucifying, the other crucified. These travels of the son, whom she loved so affectionately, ought to bring a smile upon her countenance, even from that celestial habitation, where I behold her; she will watch over us; she will place herself, like another Providence between us and the dread arm of the tempests; between us and the withering Simoon, between us and the Arab of the desert. She will grant her protection from all dangers to her son, to the daughter of her adoption, and her grand-daughter: the visible angel of our destiny, who will accompany us whithersoever we may direct our course. She loved her so sincerely; she fixed her look with such an ineffable tenderness, with such an expressive rapture on the charming countenance of this child, the last and the most beautiful hope of her numerous generations, and if there be any imprudence intermingled with this enterprise, which has been so often the subject of our thoughts and dreams, she will plead for my forgiveness above on account of the motives: LOVE, POETRY, and RELIGION.

10th July, night.

Politics with their baneful consequences have reached us even here. France, my country, is beautiful to behold through the bright prospects of the future; there is a gene-

ration coming on, which by virtue of its age, will be completely emancipated from our feuds and our recriminations which we have now endured for forty years. Little will it matter to them, whether we have belonged to this or that odious denomination of our old parties ; they will take no part in our quarrels, they will be divested of all prejudices, nor be influenced by any spirit of revenge. They will present themselves pure and full of strength and enthusiasm, at the entrance of a new career with all the glowing energy of a bright and original idea. But this career is still disturbed by our aversions, our hatreds, our passions, and our old disputes. Let us make way for this rising generation. How I should have loved to have commenced my life in its name, to have mingled our voices together at that tribunal, which sounds only with echoless repetitions in the future, and where the contest is carried on simply with the names of men. The hour is approaching in which the Pharos of reason and morality will be illumined in our political tempests, to give the proper form to the new social symbol of which the world begins to have a foresight and comprehension ; the symbol of love and charity amongst all men, which may be styled the politics of the gospel. For myself, I do not reproach myself with any egotism in this respect ; as for the fulfilment of so important a duty, I would have relinquished even this journey, this dream of my imagination for the last sixteen years. O that Heaven may regenerate mankind, for our politics are a scandal to man, and make the angels weep. Destiny gives one hour in an age, for humanity to regenerate itself—that hour is a revolution, and men suffer it to escape them, whilst tearing each other to pieces : they sacrifice to their spirit of vengeance, the hour assigned by God for regeneration and progressive improvement.

The same day, still at anchor.

The revolution of July which deeply affected me, because I was attached to the old race and venerable family of the Bourbons ; because they possessed the love of my father,

and in their cause his blood was shed, and not only of him, but also of my grandfather and all my relations; and lastly, because they might have had mine also, if such had been their will, this Revolution has not, however, irritated me, because it has not surprised me. I saw it fast approaching; nine months before the fatal day, the fall of the new monarchy, was clearly exhibited to me in the names of the persons, who were appointed to conduct it. These men were devoted and faithful, but they belonged to another century, to a wholly different range of ideas, for whilst the ideas of their own age proceeded in one direction, they marched in a directly contrary one; the distinction was consummated in the mind, which would not be governed by the facts as they presented themselves; it was merely an affair of days and hours. I have always commiserated the fate of the Bourbon family, who appear to be condemned to the destiny and blindness of Oedipus. In particular, I deplored that divorce for which there was no necessity between the past and the future. One might have been of great utility to the other. Liberty, and the progress of social order would have gathered so much strength from that adoption which the ancient royal houses, the antiquated families, and the old virtues would have made of them. It would have been such an excellent and such a grateful stroke of policy not to have separated France into two camps, nor to have divided her affections, but to have marched on together in bonds of amity, the one urging on with speed, the other checking it, in order that they might not be separated on the road. All this, however, is but a dream. It is much to be regretted; but the day must not be lost, to spend it over again in a useless manner. We must act and march on boldly; it is the law of things; it is the law of God. I also express my regret, that that which is called the royalist party, which possesses so much capacity, influence and virtue, should have resolved to make a stand at the mere question which was agitated in July. It was by no means compromised in this affair, which was one of the palace, of intrigue, of a coterie, in which the great majority

of the royalist bore no part. It is always permitted, it is always honourable to take a part in the misfortunes of other people, but we should not take upon ourselves the participation of a fault, which has not been committed; we must leave to whomever likes to claim it, the fault of certain strokes of policy and of a direction, which, instead of advancing, is retrograding; we should commiserate and weep for the august victims of a fatal delusion, nor withdraw from them our honourable affections; we should not in the least discard all distant, but lawful hopes, and for the remainder, take our station again in the ranks of the citizens, think, speak, act, fight with the family of families, with the nation. But enough, we shall see France again in two years. May God protect it, and all that we have left in it, that is dear and excellent in every part.

11th July, 1832, under sail.

This day at half past five in the morning we got under weigh. A few friends, not indeed of very long standing, but of great and sincere affection, had risen before sunset for the purpose of accompanying us a few leagues at sea, and thus defer the moment of bidding us farewell. Our vessel glided over the smooth surface, limpid and blue as the water of a spring in the shade of a cavity in the rock. Scarcely did the weight of the yards, those extended arms of the vessel bearing the sails, make the vessel slightly incline, first on one side, then on the other. A young man of Marseilles (M. Autran) recited some admirable verses, in which he confided to the winds and waves his wishes for our safety. We were affected by this separation from the land, by those thoughts which flew back to the shores, and traversed the plains of Provence, reaching to the home of my father, of my sisters and my friends; by those tender emotions, which the word farewell always occasions—by those verses which we had just heard—by the beautiful shade of Marseilles, gradually diminishing from our view, and by that illimitable ocean, which for so long a time to come was to be our only country.

O Marseilles! O France! thou deservedst something better, these times, this country, its young and aspiring men, were worthy to contemplate a true poet, one of those men, who erect a new world, and a new epoch in the harmonious memory of the human race. But I, I feel it deeply, I am but one of those men, without a likeness, without my image in the world, of an epoch transitory and fleeting, some sighs of which have found an echo, because the echo is more poetical than the poet. Nevertheless I belonged to another age by my desires; I have often felt within me another man. Immense horizons, infinite, illumined with poetry, philosophical, epic, religious, original, unfolded themselves before me, but as a punishment to a youth insensate and lost, those horizons were again speedily closed against him. I found them too vast for my physical powers, I closed my eyes, in order to avoid the temptation of precipitating myself into them. Farewell then to those dreams of genius, of intellectual rapture. It is too late; I shall perhaps sketch a few scenes, I shall whisper a few cantos, and all that will be said is, that they belong to others, and I behold with delight, that in return, others will come from them. Nature was never more prolific in promises of genius, than at the present moment. What men there will be in twenty years, if all attain the age of manhood!

Nevertheless, if it be the will of God to listen to my prayer; all that I shall ask of him is, a poem according to my heart and his own; a visible image, living, animated and coloured with his visible and his invisible creation. This would be an inheritance, that it would be my desire to leave to this world of darkness, of doubt and of affliction; an aliment which would nourish it, which would restore it to its pristine youth for a century. O that I am not able to bestow such a gift upon it, or at least to bestow it upon myself, even though not a single person, except myself, should hear a verse of it.

Same day, three o' clock, at sea.

The wind is in the east, which checks our further progress,

has come on to blow with some force; the waves have risen with their white crests of foam; and the captain has declared that we must retrace our course and cast anchor in a bay about two hour's sail from Marseilles. We were not long in reaching it; we are gently cradled by the waves, and to make use of the expressive language of the sailors, the sea speaks to us; a murmur approaches us from a distance, like the hollow roar, which issues from the walls of a mighty city, teeming with human beings. This threatening language of the ocean, the first which we have heard, sounds with a touching solemnity to the ears and bosom of those, who are on the point of being associated with it so intimately, and for such a considerable length of time.

On our left, we behold the islands of Pomegue and the Castle of If, an old fortress with its towers, with its round and grey towers which crown a rock, naked and slaty. Before us, on the elevated coast intersected with whitened rocks, we perceive numerous country seats, the gardens of which, surrounded by walls, allow only the tops of the shrubs, or the green arches of the arbours to be seen. About a mile further up the country, on an isolated and barren mountainous projection, stand the fort and chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, the place of pilgrimage of the provençal sailors, before their departure, and on their return from every voyage. This morning, without our knowledge, at the very time when our sails were unfurled to the wind, a woman of Marseilles accompanied by her children, went thither before day-break, and offered up her prayers for us, on the summit of the mountain, whence her friendly eye, without doubt, saw our vessel, as a white speck on the bosom of the ocean.

What a world is this world of prayer! what an invisible but all powerful tie is that of beings in close communion, or strangers to each other, bending their knee in prayer, together or separately, for each other's happiness and joy. It has always appeared to me that prayer, that instinct so true and infallible of our helpless nature, is the only, the real strength, or at least the greatest strength of man. Man does not con-

ceive its effects; but what does he conceive? The want which impels a man to breathe, proves in itself alone that air is necessary for the support and maintenance of his life. The instinct of prayer proves also to the soul the efficacy of prayer. Let us then pray. And thou, who hast inspired us with this marvellous communication with thee, with beings animated, and with thy invisible world; thou O God, grant a favorable ear to our prayers; hear us, O Lord, beyond the desires of our hearts.

Same day, 11 o'clock at night.

A splendid moon seems to suspend itself between the masts, the rigging and the cordage of two brigs of war at anchor at no great distance from us, between our own anchorage, and the black mountains of Var. Every part of the rigging of those two vessels, is exhibited to the eye on the blue and purple ground of the nocturnal Heaven, like the fibres of a dry and gigantic skeleton, seen at a distance by the pale and flickering light of the lamps of Westminster or St. Denis. To-morrow, those apparent skeletons are to be in life and motion, like us to spread their hitherto furled wings, and like the birds of the ocean fly away to visit other climes, and fix their habitation on other coasts. We heard from the place where I was, the shrill whistle of the boatswain, dying away in low cadences; the rolling of the drum was also heard, and the voice of the officer of the watch; the ensigns were lowered, the small craft and boats were got on deck, similar to the rapid and living gesture of an animated being In a short time all was silence on their deck, as well as on our own.

Formerly man went not to sleep on this deep and perfidious bed of the sea, without elevating his soul and voice to God, without rendering al glory to their sublime Creator in the midst all his stars, of all his waves, of all his mountain summits, of all his beauties, of all his dangers of the night; formerly a prayer was heard at night on board the ships, but since the revolution of July, no further prayer is heard. Prayer is dead on the lips of that old liberalism of the eighteenth

century, which had in itself nothing of a living nature, but its cold and callous hatred for the things belonging to the soul. That sacred breath of man, which the sons of Adam have transmitted to us, with their sorrows and their joys, is extinguished in France in our days of disputation, sophistry and pride. In our quarrels we have brought God to take a share. The shadow of God strikes fear into the heart of certain men. Those emmets, the ephemera of the day, who will die to-morrow; the sterile dust of which the winds will in a few days scatter abroad through space; whose blanched bones, these waves, in their everlasting motion, will throw upon some shingly beach, fear by some action to confess that infinite Being, whom the Heavens and the seas confess; they disdain to mention Him by name, who did not disdain to be their Creator. And why all this? Because these men, these emmets wear a uniform, which they calculate to be worn by a certain number, and that they call themselves the French of the nineteenth century. Happily, however, the nineteenth century is passing, and I behold a better approaching, a century truly religious in which, if men confess not God in the same language and with the same symbols, they will at least confess him in every symbol and in every language.

The same night.

Alone, I walked for an hour on the deck of the vessel, making those sorrowful or consolatory reflections. In my heart and with my lips, I whispered all the prayers which I learnt from my mother when I was a child; the verses, the scraps of the psalms, which I had so often heard her muttering with a low voice, as she was walking at night in the alleys of the garden of Milly, all came back again upon the memory, and I experienced a sincere and profound rapture in committing them again in my turn to the waves, to the wind, to that ear which is always open, to which no sound of the heart or the lips is ever closed. The prayer which we have heard proffered to Heaven by one whom we have loved, and whom we have seen on the bed of death, is doubly

sacred. Which of us would not prefer the few words which have been taught us by our mother, to the most beautiful hymns which we ourselves could compose? Hence it is, that whatever religion our reason professes at the age of reason, the christian's prayer will always be that of the human race. Thus alone have I offered up the prayer of the night and of the sea, for that female who disregards all peril to unite herself with my destiny; for that beautiful infant, who was playing during the time on deck, in the great boat with the goat which was to provide it with milk, or with those beautiful and gentle greyhounds, which tenderly licked her hands, or which playfully bit her long and auburn locks.

12 o'clock, in the morning, under sail.

During the night, the wind has changed and freshened. heard from my cabin between decks, the footsteps, the voice, and the plaintive chants of the sailors, resounding for a long time over my head with the strokes of the chain of the anchor, which they were fastening again to the bows. The sails were unfurled and we took our departure. I fell asleep again, and when I awoke and opened the port hole to obtain a view of the coasts of France in the immediate vicinity which we were on the preceding night, I saw nothing but the immense ocean, void and bare, our ship in foaming surges with only two sails, two top sails, rising like two boundaries; two pyramids of the desert in the distance without a horizon.

The billows gently kissed the thick and rounded sides of my brig, and softly prattled under my narrow window, where the foam sometimes raised itself in light and airy garlands; it was the sound unequal, varied, confused of the chirping of the swallows on the mountain, when the sun rises above a field of corn. There are harmonies existing between all elements, as there is one general harmony between the material and the intellectual nature. Every thought has its reflection in a visible object, which repeats it like an echo, reflects it like a mirror, and renders it perceptible in two ways; to the senses by the image, to the thought by the thoughts; its

the infinite poetry of the two-fold creation; men call it comparison; comparison is the genius. Creation is only one thought under a thousand forms. To compare it, is the art or instinct of discovering some more words, in that divine language of universal analogies, which God alone possesses, but of which, he allows only certain men to discover a particular part. Hence it is that the prophet, the sacred poet, and the poet, the prophane prophet were in former times, and in every place regarded as divine beings. They are at the present day regarded as senseless beings, or at least as useless ones, and this is logic; if you reckon as every thing, the material and palpable world, that part of nature which resolves itself in figures, in extent, in riches, or in physical delights, you would do well to contemn those men, who maintain the worship of a beautiful morality, the idea of God, and that language of images, the invisible relations, between the visible and the invisible. And what is it which that language proves? God and immortality; for us it is nothing.

18th July, at anchor in the little gulph of la Ciotat.

The favorable wind which had risen for a moment, has died away in our sails, which now lie flapping against the masts, giving them an oscillating motion, accordingly as they are influenced by the smallest wave; a beautiful image of those characters, who are destitute of all will, that wind of the human soul; those wavering characters, which fatigue those who possess them; those characters wear out more by weakness, than by the courageous efforts which a rigorous and determined will, impresses on men of energy and action; so is it similarly constituted with the ships on a calm sea, and without wind, which then often labour harder, than under the impulse of a fresh breeze, which drives them on and bears them over the foam of the waves.

Whether it were chance, or a secret manœuvre of the officers, but we found ourselves obliged at three o'clock to enter the smiling gulph of la Ciotat, a small town on the shores of Provence, where our captain and almost all our sailors have

their residence, their wives and children; we cast our anchor under the shelter of a small mole, which projects from a beautiful hill all covered with vines, fig trees, and olive trees, like a friendly hand which the shores offer to the sailors. The water is without a ripple, and so transparent, that at the depth of twenty feet, we can behold shining brightly, the flinty pebbles and the shells, the long marine herbs waving to and fro, and shoals of fish with their sparkling scales, those hidden treasures of the bosom of the sea, as rich and as inexhaustible as the land in vegetables and animals: life is everywhere like the intelligence; all nature is animated; all nature feels and thinks. He who does not behold it, has never reflected on the inexhaustible fecundity of creative thought; it ought not, it cannot be arrested in its progress; the infinite is peopled, and wherever there is life, there also is sentiment; thought has without doubt its unequal degrees, but it is without a vacuum. Is a physical demonstration required? look at a drop of water in a solar microscope; you will see gravitating a million of worlds, of worlds in the larva of an insect, and if you proceed still further to analyze one of those millions of worlds, millions of other universes will appear to your eye. If from those worlds without limits and infinitely small, you elevate yourself on a sudden to the innumerable globes of the celestial firmament, if you plunge into the milky ways, the incalculable dust of suns, each of which governs a globular system of greater magnitude than the earth or moon; the mind, becomes crushed and overwhelmed with the weight of its calculations, but the soul supports them, and glorifies itself in having a place amidst those stupendous works, in having the power to comprehend them, in having the sentiment to bless and adore the Creator of them. O my God! O how nature is a prayer worthy of him, who searches for thee in it, who discovers thee in it, under so many various forms, and who comprehends a few syllables of its dumb language; but which nevertheless expresses every thing.

Gulf of la Ciotat, 14th July, at night.

It is a dead calm, and no signs present themselves of any wind. The surface of the gulf has not a ripple; the sea is so smooth that we can discern here and there, the impression of the transparent wings of the musquitos which flutter on its mirror, and which at this hour are the only objects which ruffle it. Here we may behold to what degree of calmness and tranquillity that element can descend, which carries on its surface a three-decked ship, unconscious of its weight, which rushes in upon the shores, levels the hills and splits the rocks, and breaks the mountains under the shock of its roaring waves. There is not anything so sweet and beautiful as that which is strong.

We went on shore at the solicitation of our captain, who wished to introduce us to his wife, and to show us his house. The town resembles the beautiful towns of the kingdom of Naples, or the coasts of Gaeta. Every thing is redolent with joy and beauty, gay, pure and serene. Life is a continual fete in the climates of the south. Happy is the man, who is born and who dies in the sun, but more especially happy is he, who has his house, the house and the garden of his fathers, situated on the shores of that ocean, every wave of which is a coruscation, which throws its light and its splendour on the land, the towering mountains excepted, which borrow the brightness of their summits and their horizons from the snows which cover them, and from the Heavens into which they penetrate. There is not any site in the interior of the country, smiling and beautiful as the hills, the trees and rivers can make it, which can compete in beauty, with the sites which bathe the shores of the south. The ocean is in the scenes of nature, what the eye is in a beautiful countenance; it illumines them, it imparts to them that radiation, that physiognomy which makes them live, speak, enchant and fascinate the eye which contemplates them.

The same day.

It is night, that is, what is called night in these climates.

How many days have I passed less bright and clear, on the smooth and verdant declivities of the hills of Richmond in England; amidst the fogs of the Thames, the Seine and the Soane, or of the Lake of Geneva. The round orb of the moon rises in the firmament, leaving in the shade our black brig, which like a giant asleep reposes immovable at some distance from the quay. The moon in her ascent has left behind her a radiation like a train of red sand, which she appears to have scattered over half the firmament; the remainder is blue, and becomes whiter in proportion as she approaches. In a horizon of nearly two miles, between two islands, one of which has its shores steep, elevated and of a yellowish cast like the Coliseum at Rome, whilst the shores of the other are of a violet tinge, like the flowers of the lilac, we behold the mirage of a great city; but the eye is there deceived; we see the sparkling domes, the palaces with their glittering facades, the long quays inundated with a light, soft and serene; to the right and the left the waves whiten them with their foam, and appear to envelope them; it might be said that Venice or Malta was sleeping in the midst of the waves. But it is neither an island nor a city; it is the reflection of the moon at a point, where its disk falls perpendicularly on the ocean; in our more immediate vicinity this reflection is extended and prolonged, and rolls like a river of gold and silver between two shores of azure blue. At our left the gulf extends to an elevated cape of the long and sombre chain of those unequal and indented hills; at our right we see a narrow and limited valley, in which flows a beautiful rivulet in the shade of a few scattered trees; in the rear there is a hill still higher, covered to its summit with olive trees, which night has wrapped in its deepest shade; from the summit of this hill down to the sea, some grey and dismantled towers, and white and smiling cottages peep here and there through the monotonous obscurity of the olive trees, and attract the eye and the thought to the abode of man. At a still greater distance, and at the extremity of the gulf, three

enormous rocks, rear their weather-beaten forms, resting, as it were, on the surface of the waters; their shape strange and grotesque, rounded like the pebbles polished by the waves and the tempests; these pebbles are in themselves mountains, the gigantic sports of a primitive ocean, of which our seas are but a weak representation.

July 15th.

We have paid a visit to the house of the captain of our brig, a pretty residence, plain and modest, but not without ornament. We were received by the young wife of the captain who was evidently under a great depression of spirits, at the sudden departure of her husband. I offered to take her on board, and that she should accompany us during our voyage, which was likely to be longer than the ordinary voyages of merchantmen. The state of her health was, however, a great obstacle; she was alone, without children, and sick, and reckoned upon many long days, perhaps years, before the return of her husband. Her mild and sensible figure carried with it the impression of the melancholy of her future fate, and of the solitude of her heart. The house greatly resembled a Flemish one; the walls were hung with pictures of the vessels which the captain had commanded. He conducted us into the country, not far from his house, to inspect a residence which he had prepared for himself, although at that time in the flower of his youth, as an asylum to which to retire from the winds and waves. I was much pleased in having visited this country establishment, where this worthy man already anticipated to enjoy tranquillity and happiness, in the decline of his life. I always took great delight in visiting the hearth, and the domestic circumstances of those, with whom I have to transact any business in the world. It is a portion of themselves, it is a second exterior physiognomy which gives the key to their character and their destiny.

The majority of our sailors are natives of these villages. Men, gentle, pious, gay and laborious, managing the wind,

the tempests and the waves, with the same calm and silent regularity, with which our labourers of Saint Point, manage the harrow and the plough; labourers of the ocean peaceable and joyous, like the natives of our valleys, following with the rays of the morning sun their long smoking furrows on the sides of their hills.

July 16th.

Awakening at an early hour, I heard this morning on the upper deck, the voices of the sailors intermingled with the crowing of the cocks, and the bleating of our goats and sheep. The voices of some women and children completed the illusion. I could have fancied myself in bed in the wooden chamber of a peasant, or a hut on the borders of the lake of Zurich or Soleure. I went on deck—the voices which I had heard were those of the children of some of our sailors, whom their mothers had brought with them to bid adieu to their fathers. The sailors placed them on the cannons, seated them on the sides of the vessel, laid them down to sleep in the great boat, or cradled them in the hammock with that tenderness of accent, and those tears in the eye, which mothers or nurses only are wont to shed. Brave people with hearts of bronze in the point of danger, with hearts of women for those, whom they love, rough and smooth like the element, on which they exercise their hardy vocation. Be he a minister or a mariner, the man, who has a family has a heart full of humane and honest sentiments. The family spirit is the second soul of humanity; by modern legislators too much neglected; they dream only of nations and individualities; they omit altogether the family, the only source of strong and uncontaminated population, the sanctuary of all traditions and of customs, in which all the social virtues are again depicted in their pristine colours; in this respect legislation, even after the introduction of christianity, has been barbarous; it repulses the family man of intellect, instead of courting and inviting him. It prohibits to the moiety of men, the wife, the child, the possession of a hearth and of a field;

it bestows those benefits to all from the moment that they become of age, they ought only to be interdicted to criminals. A family is a society in a state of abridgement. but it is a society in which the laws are natural, because they are those of feeling and sentiment. To excommunicate the ties of family would probably be the greatest reproach, the most confirmed blemish of the law, it would be the only punishment of death of a Christian and humane legislation; a sanguinary death ought to have been abolished centuries ago.

July, still detained by contrary winds.

A mile to the south-east, on the coast, the mountains are shattered, as if they had been broken by a giant's club; the enormous fragments have fallen here and there, at the foot of the mountains, or under the blue and greenish waves of the sea, which spread their foam on their base. The sea breaks on them incessantly, and from the wave which comes rolling on against the rocks with a deep and intermittent murmur, break forth long streaks of feathery foam, which hissing die away on the sands of the shelving shores. These fragments disrupted from the mountains, for they are too great to be distinguished by the name of rocks, are thrown and piled with such confusion one upon the other, that they form an innumerable number of little creeks, of deep vaults, of sonorous grottos, of gloomy caverns, the passages, turnings, and outlets of which are only known to the children of two or three fishermen, whose huts are in the immediate vicinity. One of these caverns, into which we enter by the elliptic arch of a natural bridge, covered with an enormous block of granite, presents an outlet to the sea, and afterwards opens on a narrow and obscure valley, which the sea entirely covers with its smooth and limpid waves, like the firmament in a beautiful night. It is a cove known by the fishermen, where, whilst the billows roar and foam without, shaking with their shocks the sides of the coasts, the smallest boats are safely sheltered; scarcely is heard the light babbling of a spring

which falls into a sheet of water. The sea there preserves that beautiful yellowish green and clouded colour, which the eye of the marine painters catches so happily, but which they are never able to render faithfully, for the eye always sees more than the hand is able to imitate.

On the two sides of this marine valley, further than the eye can reach, rise two walls of rocks almost perpendicular, sombre and of a uniform colour, similar to the dross of iron, sometime after it has been taken from the furnace. Not a plant, not a moss finds there a crevice in which to attach its roots, and bring forth those floating garlands of tendrils and flowers, which are so often seen to wave on the sides of the rocks of Savoy, at a height, where God alone can inhale their fragrance; naked, black, straight, repellent to the eye, they appear to be only there for protecting from the sea air, the little hills of vines and olives which vegetate under their shelter, images of those men governing an epoch or a nation, exposed to all the injuries of time and tempests, in order to give protection to men more weak and less fortunate. At the bottom of the cove, the sea rather extends itself, takes a winding course, and assumes a tint more clear in proportion as a greater expanse of Heaven opens upon it, and ends in a beautiful sheet of water resting on a bed of small violet shells pounded and compact like sand. If you land from the boat which has conveyed you thither, on the left will be seen in the crevice of a ravine, a spring of sweet water, fresh and pure, then turning to the right a goat path, stony, steep, unequal shaded with wild fig trees, and medlar trees, which descends from the cultivated lands, towards this solitude of waves. There are few sites, during the whole of the voyage which have attracted and allured me more forcibly. It is this complete mixture of grace and strength, which constitutes the perfect beauty in the harmony of elements, as in an animated or thinking being. It is this mysterious marriage of the ocean and the earth, surprised, as it were, in the most intimate and secret union. It is this image of a calm, and

the most inaccessible solitude, at the side of this stormy and tempestuous theatre of tempests, in the immediate vicinity of the roar of its waves. It is one of those masterpieces of creation, which God has spread about everywhere to delight himself with the contrasts, but which it is his pleasure to conceal the most frequently on the impassable summits of steep mountains, in the most inaccessible depths of ravines, on the most rugged and untrodden shores of the ocean as the sports of nature, which she reveals but seldom to man in a simple state, to shepherds, to fishermen, to travellers, to poets, or to the pious contemplation of the hermit.

July 14th, 1832.

At 10 o'clock a breeze sprung up from the west; at three we weighed our anchor, and soon afterwards the Heavens and the waves, were our only horizon, a sea foaming and sparkling; a gentle and measured motion of the vessel, with a murmur of the waves, as regular as the respiration of the human breast. This regular alternation of the waves, and of the wind in the sail, is to be found in all the movements and all the sounds of nature; can it then be said she does not respire alive? Yes, without the slightest doubt, she respires, she lives, she thinks, she suffers and enjoys; she feels and adores her divine Creator. Death is not of her making, for life is the sign of all her works.

15th July, 1832, at sea, 8 o'clock at night.

We have seen the last summits of the grey mountains of France and Italy, vanish from our view; and then every thing has sunk under the blue, dark line of the sea at the horizon. The eye, at the moment when the well known horizon disappears, traverses the space and uncertain void which surrounds it, like the wretch who has successively lost all the objects of his affections, and his habits, and who searches in vain for one on whom he can repose his heart.

The Heavens become the grand and only scene of contemplation; the look afterwards falls on that imperceptible

point drowned in space; in that narrow vessel now become the entire universe to those on board of her.

The boatswain is at the helm: his masculine and imposing figure; his firm and vigilant look, at one moment fixed upon the binnacle to catch a sight of the needle, the next on the bowsprit, to discover through the rigging of the mizen-mast, his course through the waves; his right arm resting on the helm, and with a single movement impressing his will on the immense mass of the vessel; every thing announces in him the importance of his occupation; the fate of the vessel and the lives of thirty persons stamped at that moment on his noble, expanded forehead, and depending on his robust and manly hand.

At the forepart of the vessel, the sailors appear in groups, seated, standing or stretched on planks of polished deal, or on the cables in huge spiral forms, raised between the bows. Some of them are employed in repairing the tattered sails with large iron needles, as the youthful girls embroider their marriage veil or the curtains of their virgin bed; the others hanging over the sides, cast a vague and indefinite look on the foaming waves, with that vacuity of eye with which we look on the pavement of a road, which has been beaten a hundred times, and with the callous air of indifference, throwing to the wind, the puffs of smoke from their pipes of red clay. Some are feeding the fowls in their long cages, others are holding in one hand a small quantity of hay, for the goat to nibble at, whose horns they grasp with the other; some are playing with two pretty sheep, which are cooped in the long boat suspended between the two masts; these poor animals raise their heads with the air of uneasiness above the sides, and seeing nothing but the waves of the ocean, white with foam, bleat after the rocks and the dry moss of their native mountains.

At the extremity of the vessel, the horizon of this floating world, is the sharp prow, with its bowsprit inclined towards the sea; this mast projects from the prow of the ship like the horn of a marine monster. The undulations of the sea,

almost insensible at the centre of gravity in the middle of the deck, give to the fore part of the vessel an oscillation slow and gigantic. At one time it appears to direct the course of the vessel towards some star in the firmament, at another to plunge it into some profound valley of the ocean, for the sea appears to rise and fall incessantly, when we stand at the extremity of a vessel, which by its magnitude and length multiplies the effect of those undulating waves.

Ourselves, separated by the main-mast from this scene of maritime life, are seated on the benches of the quarter-deck, or walk about with the officers, viewing the setting of the sun, and the mounting of the waves.

In the midst of these figures, masculine, stern, and thoughtful, a child, with its hair loose and floating on its white dress, its beautiful rosy visage, happy and gay, surmounted with a seaman's straw hat tied under her chin, is playing with the white cat belonging to the captain, or with a nest of sea pigeons, which has been made under the carriage of a cannon, and which she supplies with the bread apportioned to her own use.

In the meantime, the captain of the vessel, with his chronometer in his hand, and watching in silence the precise moment when the disk of the sun refracted, by the half of its disk appears to touch the wave and to hover on it for a moment previously to its entire submersion, elevated his voice and cried "*Gentlemen, to prayers.*" All conversation immediately ceased, all the sports and games were stopped, the sailors threw into the sea their cigars still lighted, they took off their Grecian caps of red worsted, held them in their hands and came and knelt between the two masts. The youngest amongst them opened the prayer book and chanted the *ave, maris stella,* and the litanies in a manner tender, plaintive, and grave, which seemed to have been inspired by the middle of the ocean, and by that uneasy melancholy which the last hours of the day instil into the mind, when all the remembrances of land, of their cottage, and their hearths, flash from the heart into the thoughts of these simple men. Dark-

ness has again fallen on the waves, and with its dangerous obscurity will, until the morning, conceal the track of the mariner, and peril the lives of so many beings, who have no other light to guide them than that of Providence, and no other asylum, than the invisible hand which sustains them on the waves. If prayer had not been born with man himself, it is here, where it would have been invented, by men, alone with their thoughts and their weakness, in the presence of the vault of Heaven, in which their look is lost, of the abysses of the ocean, from which they are separated only by a fragile plank, with the roaring of the ocean, which growls and hisses, sounding in the depth of the night like the voices of a thousand savage animals; with the gusts of wind making a shrill sound through the rigging, and finally the approach of night which magnifies every peril and multiplies all the terrors. But prayer was never invented; it was born with the first sigh, with the first emotion of joy, with the first pain of the human heart, and rather may it be said, that man was born only for prayer; to glorify God, or to implore his grace and mercy was his chief mission here below; all the rest perished before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, and of love, which he raises towards his Creator on his passage through the world, perishes not; it ascends, it resounds from age to age to the ear of God, like the echo of his own voice, as the reflection of his own magnificence; it is the only thing which is completely divine in man, and which he is able to pour forth with joy and pride, for that pride is a homage to him alone, to whom it ought to be paid, to the infinite God of Heaven.

Scarcely had we yielded ourselves up to these and other similar thoughts, each of us absorbed in silence, than a cry from Julia was heard on deck, who directed her look to the east. A conflagration at sea! A ship on fire! We hastened to contemplate this distant fire on the waves. In fact, it appeared like a large coal on fire, floating in the east, on the extremity of the horizon of the sea, in a short time, elevating and rounding itself, in a few minutes we discovered the full

moon, inflamed by the vapour of the westerly wind, and emerging slowly out of the waves, like a disk of red iron, which the founder draws with his pincers from the furnace, and which he holds over the water in which he is about to quench its heat. On the opposite quarter of the Heavens, the disk of the sun, which had just set, had left in the west a track like a bank of golden sand, resembling the shore of some unknown land. Our looks alternated from one quarter to the other, enjoying these two grand magnificences of Heaven. By degrees the clearness of this double twilight was extinguished; thousands of stars burst forth above our heads, as if to trace the route to our masts, which passed from one to the other. The first quarter watch was set; every thing was removed from the deck which might obstruct the working of the ship, and the sailors came one after the other to the captain, saying to him, *May God be with you.*

I continued to walk for some time in silence on the deck, afterwards I went below, giving thanks to God in my heart, for having permitted me to behold this hitherto unknown face of his nature. My God! my God! to see thy works in all their forms and faces, to admire thy magnificence, on the mountains or on the sea, to admire and bless thy name, in that consists the essence of all life; let ours be multiplied, that love and admiration may be multiplied in our hearts; then let the page be turned, and let us read in another world the endless miracles of the book of thy goodness and thy grandeur.

16th July, at sea.

During the whole of the night and the day we have had a fine rolling sea. Towards night, the wind freshened, the waves began to break heavily on the sides of the vessel; the moon shining brightly, and lengthening the torrents of a white and undulating clearness in the large liquid valleys formed between the enormous waves. These floating lights of the moon resemble the rivulets of running water, or the cascades of snow water in the bed of the green valleys of Jura, or of Switzerland. The vessel descended and mounted

heavily again each of these profound ravines. For the first time in this voyage, we heard the creaking and straining of the timbers, the bruised sides of the ship beneath the shock of every wave emited a sound, which can only be compared to the last groanings of a bull struck by the axe, and thrown on its side in the convulsions of its agony. This noise, mingled at night with the roaring of a thousand waves, with the gigantic bounds of the ship, with the creaking of the masts, the straining of the timbers, the whistling of the sudden squalls of wind, with the spray of the foam which was dashed upon the deck;—with the heavy and hurried step of the sailors of the watch, hastening to perform the command of the captain, given in single words, firm and determined—all these objects combined, form a congregation of significative and terrible sounds, which shake more profoundly the human soul, than the roar of the cannon on the field of battle. They belong to those scenes of which a person must be an eye-witness to form a just estimate of the arduous and painful life of the mariner, and to take a due measurement of his moral and physical sensibility.

The night passed away without sleep. At sunrise the wind had abated a little, the waves no longer rolled over with their crests of foam; every thing portended a beautiful day: through the coloured mist of the horizon we perceived the high and long chains of the mountains of Sardinia, and we were informed by the captain that between that island and Sicily we should find a sea, smooth and calm as a lake. We sailed at the rate of eight and sometimes nine knots; and every quarter of an hour the shining coasts, towards which the wind was wafting us, showed themselves with the greatest distinctness; the depths of the gulfs, the projection of the capes were clearly traced; the white rocks rose out of the waves; the houses and cultivated fields began to be distinguished on the sides of the island. At midday we arrived at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Pierre, but at the moment that we were doubling the rocks which enclose it, a sudden hurricane from the north shivered our sails, the huge

wave of the night yielded to the wind, and was heaped up in real moving hills; the whole horizon was one sheet of foam; the vessel reeled successively on the crater of all the waves, then it was precipitated almost perpendicularly into the troughs which divided them; in vain we endeavoured to obtain a shelter in the gulf. The moment that we doubled the cape for the purpose of entering it, a furious whizzing wind, like a flight of arrows, broke from every valley, from every creek of the coast, and threw the vessel on her beam ends; there was scarcely time to furl the sails; we kept only the courses, with which we went as near the wind as possible. The captain flew to the helm and seized the tiller of it, the ship then, like a steed held by a bold and vigorous hand with a tight rein, appeared proudly to bound over the waves; the waves rushed along the sides of the deck to leeward, and the whole of the vessel to windward was out of the water, even to the keel; we thus sailed for about twenty minutes, with the hope of reaching the little roadstead of the town of St. Pierre; we could already see the vineyards, and the white cottages within cannon shot; but the tempest increased, the wind struck us like a bullet, we were obliged to yield, and with the most imminent danger we put about at the moment of the most violent gusts of the squall. We eventually succeeded, we cleared the gulf under the same sails as we were driven into it, and we found ourselves again exposed to the waves of literally a maddened sea.

The fatigue of the preceding night, and that which had been experienced during the day, made us anxiously desire a shelter before another night came on, which every thing led us to apprehend, would be still more tempestuous than the preceding one. The captain determined to brave every thing, even the breaking of his masts, to obtain an anchorage on the coast of Sardinia. At a few miles from where we were, the Gulf of Palma promised us the anchorage of which we were in search. In order to enter it, we had to contend with the same fury of the winds which had driven us from the

Gulf of St. Pierre. After two hours of struggling, we reached it and we entered, like a bird of the ocean hovering on its wings, the further end of the beautiful Gulf of Palma. The tempest had not yet subsided, we heard the incessant roar of the open sea three miles behind us; the wind continued to whistle through our rigging, but in this basin encircled by high mountains, it can only raise little puffs of foam with which it sprinkles and refreshes the deck, and finally we cast anchor three cables length from the sandy beach of Sardinia, on a bottom of marine herbs, and in smooth water with scarcely a ripple. It is a delightful feeling which the mariner experiences who has escaped from the tempest by dint of his labour and courage, when he hears the rolling of the iron cable, that is about to bind him to a hospitable coast. As soon as the anchor has taken the ground, all the contracted figures of the sailors are relaxed, and it is easily perceived that their thoughts are at rest also; they go below, and having changed their drenched garments, they soon come upon deck again in their Sunday dresses, and assume all the peaceful habits of their life on land. Idle, gay, and gossiping with each other, they rest themselves with their arms folded, on the sides of the deck, or they smoke their pipes at peace, whilst they cast an indifferent eye on the landscapes, and the houses on the coast.

17th July, 1832.

At anchor in this quiet roadstead, after a night of delightful and refreshing sleep, we breakfasted on deck, under the shelter of a sail, which served all the uses of a tent. The scorched but picturesque coasts of Sardinia, spread themselves out before us. A small boat armed with two pieces of cannon was observed to put out from the small island of St. Antioch, about two miles distant, and appeared to be directing its course towards us. We soon obtained a better view of it, she had on board both marines and soldiers, and soon came within hearing. We were questioned as to whence we came, and whither we were bound, and the orders were given that we should go on shore. This caused some deliberation, but

finally I determined to accompany the captain of the vessel, arming ourselves with several guns and pistols, to enable us to make a proper resistance, if any intention were manifested to detain us. We set sail in the ship's boat, and on our arrival near the small Sardinian bark which went before us, we landed on a sandy beach at the bottom of the gulf. This beach is at the edge of an uncultivated and marshy plain, of white sand with high thistles, a few tufts of aloes, here and there a few thickets of trees, with pale and grey bark, the leaves of which resemble those of the cedar, swarms of wild horses, were seen grazing peaceably amongst the heaths, who approached us on the gallop, snorting, and snuffing with their extended nostrils, and then neighing loudly, hastened away, like flocks of crows. At a mile from us we perceived the grey and naked mountains, with a few spots of stunted vegetation on their sides, and the climate of Africa on their calcined summits; a dead silence appears to reign over all the country, the aspect of solitude and desolation, which all the sandy shores of a bad aspect, have in Romania, in Calabria, or along the pontine marshes; behold here the scene of them. Seven or eight men of a handsome physiognomy, an elevated forehead, an eye bold and savage, half naked, half clad in tatters of different uniform, armed with long carbines, and holding in the other hand, poles of reeds for the purpose of taking our letters or presenting to us what they had to offer; such were the actors in this extraordinary drama. I answered their questions, in a bad Neapolitan dialect: I remembered the names of some of their compatriots, with whom in my youth, I had in Italy entered into oonds of friendship, on which these men, who previously had been insolent and overbearing, now became polite and obliging. I bought a sheep of them, which they slaughtered, and cut up on the beach. We wrote some letters which they took in the slit, which they had made at the extremity of a long reed; they struck a light, tore off some green branches of the shrubs which grew near the beach, lighted a fire, and passed our letters soaked in sea water, over the smoke of the fire before

they would touch them. They promised to fire a gun to give us notice to return to the beach when our other provisions, vegetables and fresh water were ready for us. Then taking from their vessel an immense basket of shell-fish (*frutti di mare*), they offered it to us, without receiving any remuneration for it.

We returned on board. Several hours of leisure and delightful contemplation were passed on the deck of the vessel, whilst at anchor, during which, the tempest still resounded at the extremity of the two capes by which we were enclosed, and whilst we regarded the foam of the open sea, rising to the height of thirty or forty feet on the gilded sides of the promontories.

18th July, 1832.

We sailed from the Gulf of Palma with a sea calm and smooth as a mirror, a slight breeze from the west, scarcely sufficient to dry the dew of the night, which glittered on the cut branches of the shrubs, the only verdure of these coasts, already partaking of the African character. We are now out at sea; the day beautiful and serene; a gentle breeze which impels us at the rate of six or seven knots an hour; the night came on as beautiful, glittering with its thousand worlds; tranquillity rested on the bosom of the ocean.

19th July, 1832.

We awoke at the distance of twenty-five miles from the coast of Africa. I read again the history of Saint Louis, to recall to my memory the circumstances of his death on the coast of Tunis, near the promontory of Carthage, of which we ought to come in sight to-day or to-morrow.

I could never define why in my youth certain people inspired me with an antipathy, as it may be called, innate, whilst others attracted and conducted me incessantly to their history by a charm, which to me was unaccountable. I experienced for these vain shadows of the past, for these defunct reminiscences of nations, exactly what I feel with an irresistible control over me, in favour of or against those phy-

siognomies of men amongst whom I live, or whom I pass accidentally on my way. I love or I hate, in the physical acceptation of the word; on the first view, with the first glance of the eye, I formed for ever my opinion of a man or a woman. Reason, reflection, even violence itself, rose often within me against those first impressions, but all in vain. When the metal has received the stamp from the die, it may be turned and turned again in our hands, the stamp remains entire, so it is with my soul, with my mind, an impression once made, is never effaced. It is the property of beings amongst whom the instinct is quick, strong, instantaneous, inflexible. We ask ourselves, what is instinct? and we discover, that it is reason in the supreme; but it is innate reason; reason not rational; reason such as God has made it, not such as man has found it. It strikes us like the lightning, without the eye being obliged to look for it. It illumines every thing with the first flash. Inspiration in all the arts, as on the field of battle, is also that instinct, that devined reason. Genius is also instinct, and not logic, nor labour. The more we reflect, the more we shall perceive that man possesses nothing that is great and beautiful which belongs to him, or which proceeds from his strength or will, but that every thing which he has, that is superlatively beautiful proceeds immediately from nature and God. Christianity, which knows every thing, has from the very first day, comprised it within itself. The first apostles experienced in themselves that immediate action of the divinity, and exclaimed from the very first hour, *Every perfect gift comes from God.*

But to return to the people. I never could love the Romans. I never could take any heartfelt interest in Carthage, notwithstanding her misfortunes and her glory. Hannibal has never appeared to me but as a general of the East India Company, making a campaign of industry, a brilliant and heroic speculation of trade, on the plains of Trasemenia. The people, ungrateful as all egoistical people are, recompensed him by banishment and death. In regard to his death; it was pathetic; it reconciled me with his triumphs; I have

been affected by them from my infancy. There has always been for me, as well as for the whole of the human race, a sublime and heroic harmony between sovereign glory, sovereign genius, and sovereign misfortune. It is there one of those notes of destiny which never fails of its effect, of its sad and voluptuous modulation in the human breast. There is, in fact, no sympathetic glory, no complete virtue without ingratitude, persecution and death. Christ himself was the divine example of it, and his life, as well as his doctrine defines that mysterious enigma of the destiny of great men, by the destiny of the man divine.

I discovered at a later period, that the secret of my sympathies or my antipathies for the memory of certain people, lies in the nature itself of the institutions and the actions of those people. The people, like the Phœnicians of Tyre, Sidon and Carthage, all trading societies, traversing the earth for their advantage, and measuring the grandeur of their enterprises by the material and actual utility of the result, I am to them like Dante, I look at them and pass by

Non ragionar di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

No more of them. They were rich and prosperous; that is all, they only worked for the present time—the future concerned them not. *Receperunt mercedeem.*

But those, who are less solicitous for the present, of the escape of which they are conscious, have by a sublime instinct of immortality, by an insatiable thirst for the future, carried the national thought beyond the present, and the human mind, above ease, riches and material utility; they who have spent generations and centuries, in leaving on their route, a beautiful and eternal trace of their passage; those disinterested and generous nations, who have employed all the great and enlarged ideas of the human mind, in the construction of earthly wisdom, of legislations, of theogonies, of arts and systems; they who have moved the masses of marble or of granite, for the erection of obelisks and pyramids, a sublime defiance thrown by them to the power of time, a dumb voice

by which they speak for ever to souls of greatness and of grandeur; those poetical nations, like the Egyptians, the Jews, the Hindoos, the Greeks, who have idealised politics and made in their life, the divine principle of a people, the mind, to predominate over the human principle, the useful; those do I love; I venerate them, I look for and adore the traces of them, their memory, their works written, built or sculptured. I live from their life, as an excited and partial spectator, or I assist in the affecting or heroic drama of their destiny, and I voluntarily traverse the ocean, to dream for some days over their dust, and to pronounce to their memory, the memento of the future. They have deserved well of the human race, for they have exalted their thoughts, above this globe of earth, beyond this fleeting and fugitive day. They have felt themselves made for a higher, and more extended destiny, and not being able to bestow upon themselves that immortal life, which is the dream of every grand and noble soul, they have said to their works, "Immortalise us," live for us, speak of us to all who shall traverse the desert, or shall bound over the waves of the Ionian Sea, before the Cape of Sigea, or before the Promontory of Sunium, where Plato taught the lore of wisdom, which will for ever be the wisdom of the future.

Such were my thoughts on hearing the prow, on which I was seated, cut through the waves of the African Sea, and directing my eye every minute towards the rosy mist of the horizon, to catch a view of the Promontory of Carthage.

The breeze subsided, a dead calm rested on the ocean, the day passed away, in looking in vain at a distance for the vapoury coast of Africa. Towards night a gale of wind came on, the vessel, tossed from one side to the other, crushed under the sails, similar to the wings of a sea bird, broken by the gun, shook us within its sides, with the terrible roar of an edifice which is crumbling. I passed the night on deck; my arm thrown round a cable: from some whitish clouds, which crowded upon each other, like a high mountain, in the deep Gulf of Tunis, the lightning shot forth, and at a distance was heard the majestic solo of the thunder. Africa appeared

to me as I had always imagined it to myself; its sides shattered by the fire of Heaven, and its calcinated summits concealed within the clouds. In proportion as we advanced and the Cape of Bysertia, and afterwards the Cape of Carthage, gradually rose from the obscurity, and appeared to come in front of us, all the grand images, all the fabulous and heroic names which have resounded on these shores, rushed from my memory, and recalled to me the poetical and historical dramas, of which these places were successively the theatre. Virgil, like all other poets, who exceed the bounds of truth, history and nature, has much rather injured than embellished the image of Dido. The historical Dido, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her first husband, had her funeral pyre erected on the Promontory of Carthage, and ascended a sublime and voluntary victim, to a pure and sincere love, and to a fidelity even in death. Such, is a little more beautiful, a little more holy, a little more pathetic, than the cold gallanteries with which the Roman poet invests his history, with his ridiculous and pious Eneas, and his amorous despair, on which the reader cannot bestow his sympathy.

But the *anna soror*, and the magnificent adieu, and the immortal imprecation which follow, will always plead for our pardon to Virgil.

The historical part of Carthage, is more poetical than its poesy. The heavenly death, and the obsequies of Saint Louis; the blind Belisarius; Marius expiating amongst savage animals, in the ruins of Carthage, himself a ferocious animal, the crimes of Rome; the deplorable day, on which, similar to the scorpion surrounded with fire, which pierces itself with its own venomed sting, Carthage, surrounded by Scipio and Massinissa, put herself, the firebrand to her edifices, and her opulence. The wife of Asdrubal, shut up with her children in the Temple of Jupiter, reproaching her husband with not having known how to die, and lighting herself, the torch which was to consume herself, and her children, and all that remained of her country, in order to

leave only the cinders for the Romans; Cato of Utica, the two Scipios, Hannibal, all those great names, rise up again on the abandoned promontory like the standing columns before a temple overthrown. The eye sees nothing but a naked promontory raising itself on a deserted sea, some empty cisterns, or filled with their own ruins; some dilapidated aqueducts; some moles laid waste by the waves, and covered again by the sea, near to a barbarous city, where those very names are unknown, like those men who have lived to too great an age, and who become as strangers in their native land. But the past is there sufficient, where it shines with such splendid recollections. I know not myself, whether I do not love it better as it is, isolated in the midst of its ruins, than profaned and disturbed by the noise and the crowd of new generations; It is with ruins, as it is with monuments; in the midst of a great city, in the dirt of our streets, they afflict and grieve the heart; they throw a stain on the whole of this noisy and turbulent life, but in solitude, on the shores of the ocean, on a forsaken promontory, on a wild and desolate strand, three stones, grey with the frost of ages, and shattered by the thunder, excite reflection and thought—they make us dream or weep.

Solitude and death, solitude and the past, which is the death of things, become necessarily allied in the human thought. This unison is a mysterious harmony, I love better the naked Promontory of Carthage, the melancholy Cape of Sunium, the naked and infected strand of Pœstum, on which to place the scenes of former days, than the temples, the arks, the coliseums of Rome deceased, trampled under the feet of living Rome with all the indifference of habit, or the profanation of oblivion.

2 o'clock, July, 1832.

At ten o'clock the wind abated, and we were able to go upon deck, and sailing at the rate of seven knots an hour, we soon found ourselves off the isolated island of Pantellaria, the ancient island of Calypso, still delightful and delicious, by its African vegetation, and the freshness of its valleys

and its waters. It was to this place that the emperor, successively banished the political delinquents.

It appeared to us only as a black cone rising out of the sea, and clothed to within two thirds of its summit, with a white mist, which the wind of the night had thrown upon it. No vessel can land upon it. Its harbours are only calculated for small craft, which carry thither the exiles of Naples and Sicily, who have been languishing for ten years, expecting some of their dreams of a premature liberty.

Unfortunate are those men, who appear in the earth before the earth is prepared to receive them. Their time crushes them. It is our fate, the fate of the impartial, political, and rational men of France. France is still a century and a half behind our ideas. She would every where have men and ideas of sectarianism and party: what matter patriotism and reason to her? It is hatred, rancour and alternate persecution that she owes to her ignorance, and she will have it, until wounded by the mortal weapons of which she would absolutely make use of—she falls, or casts them far away from her, to direct her attention to the only hope of all political amelioration,—*GOD, his law, and reason, its innate law.*

July 21st, 1832.

The sea, on my awakening after a stormy night, seems with the rest to sport with the wind of yesterday. The foam still covers it, like the half-wiped flakes, which adhere to the sides of a horse, fatigued after a long race, or like those, whose bit restrains them, when they lower or raise their head, impatient again to try their speed. The waves run rapidly, irregularly, but lightly, not deeply, but transparently. This sea resembles a field of beautiful corn, undulating to the breezes of a spring morning, after a stormy night. We see the islands of Gozzo and Malta, rising under the mist at five or six miles on the horizon.

22nd July. Arrival at Malta.

In proportion as we approach Malta, the low coast rises and becomes distinct, but the aspect is gloomy and sterile,

we soon perceive the fortifications and the gulfs formed by the harbours; a crowd of little boats, each manned with two rowers are seen hastening from these gulfs, and crowd round the head of our ship. The sea is running high, and the waves sometimes precipitate them into the deep furrow made by our vessel in the sea; they seemed on the point of being engulphed. The waves raised them up, they followed our track, they danced by the sides of our brig, and threw to us the ropes wherewith to tow us into the roadstead.

The pilots announced to us that we should have to perform a quarantine of ten days, and conducted us to the harbour, appropriated for that purpose under the high fortifications of Valette. M. Miège, the French consul, informed the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, of our arrival, who assembled the board of health, and finally reduced our quarantine to three days.

The favour was granted us of going on shore in a boat, and walking at night along the canals, which run alongside the quarantine harbour. It was Sunday. The glowing orb of day has set at the bottom of a narrow and tranquil bay of the gulf, which is behind the prow of our vessel; there we behold the sea smooth and brilliant, like a vast sheet of tin fresh from the hands of the workman. The sky above us is of an orange tint, lightly coloured with the rose; the tints of the sky are less vivid in proportion as it rises higher above our heads and increases in distance from the west. In the east it is of a pale and grey blue, and recalls to our mind no longer the glowing azure of the Gulf of Naples, or even the black depth of the firmament above the Alps of Savoy. The tint of the African sky partakes of the burning atmosphere and the fierce severity of that continent; the reflection of its naked mountains strikes the firmament with aridity and heat, and the hot and burning dust of its deserts of sand appears to mix with the air, which surrounds it, to tarnish the sky of the country.

Our rowers conducted us slowly to within a few yards of the shore, the banks of which are low and connected with a

strand, which reaches only a few inches beyond the sea. For half a mile, the banks are covered with a range of houses contiguous to each other, and which appear to have been erected as near as possible to the sea, to inhale its freshness, and to listen to its murmur. Here is one of those houses, and one of those scenes, of which we see the counterpart, on every threshold, on every terrace, on every balcony. In multiplying this scene and this view, by five or six hundred houses, all of a similar construction, we should have an exact recollection of this landscape, unique to any European, who is not acquainted with either Seville, Cordova, or Grenada; it is a recollection which ought to be engraved on the memory with its details of manners and customs, in order to retrace it again in the sombre and dull uniformity of our cities of the west. Those recollections, raised up again in the memory, during our days and months of snow, of fog and rain, are like a coruscation of light on a serene sky after a long tempest. A little sun in the eye, a little love in the heart, a little beam of faith or truth in the soul—it is one and the same thing. I could not live without those three consolations of a terrestrial exile. My eyes belong to the east, my soul to love, and my mind belongs to those, who carry within them an instinct of light, an unreflected evidence, which shows not itself, which deceives not, but consoles. Here then is the landscape.

A golden light, mild, soft, and serene, like that which emanates from the eyes and features of a young girl, before love has engraved a furrow on her brow, or thrown a frown over her eyes. This light shed equally on the water, the land, on the sky, strikes upon the white and yellow stones of the houses, and leaves all the designs of the cornices, all the ridges of the angles, all the balustrades, the terraces, all the carvings of the balconies, distinguish to themselves clearly and distinctly on the blue horizon, under this aerial trembling, under this uncertain and misty air, of which the natives of the west have made a beauty for their arts, not being able to correct that vice of their climate. This quality of the air;

this white, yellow, golden colour of the stone; this strength of contrast gives to the smallest edifice of the south a firmness and a cleanliness, which exhilirate, and make an agreeable impression on the eye. Every house has the appearance not only of having been built stone upon stone with cement and sand, but to have been carved out upright from the primitive rocks, and placed upon the earth, like a block emerging from its bosom, and as durable as the soil itself. Two large and elegant pilasters rise at the two angles of the facade, but only to the height of a story and a half, where they are crowned by an elegant cornice, carved in the shining stone, and which itself serves as a foundation to a rich and massive balustrade, which extends the whole length of the top of the house, and replaces those flat, irregular, pointed and grotesque roofs, which disfigure every species of architecture, which interrupt every line harmonizing with the horizon, in our assemblages of fantastical edifices, which we call cities in Germany, France and England. Between these two large pilasters which project some inches on the facade, the architect has made only three openings, one door and two windows. The former, large, high and arched, has not its threshold on the street, it opens on some outside steps, which encroach seven or eight feet on the quay. These outside steps, surrounded by a balustrade of carved stone, serve the use of a saloon, as well as the entrance to the house; and if one of these be described, it may be considered as the description of the whole. One or two men in white vests, but black in figure, with an African eye, and with a long pipe in the hand, are listlessly stretched by the side of the door, upon a rushen ottoman; in front of them, three young women, leaning gracefully on the balustrade in different attitudes, cast a silent gaze upon our boat as it passed, or smiled amongst themselves at our foreign appearance. A black robe, which descends only half way down the leg, a white corset with large sleeves plaited and loose, a head dress of black hair, and over their shoulders and head a small cloak of black silk, similar to that of the robe, covering half of the

figure, and one of the shoulders and one of the arms, which holds up the cloak; this cloak, which is made of a very thin stuff, when inflated by the breeze, resembles the form of the sail of a skiff puffed out by the wind, and which in its capricious fold at one time conceals, at another exposes the mysterious figure which it envelopes, and which appears to protrude from it at the pleasure of the wearer. Some of the girls raise gracefully their head to gossip with some other females in the upper balcony, throwing to them pomegranates or oranges, whilst others enter into conversation with young men with large moustachios, a black and curled head, in short and tight jackets, and white pantaloons with red sashes. On the parapet of the outward steps are seated two young abbés in black cloaks, and shoes with silver buckles, enjoying a familiar conversation, and amusing themselves with two large green fans, whilst at the foot of the last step, a handsome mendicant monk with bare feet, a forehead pale, bald and white, uncovered, his body enveloped in the heavy folds of his brown habit, is leaning like a statue of mendicity on the threshold of the rich and fortunate man, and casts an eye of independence and indifference on this scene of happiness, and of joy. In the upper story, on a large balcony, supported by handsome caryatides, and covered with an Indian verandah, furnished with curtains and fringes, are seen an English family, those fortunate and impassible conquerors of Malta. There some Moorish nurses, with their sparkling eyes, their complexion saturnine and black, are holding in their arms the beautiful children of Great Britain, whose blond and curled locks, with their white and rosy skin, defy the sun of Calcutta as well as that of Malta or Corfu. To behold these children under the black cloak and the fiery look of these semi-african females, conveys the idea of white and beautiful lambs hanging at the paps of the tigresses of the desert. On the terrace, is a wholly different scene, there the English and the Maltese stroll about in parties. On one side are to be seen some young girls of the island, with the guitar under their arm, and striking some notes of

an old national air, rude and savage as the climate; on the other side a young and beautiful English girl, leaning in a melancholy mood on her elbow, contemplating with indifference the scenes of life which are passing under her eyes, and turning over the pages of the immortal poets of her country.

In addition to this *coup-d'œil,* are seen the Arabian horses mounted by English officers, and galloping with their flowing manes along the sands of the quay;—then the Maltese carriages, a kind of sedan chair on two wheels, drawn by a a single Barbary horse, which the driver follows on foot at a gallop, his waist tied with a red sash with a long fringe, and the head covered with the red cap of the Spanish muleteer, with the point hanging down to the waist. The wild cries of the naked children, who throw themselves into the sea and swim around our boat; the songs of the Grecians and Sicilians at anchor in the adjoining harbour, all joining in chorus from the deck of one vessel to the other, and the monotonous and irregular notes of the guitar, forming something like a soft and gentle humming of the night air above those sharp and discordant sounds—and some idea may then be formed of the quay of Empsida on a Sunday evening.

July 24th, 1832.

Having obtained letters of pratique, we entered the harbour of the city of Valetta. The governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, having arrived from the country that we might be introduced to him, received us in the Palace of the Grand Master at two o'clock. He was an excellent representation of an honest Englishman, with the probity and the physiognomy of that class of men—grandeur, gravity and nobleness—the real type of the true English nobleman. We admired the palace—magnificent and dignified in its simplicity, beautiful in the whole, but exhibiting the nakedness of frivolous decorations, both within and without; extensive saloons, long galleries, the staircase broad, not steep; an armoury two hundred feet long, displaying the armour and weapons, of all the epochs of the order of St. John of Jerusalem. A

library of 40,000 volumes, in which we were received by the chief librarian, the Abbé Bollanti, a young Maltese ecclesiastic, in every respect resembling the Roman abbés of the old school; a soft and penetrating eye, a mouth meditative and smiling, a pale and furrowed forehead, language elegant and harmonious, and a politeness simple, natural and polished. We conversed together for some time, for he was the kind of man adapted for a long, intelligent and edifying conversation. There was in him, as in all the distinguished ecclesiastics, whom I had met with in Italy, something of a mournful, indifferent and submissive nature, which partakes of the noble and dignified resignation of a fallen power.

Reared amongst ruins, in the ruins themselves of a crumbled monument, they have from them contracted the melancholy of, and an indifference towards the present. "How," I said to him, "can a man like you support the intellectual exile, and the seclusion in which you live in this deserted palace, and amidst the dust of these books." "It is true," he answered, "I live alone, and I live sorrowfully; the scenes of this island are indeed limited; the noise that I might make in it by my writings, would not extend far, and the noise which other men make elsewhere, scarcely reach me here, but my soul sees beyond this an horizon more free and of greater extent, on which my thoughts love to dwell; we have a serene sky above us, a genial air around us, a vast and blue ocean under our eye, and that is sufficient for the life of the senses; but in regard to the life of the mind, it is in no place distinguished by greater intensity than in silence and in solitude. That life there ascends directly to the source from which it emanates, from God, without diverting and changing itself by contact with the things and cares of this world When St. Paul, on his route to carry the fruitful world of christianity to other nations, was ship-wrecked at Malta, and he remained there three months for the purpose of sowing the grains of mustard seed, he did not complain of his shipwreck nor of his exile, which gave to this island a precocious knowledge of the word and of the divine moral. Ought I

then to complain; I, born on these arid rocks, if the Lord confines me here to maintain his true christian truth in those hearts, in which so many truths are on the point of being extinguished. This life, however," he added, " is not without its poesy; and when at last I shall be free from my classifications and my catalogues, I will then, perhaps, write that poesy of solitude and prayer." I took my leave of him with pain, and with the desire to see him again.

The church of St. John, the cathedral of the island, possesses all the character, all the solemnity, which are to be looked for in a similar monument in a similar place; grandeur, nobility and riches. The keys of Rhodes, brought away after their defeat by the knights, are suspended on each side of the altar, the symbols of an everlasting regret, and of hopes frustrated for ever. The vault is superb; the whole of it painted by the Calabrians, a work worthy of modern Rome in the brightest era of painting.

One painting only struck me in the Chapel of the Election; it is one of Michael Angelo de Carravaggio, whom the then existing knights invited to their island to paint the dome of St. John. He undertook it, but the violence and irritability of his savage character got the better of him; he feared that the work would be of long duration, and left the island. He, however, left at Malta, his chef-d'œuvre, the beheading of St. John the Baptist. If our modern painters, who look for the romantic according to system, instead of finding it according to nature, were to see this painting, they would find their pretended invention, invented before them. There is the fruit grown on the tree, and not the artificial fruit moulded in wax, and painted with false colours; picturesque attitudes, energy of grouping, depth of sentiment, truth and dignity united, strength of contrast, and nevertheless, unity and harmony; horror and beauty, at the same time—such is this picture. It is one of the most beautiful I ever saw in my life. It is the picture which is sought for by the painters of the genuine school. Here it is—it is found, no further search is necessary. Thus there is not any thing new in nature or

the arts. Every thing which is done, has been done: every thing which is said, has been said—every thing which we dream, has been dreamt before. Every age is but the plagiarist of a former age, for whatever we may be, perishable and fugitive artists, or contemplatists, we all copy in a different manner, one immutable, and eternal model, which is *nature*, that thought, the *one* and the *many* of the Creator.

25th July, 1832.

From the top of the observatory, which commands the Palace of the Grand Master, a complete view is obtained of the towns, the harbours and fields of Malta, the latter naked, without any form or colour, arid as the desert—the city similar to the shell of a turtle, stranded on a rock; it might be said to be hewn out of a single block of primitive rock. We looked on the scenes of the terraced roofs, on the approach of night, with the women seated on the terraces—thus did David behold Bathsheba. Nothing can be more graceful and seductive than those white and black figures, similar to ghosts, appearing in this manner with the beams of the moon, on the roofs of this multitude of houses. The women are only seen there, in the church, or on the balconies: all their language lies in their eyes; love itself is a long mystery, which words cannot change nor falsify; a long drama, the catastrophe of which is produced without the aid of language. This silence, these apparitions at certain hours, these meetings at the same places, these intimacies of distance, these dumb expressions, are perhaps the first and the most divine language of love; a sentiment which is far above words, and which like music, expresses in one language of itself, that, which no other language can express.

These thoughts, these prospects delight the soul; they impart the only inextinguishable charm, which God has diffused over the earth, and are the parent of regret that the hours of life are so rapid and contentious. Two sentiments alone are sufficient for man, and were he to live to the age of the rocks, the contemplation of God, and love. Love and

religion are the two thoughts, or at least, rather the sole thought of the people of the south, nor do they search for any thing else, it is all sufficient for them. We are apt to compassionate them, but we should envy them. What is there in common between our factitious passions; between the tumultuous agitation of our vain thoughts, and those two only true thoughts, with which the life of these children of the sun is occupied—RELIGION and LOVE, the one enchants the present, the other enchants the future. I have also always been struck, notwithstanding all contrary prejudices, with that deep calmness, which is seldom troubled, of the physiognomies of the south, and with that profundity of repose, of serenity and happiness diffused over the manners, and over the countenances of this silent crowd who breathe, live, love and sing under your eyes—who appear to exist in song, that superfluity of happiness, and of impressions on a soul already too full. They sing at Rome, at Naples, at Genoa, at Malta, in Sicily, in Greece, in Ionia; on the shores, on the waves and the terraced roofs; nought is there heard but the slow recitative of the fisherman, the sailor, or the shepherd, or the floating hummings of the guitar, under a serene and cloudless heaven. It is happiness, whatever may be said of it. You say, they are slaves! What do they know about it? Slavery or liberty, a mere misery or happiness of convention. Misery or happiness are much nearer to ourselves. What is it to these peaceful crowds, who inhale the breeze of the sea, or lay themselves down to sleep in the cool beams of the sun of Sicily, of Malta, or the Bosphoras, whether their laws were made by a priest, a pacha, or a parliament? does that effect any change in their relations with nature, the only ones which engage their attention? doubtless not—every form of society, whether free or absolute, resolves itself into a kind of servitude more or less felt. We are the slaves of the changeable and capricious laws, which we make for ourselves, they are the slaves of the immutable law, of the power which God has given them. All that, whether for happiness or misery returns to the same thing, but not for human dignity, and for

the progress of the intelligence and morality of man? No. Ought we not to institute an examination before we pronounce that no? Take at a venture one hundred men amongst these people called slaves, and a hundred men amongst our people, who style themselves free, put them in the scale; in which of the scales shall we find the greatest, or the least weight of morality and virtue? I know which, but I tremble to declare it. If any read this after me, they will be inclined to suspect me of partiality for despotism and contempt for liberty. They will be in the wrong, I consider liberty as a difficult and ennobling effort of humanity, on the same principle that I love virtue for its merit, and not for its reward; but the question is of happiness, and as a philosopher, I examine it, and I say with Montaign—*What do I know?* The fact is that our political questions, so excellent in our Lyceums, in our coffee-houses, in our clubs, are very little, when seen at a distance, in the middle of the ocean, or on the summit of the Alps, according to the height of philosophic or religious contemplation. Those questions are only interesting to some men, who have a superfluity of time on their hands, and a superfluity of bread in their larder. The crowd have only to do with nature, and a good, a beautiful and a divine religion, these are the politics for the use of the crowd. This principle of life is wanting in ours; therefore do we stumble, we fall and fall again, we do not make any progress, we are wanting in the breath of life; we create forms, but the soul enters not into them. O God, bestow upon us thy breath, or we perish.

At Malta, 28, 29 and 30th July, 1832.

We have been detained at Malta by the indisposition of Julia; her health, however, being restored, we have determined to direct our course to Smyrna, first touching at Athens. There I shall bid adieu to my wife and child, and proceed alone across Asia Minor, to visit the other parts of the East. We weighed anchor, and were about to leave the harbour, when a vessel arrived from the Archipelago, with the intelligence of the capture of several vessels by the Greek pirates, and

the massacre of the crews. The French Consul, Mr Miège advised us to wait a few days, but Captain Lyons of the English frigate, Madagascar, offered to convoy our vessel as far as Nauplia in the Morea, and in fact to take us in tow, as the rate of sailing of our brig, was inferior to that of the frigate. He accompanied this offer with all those obliging acts, which considerably enhanced the value of the offer, which was most thankfully accepted.

We sailed on the 1st August at eight o'clock in the morning, but we were scarcely at sea, than the frigate flew, as it were, past us, and left us far astern, on which Captain Lyons clewed up his sails and waited for us. A barrel to which a cable was attached was thrown into the sea, which we succeeded in obtaining, and we followed, like a steed with a halter, the floating mass which dashed through the waves, scarcely conscious of the weight which was attached to her.

I did not know Captain Lyons, who for six years had commanded in one of the ships, belonging to the English station, in the Levant. I was not even known to him by name, I had not met him in any company at Malta, as he was then performing quarantine, and yet behold an officer of another nation, of one often our rival, and in hostility, who, on the first intimation on our part, consents to retard his course for two or three days, to subject his vessel and his crew to a manœuvre often attended with danger, namely the towing of another vessel; to hear perhaps around him the murmurs of the sailors on board, at such an act of condescension to a Frenchman and a stranger, and all this by a sentiment of nobleness of soul and sympathy for the fears, and inquietude of a female, and the sufferings of a child. Here is an English officer in all his personal generosity, here is a man in all the dignity of his character and his profession. I shall never forget either the man himself, or the act of his kindness; that man, who came often to the side of our vessel, to inquire respecting our comforts, and to repeat his assurances of the pleasure which he experienced in granting us his protection—this man appeared to me one of the most noble and generous,

with whom it had ever been my good fortune to meet. There was not any thing about him which bespoke the proverbial roughness of the sailor; but the firmness of the man accustomed to contend with the most terrible of all elements, was admirably united, in his figure, still young and handsome, with a gentleness of soul, an elevation of thought, and the graces of character.

Although we arrived at Malta, as strangers, we still could not behold without regret its white walls gradually growing less and less at a distance under the waves. Those houses which a few days before, we regarded with indifference, had now for us a language and a physiognomy of their own. We knew those who inhabited them, and many a benevolent look, many a sincere wish for our safety followed from their terraces, the distant sails of our two vessels.

The English are a great, moral and political people, but in general, they are not a sociable people. Concentrated in the sacred and sweet intimacy of the family fireside; when they leave it, it is not from a view to pleasure, it is not the desire, to communicate the sentiments of their soul, or to display the feelings of their sympathy; it is custom, it is vanity which are their principles. Vanity is the soul of all English society. It is vanity, which constructs that form of society cold, stiff, and abounding with etiquette; it is vanity, which has created those classifications of rank, of titles, of dignities and riches, by which alone men are distinguished, and which has constituted a complete abstraction of man, to consider only the name, the habit and the social form. Are things different in the English colonies? I should think so, after what we had witnessed at Malta. We had scarcely set a foot on Maltese ground, than we received from every class of people, who compose this beautiful colony, the most disinterested, and the most cordial proofs of their kindness and hospitality, as well as of the great interest they took in the success of our undertaking. Our stay there was one scene of continued benevolence, and hospitality. Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby, appeared to be a couple made to repre-

sent in every place in the most dignified manner, the former, the virtuous and noble simplicity of the English nobleman, and the latter, the mild and graceful modesty of the women of high rank in her country. The family of Sir Frederick Hankey, Mr. and Mrs. Nugent, Mr. Grey, Mr. Freer, formerly ambassador of Madrid, received us more as friends than travellers. We saw them almost hourly for eight days; we may, perhaps, never see them again, but we brought away with us an impression of their obliging cordiality, which will never be obliterated from our hearts. Malta was to us a colony of hospitality, there was something of the ancient knight and hospitaler, reminding us of the ancient possessors of the island, that was to be found in its palaces, now in the possession of a nation, worthy of the high rank, which she holds in civilization. The English may, perhaps, not be loved, but it is impossible not to esteem them.

The government of Malta is in its policy severe and illiberal; it is by no means worthy of the English, who have inculcated the principles of liberty over the world, to have in one of their possessions, two classes of men, the citizens and the enfranchised.

The Provincial Government and the Local Parliaments would in the English colonies associate easily with the upper house of Parliament of the mother country. The germs of liberty and nationality, respected amongst a conquered people, are for the future, the germs of virtue, of strength and of dignity for the whole human race. The shadow of the English flag ought only to cover men that are free.

1st August, 1832, at midnight.

Although the sea ran high when we left Malta, yet we had scarcely proceeded twelve miles out to sea, than we were overtaken by a dead calm, which lasted during the night. Not a wind blew from the Heavens, with the exception now and then of a few wandering breezes, which ruffled the sails of the two vessels, giving to the large sails a sounding palpitation, an irregular clapping, similar to the convulsive one of

the wings of a bird in the agonies of death. The sea is as smooth and polished as the blade of a sword, not a ripple, is seen but from a considerable distance, come rolling on large cylindrical undulations, which glide under the vessel and shake it, like a subterranean trembling. All the masts, the yards, the shrouds and sails crack and shiver, as if driving before a gale. We appear to be fixed on the ocean, whilst the helmsman fixes his look carelessly upon the stars, without the tiller deviating under his masculine grasp. We have let loose the towing rope, because the two vessels, being scarcely under any government, run the risk of damaging each other in the dark.

We are now about five hundred yards from the frigate. The lighted lamps shine through the port-holes at the bottom of the large and beautiful cabins of the officers, which are placed on the poop. A lantern, which the eye might confound with one of the fires of the firmament, is hauled up to the peak of the mizen-mast, as a rallying point during the night. Whilst our eyes are fixed on this floating Pharos, which is to serve us as a pilot, delicious sounds of sweet harmony come swelling and dying away on the midnight air, from the illuminated sides of the frigate, and floating under its clouds of sails, as if under the echoing roofs of a church.

The harmonies were varied in succession for several hours, and diffused far and near, on this enchanting and sleeping ocean, all the sounds which we have heard in the most blissful hours of our life. The cells of memory are opened, and then start before us the scenes which once we loved, and those who made those scenes so dear to us. All the melodious reminiscences of our cities, of our theatres, of our country songs, return to carry our thoughts towards the days which are no more, and towards those beings, who are now separated from us by death or time.

To-morrow, perhaps, in a few hours, this beautiful and inspiring music will be succeeded by the terrible sounds of the tempest, straining the masts; by the violent shocks of the waves which dash against the hollow sides of the vessel; by

the guns of distress, and by the thunder, the convulsive voices of the two elements at war with each other, and the voice of man contending proudly and nobly against their united fury.

These thoughts spring up in all our hearts, whilst a complete silence reigns on the decks of both the vessels. Every one recalls to himself some of those significant notes engraved by a strong impression on the memory, which he has heard in former days under some happy or some sorrowful circumstance of the life of his heart; every one thinks with greater tenderness on those whom he has left behind. We trouble ourselves about that defiance which man appears to throw to the tempests. They are those moments, which ought to be written for ever on the mind; in a few minutes they contain a greater number of impressions, a greater variety of colours, more life and vigour, than whole years spent in the prosaic vicissitudes of a common life. The heart is then full and would overflow. It is then that the rudest and most inerudite man feels himself a poet through all his fibres; it is then that the finite and the infinite enter by every pore, it is then that we would expose before God, or reveal only to a sympathetic heart, or to all men in the language of the sages, that which is passing in our minds; it is then that we would pronounce extempore the songs that are worthy of Heaven and earth. Ah! if there were only one language! but there is no language, especially for us, Frenchmen; there is no language for philosophy, for love, for religion, for poetry. Mathematics are the language of that people, their words are dry, precise, and without colour, like the figures of arithmetic. —Let us go to sleep.

Two o'clock, A.M.—Same date.

I could not sleep, my feelings were too vivid. I ascended the deck, and I painted the following scene. The moon has disappeared behind the orange mist which shades the horizon without any other limits. It is the depth of night, but a night on the sea, that is, on a transparent element, which reflects the smallest light of the firmament, and which seems to pre-

serve a luminous impression of the day. This night is not dark, it is only pale and impearled like the colour of an icicle when the light is drawn aside or placed behind. The air appears also to be dead, or to sleep on this supple bed of the waves. Not a noise, not a breath, not a sail even, which beats against the yard, not a sprinkling of foam which rustles and follows the wake of the vessel, or sparkling dies away on the sides of the vessel, which seems like a giant asleep.

I contemplated this dumb scene of repose, of empty space, of silence and serenity. I inhaled that cool and light air, of which the breast feels neither the heat, nor the freshness, nor the weight; and I said to myself, this should be the air which we respire in the land of souls, in the regions of immortality, in that divine atmosphere, where every thing is immutable, full of rapture and perfection.

I contemplated the Heavens from another view. I had forgotten the English frigate, for my eyes were directed to the opposite quarter. There she lay on the sea, a few cable lengths from us; by chance I turned my head, and my eyes fell on this majestic Colossus, which reposed immoveable, immense, without the slightest motion of her keel, as on a pedestal of polished marble.

The black and gigantic mass of the hull of the vessel appeared to rise gloomily from its silvery base, and to delineate itself on the blue vault of the heavens, on the air and the sea; not a sign of life issued from this majestic edifice, not a thing indicated either to the eye or the ear, that it was animated with so much intelligence and life, or peopled with so many acting and thinking beings. It might have been taken for one of those great wrecks of the tempests floating without a helm, with which the mariner meets with affright in the solitudes of the southern ocean, and on which not a voice is left to tell, how it has perished, a burial register without a note, without a date, which the sea permits to float for a few days, before it is engulphed for ever.

Above the gloomy hull of the ship, the cloud of all her sails was picturesquely and pyramidically grouped around its

masts. They raised themselves from story to story, from yard arm to yard arm, divided into a thousand grotesque forms, and unfurled in broad and deep folds, resembling the high and numerous turrets of a gothic castle grouped around the platform; they had no longer the movement, nor the bright and golden colour of the sails seen from afar on the waves during the day; but immoveable, dull, and coloured by the night with a slaty grey, they might be compared to an immense flight of bats, or of unknown birds of the ocean beaten down, compact, crowded against each other on a gigantic tree, and hanging on its defoliaged trunk by the light of the moon, on a winter's night. The shadow of this cloud of sails fell from on high upon us, and shut out from our view the half of the horizon. Never did a more colossal or a stranger vision of the ocean appear to the soul of Ossian in his dream. All the poetry of the waves was here. The blue line of the horizon was lost in that of the sky, every thing which reposed above and below had the appearance of one ethereal fluid in which we swam. All that airy way, without a body and without limits increased the effect of this gigantic apparition of the frigate in the waves, and threw the soul with the eye into the same illusion. It appeared to me that the frigate, the aerial pyramid of its sails, and ourselves, that we were altogether raised, carried up, like the celestial bodies in the liquid abysses of the ether, supported by nothing, and hovering by an internal power in the azure void of a universal firmament.

We passed many similar days and nights on the open sea, a dead calm with a Heaven of fire; immense waves rolled from the Adriatic Gulf into the African Sea; appearing like vast cylinders lightly fluted, and gilded morning and evening like the columns of the temples of Rome or of Pæstum.

I passed the days on deck, during which I wrote some verses to M. de Montherot, my brother-in law.

Friend, more than friend! thou brother of my soul
And blood, whose tearful eye, o'er ocean's waves

Pursues my vagrant track,—on thee I think,
'Cross the num'rous crests of foam behind me spread,
Across the air and sky, my thoughts are thine.
My pensive mind recalls the bygone hours,
Of leisure past in converse, grave or gay,
When seated on the streamlet's bank, 'neath the shade
Of willow or of aspen, we spoke of things
Of import high, springing from Heav'n and God,
In which at times thy poesy was mix'd
With verse of mine, mingling like drops of Heaven.
Thy poesy, born of the lightning's flash,
Oft springing from a smile, not snatch'd in haste
From harp melodious with a trembling touch,
But which from day to day, thy careless hand
Allows to fall on each thy wand'ring path,
Pure from thy glowing mind, like pearls of dew
Which gem the flow'rs with the rising sun,
With which awak'ning, all creation shines
With lovely hues, forming in union pure
A gentle stream, but which still noiseless falls
Beneath the wand'rer's tread, and straight absorbed
In clouds above by mid-day's fervent beams,
Breathing their perfume on the siccant wind.—
New times! new cares! each season has its fruit.

Before my thoughts attained pure reason's age,
When still a child, I round my mother play'd,
Pleased or alarmed at some chimera dire;
The children of my age, I copied in their sports,
I spoke their language, and their deeds were mine:
In the first months, when burst the blossoms forth,
Or with the sap the oak and elm perspired,
I stroll'd with pleasure towards the torrent loud
Which roll'd its water's near my tranquil home;
Broad o'er the stream the willows bent their head,
From which with glee I cut the branches fresh,
Warming with my breath the sap more pure;

Then from the bough I stripp'd th' unbroken bark,
I breathed within, and soon beneath my hand
A sweet and plaintive air rang in the wood;
That sound, whose measure was bereft of art,
Was but an empty noise, a murmur vague
And sweet, like ocean's whisp'ring, soothing voice,
Or trembling airs, along th' Eolian strings
The sound we love, as if by spirits struck,
The prelude of a soul just sprung to life,
Which sings before it sings, and weeps before it weeps.

That time is gone—my mid-day have I reached;
Much have I suffer'd, and through it my mind
Has in the struggle gain'd its present strength.
Those tender reeds, my childhood's early toys,
Could not contain the breath which fills me now.
There is no language and no mortal rhythm,
No battle clarion, nor altar's harp,
Which would not by its pow'r a hundred times
Destroy the breath which now my soul respires.
With its shock unseen are all things weaken'd,
With its flame intense are all things melted;
It has, that it might inhale the glorious sound,
Renounced long since the words in use on earth,
Their fragile symbols would be scattered wide,
The thunder of the words be clashed together;
The children bending low their heads would say
"Restrain his voice, O! Lord, or else we die."

It speaks to them no more—but to itself;
It speaks in language high, devoid of words;
Yet is that WORD SUPREME, by mortal hand
Nor trac'd nor written—that language all profound
Which spirit speaks to spirit—soul to soul.

The human tongues thus losing all their force;
That language grand, with its power alone
Gives the soul comfort in its lonely state.

Within myself incessantly it moans,
Like a noisy sea in motion restless;
With it the temples of my head beat loud,
The sound as piercing as the tempest's flight.
With me it sounds like a dark flood of night,
Whose every wave bears and repeats the noise,
Like the rebounding of the thunder's roar
On Alpine heights, whence thousand echoes burst
T'alarm the peasant of the vales and fields.
Or like the brazen voice of wintry winds,
Which fall with mountain weight upon the sea;
Or, like those fearful shocks midst Etna's fires,
In mounds it rises, and in foam descends—
Such is the voice, such are the only sounds
That could pretend to sing, what now I feel.

Expect from me no more the flowing verse,
In which the thoughts start forth with rapid grace,
As from the twanging bow, the feath'ry dart,
When two words in harmony uniting
Strike on the ear with the caprice of sound,
On my ear attun'd, that vapid echo
Of poetic art comes harsh and grating;
And if in me the mem'ry of the past
Springs forth to bless me with its thousand forms,
If on the silent desert of the East,
My face turns tow'rds thee with a fleeting smile;
If thinking on the friends, who watch this dawn,
My soul's best feelings are with their's commix'd;
'Tis by another voice, my softened heart
Gives them, and asks one recollection sweet.
Pray'r! thou accent strong! wing'd language of the soul!
Great and supreme! which in a single sigh
Combines each object, which the heart adores,
Which brings a thousand lov'd ones scattered far,
To the heart's eye and presence of their God,
One universal language made by them,

By virtue's boons, which she around us throws,
Of Heaven's best gifts the viewless interchange,
That general speech, which rises to the sky,
Ascending higher, to be better heard.
Incense unquenchable! Flame of pow'r!
Which blazes, burns, perfuming with its scent
Him, who receives, and him, who lights the flame.

'Tis thus my faithful heart communes with thee,
All earthly words have lost their sense with me.
And would'st thou know the cause of my contempt,
Follow my sail which rustles with the breeze,
And tread these scenes, the remnant of a world,
Where blooms the desert o'er an empire lost,
O'er tombs of gods, heroes and of sages,
Three landscapes wilt thou see, in three nights of life.

The land I just have left, the sounds of which
Torment, and follow you o'er this world of waves;
Europe! that land my wand'ring feet have left,
Where all things crash, in fierce contention sink,
And every hour expects some ruin's fall.
Two spirits there in war eternal live,
Darting their lightnings on thrones and laws,
On customs, temples, and their holy rites,
And make, whilst levelling their devouring soil,
Room for God's spirit, though they see it not.

My ship by some great hand unseen impell'd,
Glides o'er the foam, which dashes round its track,
Twelve times the sun, like to a slumb'ring god,
Has o'er him roll'd th' horizon of his bed,
Thence has he risen, bounding in the air,
From ocean's crater, like a bird of fire.
My masts are resting 'neath the furled sail,
My anchor's dropp'd—on Athen's ground, I tread.

It is the hour when once this noisy town
Was for a time still 'neath the hand of night,
Waking in turns in glory or in shame.
Like a rising sea, rolling its living waves
Urged by each blast towards ambition's goal
Some unto virtue—some unto faction's strife,
To the grand forum, Pericles—to the shore
Themistocles. To arms the heroes fly,
The sages seek the portico of wit,
His death—Socrates. Aristides just,
His banishment. Peril the people seek,
Whilst for their crimes, in deep remorse they're plung'd
A turban'd satrap guards the Parthenon.
Behold the orb of day. I walk and gaze around.

From Cithèron's height bursts the star of light,
Throwing its beams on hundred summits bald,
Adown their sides, e'en to their rocky base;
Or fertile plains which deck the Ilyssean shores
By nought depicted, and by nought reflected;
No towns far off glittering with their fires,
No wreaths of smoke curled by the breath of morn,
No cots suspended on the mountain's side;
The light in passing o'er their guilty soil
Falls dead on earth, and rises not again.

But on my brow, the highest beams of day
In glowing colours paint the gilded Parthenon,
Then with regret sinks on its blacken'd tow'rs,
Where with his pipe, the Janissary rests,
As if to mourn its broken cornices,
And on the pediment of Theseus' temple
Breathe his last. Thus o'er two ruined fragments
Two wand'ring sun-beams cast their parting light,
They're all that shine,—they're are all that say—Athens is here!

August 6th, 1832, at sea.

On the 6th at noon, we perceived under the white clouds of the horizon, the unequal summits of the mountains of Greece. The sky was pale and grey, as on the Thames, or on the Seine in the month of October. In the west, a tempest tears the black veil of the mists, which appear to rest on the surface of the sea; the thunder reverberates around us; the lightnings dart their forked fires through the electric clouds, and a strong breeze from the south-east, conveys to us the freshness and humidity of the rainy winds of our autumn.

The tempest has driven us out of our course, and we find ourselves in the vicinity of the coasts of Navarino. The two little islands are distinguished, which form the entrance of the harbour, and the beautiful double-crested mountain which overlooks Navarino. It is there that the cannon of Europe hurled their fires on recently resuscitated Greece, but Greece responded faintly to the flame. Emancipated from the Turks by the heroism of her sons, and the assistance of Europe, she is at present a prey to all the horrors of a civil war; she has shed the blood of Capo d'Istria, who devoted his life to her cause. The assassination of one of the most eminent of her citizens, is a bad prelude of an era of regeneration and virtue. It is deplorable that the thought of a great crime committed, is one of the first which rises at the sight of this country, to which we come to search for images of patriotism and glory.

In proportion as the ship approaches the Gulf of Moden, the outline of the shores of the Peloponnesus become more distinct, emerging from the floating mist in which they are enveloped. These shores, of which travellers in general speak with contempt, appear to me, on the contrary, to have been particularly favoured by nature, with their immense masses of mountains, and the graceful undulations of lines. It is with difficulty that I withdraw my look from them. The scene is not rich, but full of the memory of the past, for by it are all things peopled. This blackish group of hills, of promontories, and of valleys, which the eye embraces in one entire scene, like a small

island on the ocean, and which is only a point on the map, has of itself occasioned a greater noise, and produced a prouder degree of glory, of splendour, and a greater display of virtue and crime, than all the continents combined. This little heap of islands, and of mountains, from which burst forth almost at the same time Miltiades, Leonidas, Thrasybulus, Epaminondas, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, Pericles, Plato, Aristides, Socrates and Phidias; this country, in which were destroyed the armies of Xerxes, amounting to two millions of men; which sent forth her colonies to Constantinople, to Asia and Africa; which created or revived the arts of the mind, and the arts of the hand, and pushed them in a century and a half to that point of perfection, of which they hereafter became the type, and were never afterwards surpassed; this country, whose history is that of our own; the Olympus of which is still the Heaven of our imagination; this country, from which philosophy and poetry have taken their flight towards the remainder of the world, and to which they incessantly return, like children to their cradle. Now behold it, every wave brings me nearer to it. I place my foot on its shores. I am deeply affected by its appearance; still less, however, than it would have done, if all those reminiscences were not already faded in my mind, on account of them being sifted again in my memory, before my thoughts could comprehend them. Greece is to me like a book, the beauties of which are tarnished, because we have been made to read it, before we could understand it.

Nevertheless the disenchantment is not entirely complete; there is still belonging to all their great names an echo in my heart; there is something that's holy, sweet and perfumed, that rise with those scenes upon my soul. I thank God, that I have in my travels seen this country, the land of the *Creators of great things*, as Epaminondas styled his country.

During the whole of my youth, it was my most anxious wish to do that, what I am now doing; to see that what, I am now seeing. A desire, which is at length satisfied, is a real happiness. I experience at the sight of these scenes, of which I

have dreamt so much, that which I have experienced during the whole of my life, when in the possession of that, which I have ardently desired; I have felt a calm and meditative pleasure, which is folded up in itself; a tranquillity of mind and of soul, which pause for a moment whilst they say, let us stop here and enjoy ourselves, but at the bottom, those joys of the mind and imagination are very cold. There is not there the joy of the soul, for that exists only in human or divine love, but is always to be found in love.

Same date, at evening.

We are sailing delightfully with a fair wind, which drives up between the Promontory of Matapan and the Island of Cerigo.

A Greek pirate approached us, whilst the frigate was at some distance from us, giving chace to a suspicious vessel. The pirate was only a cable's length from us, when we all came upon deck; we prepared for battle; our cannons were charged, and the deck glittered with guns and pistols. Our captain summoned the commander of the pirate to sheer off, when seeing twenty-five men on our deck, well armed, he determined not to run the risk of boarding us. He sheered off, but soon returned, and almost touched our vessel. We were about to fire when he again made sail, and declined the attack, but remained for a quarter of an hour within pistol shot. On being hailed, they represented themselves to be a merchant vessel like ourselves, bound for the Archipelago. I took a minute examination of the crew, and never before did I see a number of figures, on whom crime, murder, and pillage were engraven in such hideous characters. I counted from fifteen to twenty bandits, some in the costume of Albania, others in ragged dresses of Europeans, some seated, some stretched on deck, whilst others were attending to the working of the vessel. All were armed with pistols and poniards, the handles of which glittered with chasings of silver. There was a fire on deck, on which two old shrivelled female hags, were cooking fish. A girl about fifteen or sixteen years old

appeared from time to time, amongst these haggard wretches, looking like a celestial figure, an angelic apparition in the midst of these infernal creatures. One of the old women thrust her several times between decks, whither she descended with tears in her eyes, on which apparently on this account only, a dispute arose between some of the crew, two of whom drew their poniards, and brandished them in the air. The captain, who was with great *nonchalance* smoking his pipe, whilst leaning on the tiller of the rudder, rushed between the two bandits, and knocked one of them down upon the deck. Tranquillity was thus restored, and the young Greek girl returned on deck, wiping her eyes with the long tresses of her hair, and seated herself at the foot of the main mast. One of the old women placed herself on her knees behind her, and combed the long hair of the beautiful girl. The wind freshened, the pirate steered for the promontory of Cerigo, in the twinkling of an eye, all her sails were set, and, in a short time she was nothing more, than a white speck on the horizon.

We laid to for the frigate, which fired a gun as a signal for us, and in a few hours we joined her. The Greek pirate, of whom she was in pursuit, had made her escape. It entered one of those creeks on the coasts, inaccessible for large vessels, and in which the pirates always take shelter on similar occasions.

Same day, eleven o'clock.

Every time that my mind is affected by a strong impression, I feel a longing to tell or to write to some one whatever I feel, to find somewhere a joy, which shall be the response of my joy, an echo of that which has so forcibly struck me. An isolated feeling is not complete; it requires participation to render it so. Man has been created in a double sense—for himself and for others.

Alas! when I cast my eyes around me, I feel already a void which is difficult to be filled. Julia and Marianne* are

* Madame de Lamartine.

of themselves alone able to fill it up, but Julia is still so young, that I can only say to her what is suitable for her years. The future is every thing for her—the present will soon be every thing for us—and the past—where is it?

The person, who would at this moment have participated the most in my happiness, is my mother. In everything that happens to me, whether of joy or sorrow, my thoughts are involuntarily turned towards her. I think that I see and hear her, that I am talking or writing to her. A person, on whom our thoughts are so constantly fixed, is never absent; that which lives so completely, so powerfully within us, is not dead to us. I have always been in the habit, as when during her life, of communicating to her all my impressions, which became so suddenly and so entirely her own, and which were embellished, coloured, and heated in her sparkling imagination, which was always that of a blooming girl of sixteen. I search for her in idea in the peaceful and pious solitude of Milly, in which she reared us, and where she thought of us, whilst we were separated by the vicissitudes of my youth. I see her waiting for, receiving, reading, commenting on my letters, intoxicated more than myself with the force of my ideas. Vain dream! She is no more; she is now the inhabitant of the world of realities: our fleeting dreams are no longer any thing for her; but her spirit is with us, it visits us, it follows us, it protects us—*our conversation with her is in the regions of eternity.*

Before the age of maturity, I lost the greater portion of those beings whom I loved the most, or who loved me the most here below. My life of love is a concentrated one, my heart has now only a few hearts to which it flies for refuge. My memory has scarcely any thing but graves and tombs, on which to repose itself in this world; I live more with the dead than with the living, and if God sent his angel of death to strike two or three more who are around me, I feel that I should be an isolated being, a floating atom in the immensity of space—for I should then contemplate myself no longer, I should love myself no longer in the existence of other

beings, and it is there only, where it is possible for me to love myself.

When very young, I loved myself for myself, for infancy is full of egotism. It was then, perhaps, very good at the age of sixteen or eighteen, when I did not yet know myself and knew still less of life; but now I have lived too long. I have known too much to adhere to that mode of life, which is called *the human self*. What is a man? Great God! and what a folly it is to attach the least importance to that which I feel, to that which I think, to that which I write. What is the place which I occupy amongst the things of this world? What is the void which I shall leave when my eyes are closed in death? a vacancy of a few days in one or two hearts; a place in the sunshine; my dog, which will search around for me; and a few trees that I loved will be surprised to see me no more basking under their shade. That is all—and all that will pass away in its turn. We only begin to feel the inanity of life from the day on which we are no longer necessary to any one, from the hours in which we are no longer loved. I have always felt the only reality here below, and that is love—love under all the variety of its forms.

August 7th, six o'clock, evening

The elevated coasts of Laconia are in sight, at the distance of a few cannon shot. We sail along them with a pleasant breeze, whilst they glide majestically before us. Leaning on the rails of the vessel, my eyes, in order to recall them to my remembrance are directed towards those classical mountains of Greece, which develop themselves like waves of stone and earth; they rise and sink and group themselves before me, like the clouds of the land of his heart before the soul of Ossian. I spent one or two hours in taking in silence this review of the hills and the sonorous names of this land defunct. The hills of Chromius, where the Eurotas takes its source, thrust into the air their rounded summits; the orb of the sun descends behind them, and flushes them with a light like that of domes of gilded copper, inflaming around

him his bed of clouds; these summits become as transparent as the air itself, in which they are enveloped, and from which they can scarcely be distinguished; the imagination might conceive that we saw across the light of another sun already set, or the immense reflection of a distant conflagration.

One of those mountains, in particular, exhibits to our view the figure of an inverted crescent, it seems to hollow itself out by degrees for the purpose of opening an aerial furrow for the disk of the sun, which rolls itself in it, immerged in the dust of gold, which ascends to it. The more proximate crests, beyond which the sun has already passed, are tinged with a purple violet or a pale lilac; they swim in an atmosphere as rich in colours as the palette of the painter. In a still greater proximity to us, other hills already covered with the shade of night, appear to be clothed with black forests; finally those which are actually in the foreground, which we almost touch, and the steep shores of which are washed by the spray, are already plunged in the depth of night; the eye only distinguishes in them a few creeks in which the numerous pirates of these shores take refuge, and some projecting promontories, which like Napoli of Malvoisie are crowned with cities or fortresses on their steep summits.

These mountains, thus viewed from the deck of the vessel at that hour when night enwraps them in its thousand illusions of various colours, are perhaps the most beautiful terrestrial forms, which my eyes have ever contemplated, and whilst the vessel floats with such a gentle inclination, like an immoveable balcony on the ocean, which murmurs, as it kisses its keel, the air is so cool, and so full of perfume; the sails emit such sweet and pleasant sounds at each puff of the evening breeze, that almost everything which I love is here; tranquil, happy, in safety, spectators like myself, and enjoying with me my delight. Julia and her mother are near me leaning on the shrouds. The figure of the infant brightens at every prospect, at all the names, at all the historical facts, which her mother relates to her by degrees; her eyes glide with ours over all these scenes, with the wonderful dramas of

which she is already conversant. There is genius in her look, and it may be traced in the profound, living, rapid, glowing thought of a mind, which is bursting into life under the ardent and affectionate tuition of her mother; she seems to enjoy herself about us, and, especially, because she sees us highly interested in the scenes around us, and in the enjoyment of happiness; for the soul of this infant lives in the reflection of our own; a tear starts into her eye if she sees, me sad or in thought; her features are a simultaneous reflection of our own, and the smile which springs from our own joys, never waits long for a similar smile on her lips—how beautiful she is, when beheld under these relations.

Some time has now elapsed, since I have seen the Roman and Sabine mountains under all their different forms, but these far surpass them in the variety of the grouping, in the majesty of the forms, in the dazzling splendour of their tints, or in the infinity of their lines. It would require a volume to describe what a picture could exhibit from a single look; but in order to behold them in all their imaginary beauty, they should be seen, as we now see them, on the decline of day; we then beheld them clothed, as in their youth with forests and green pasturages, with rustic cottages, with flocks and their shepherds; then the shades of night are their clothing, for they possess no other in the same manner that the history of men, who have thrown a glorious light upon them, requires the clouds of the past, and the illusions of distance, to enchain and enrapture our thoughts. Nothing should be seen in the full splendour of the sun, nor in the light of the present; in this melancholy world, there is nothing completely beautiful, but what is ideal. Illusion, is in all things an element of the beautiful, except in virtue and in love.

Same date, 8 P.M.

The wind has freshened; we are sailing on a beautiful sea before the mouths of several gulfs. We are nearing the promontory of San Angelo, an ancient cape known by the name of Malia, at which we shall soon arrive.

8th August, morning.

The wind has subsided, we have passed the night without making any progress, at a short distance from Malia.

Same date, noon.

The breeze is gentle and we are close in with the promontory; the frigate, which has us in tow, ploughs before us a smooth and murmuring track in which we run in her wake amidst flakes of foam which its keel throws up, as it cut the waves. Captain Lyons, who is well acquainted with these latitudes, is anxious to delight us with a view of the promontory and the coasts in passing, not more than two hundred yards from the shore.

At the extremity of Cape San Angelo, or Malia, which projects considerably into the sea, begins the narrow passage, which is avoided by timid mariners, leaving the island of Cerigo on their left. This cape is the cape of the tempests to the Grecian sailors. The pirates alone brave the danger of it, because they know that no one dare follow them. The wind blows from this cape with so much force and violence, that it often carries the mountain pebbles as far as the decks of the vessels.

On the steep and inaccessible sides of the rock, which forms the extreme point of the cape sharpened by the tempests and the foam of the waves, chance has suspended three rocks detached from the summit, and stopped midway in their descent.

They appear to the eye like a nest of sea birds, perched over the foaming abyss of the ocean. A small quantity of reddish earth, stopped also by these three unequal rocks, furnishes a sufficient quantity of soil for three stunted fig trees to grow in, themselves hanging with their crooked branches, and their large grey leaves over the foaming gulf, which whirls at their feet. The eye cannot discern any path, or any sloping way by which this little tuft of vegetation can be reached, still a small low house can be distinguished under the fig trees, a dwelling grey and gloomy as the rock which

serves for its foundation, and with which on the first its view is confounded. A small open ogee rises above the flat roof of the house, like that above the gate of the convents of Italy, in which a bell is suspended. On the right, are to be seen the foundations of ancient ruins, formed of red bricks, in which are three open arcades, leading to a little terrace before the house. An eagle would be afraid to build, its eyry, in such a place, without the trunk of a tree, without a bush to shelter it from the wind which blows incessantly, and the everlasting noise of the sea which is continually breaking on the shores, and of the foam, which lashes without intermission the polished rocks, under a continually burning sun.

Be it so, a man has accomplished, what the eagle would have scarcely dared to do: he has chosen this asylum, here he has fixed his dwelling, it is the abode of a hermit, whom we can distinctly perceive. We doubled the cape so nearly that we could distinguish his long white beard, his staff, his chaplet, his cowl of brown felt, similar to that of the sailors in winter. He threw himself on his knees, as we passed, his face turned towards the sea, as if he were imploring the assistance of Heaven for the unknown strangers through their dangerous passage. The wind which escapes from the deep straits of Laconia, as soon as we had doubled the rock of the cape, began to whistle in our sails, making the two vessels reel and turn, and covering the sea with foam as far as the eye could extend. A new sea now opened itself to our view; the hermit, for the purpose of following us with his eyes as far as he could, ascended the summit of one of the rocks, and we perceived him there, on his knees, apparently bereft of motion, so long as we were in sight of the cape.

Who is this man? He must have a heart trebly steeled with courage to have fixed upon this terrible residence. He must have a heart and senses greedy of strong and everlasting emotions to live in this vulture's nest, alone with an illimitable horizon, the tempests and the roaring of the ocean. The only object, which at times cheers his sight, is a vessel

that passes, the crashing of the masts, the splitting of the sails, the guns of distress, and the shrill cry of the sailors, ere they sink into the abyss of the ocean.

Those three fig trees, this little inaccessible field, this spectacle of the convulsive struggle of the elements; these impressions, harsh, severe, deeply working on the soul, constituted one of the dreams of my infancy and my youth. By an instinct, which the knowledge of man will sooner or later confirm, I never placed happiness any where, but in solitude, afterwards I placed it in love; I will place it at present in God, Love and Thought; this desert suspended between the sky and the ocean, shaken by the incessant shock of the winds and the waves, would still be to me one of the delights of my heart. It is the attitude of the bird of the mountains, still touching with its foot the pointed summit of the rock, and already beating its wings to soar still higher into the regions of light. There is not any well cultivated man, who in such a lonely retreat, would not become either a saint or a great poet, or perhaps both—God only knows, what a violent shock of life would be required to impart to me, similar thoughts and similar desires, and to throw the other men, whom I see into the same situation. Let that man, however, be whatever he may, he cannot be a man of a common stamp, the man, who has felt the delight and the want to cling like a hanging bat to the sides of such an abyss, and to hover the whole of his life over the tumults of the elements, the terrible harmony of the tempests, alone with his own ideas, before nature and before God.

Same date.

At a few miles from the cape, the sea becomes more beautiful. Some light Grecian boats, without decks, and under a heavy pressure of sail passed close by us in the deep troughs of the waves. They were full of women and children, on their way to Hydra, to sell their baskets of melons and raisins. The least breath of wind makes them bend so much as to dip their sails in the sea. They have not any thing to

defend them from the waves, but a piece of cloth stretched out, which rises a few feet on the side exposed to the water; they are often hidden from our view by the billows and the foam, and afterwards they mount again on the crest of the wave, like a cork tree floating on the water. What a life!—But it is that of almost all the Grecians, for the sea is their element; they sport on it, like the children of our cottages on the heaths of our mountains. The destiny of the country is written by nature; it is the sea.

Same date.

We are in sight of the distant mountains of Crete rising majestically on our right; we behold Mount Ida, covered with snow, which appear, where we now are, like the topsails of a vessel at sea.

We are at the entrance of a vast gulf, which is that of Argos, we are sailing with the wind right aft, with the rapidity of a flight of devilins; the rocks, the mountains, the islands of both coasts fly before us, like the misty clouds on Morven's roaring streams. Night sets in, we already distinguish the bottom of the gulf, which is nevertheless ten miles in length; the masts of three squadrons at anchor before Nauplia exhibit themselves like a forest in winter, on the back ground of the sky, and of the plains of Argos. The darkness of the night is now at its height; the fires are lighted on the declivities of the mountains, and in the woods, where the Greek shepherds tend their flocks: the evening guns are fired on board the vessels, and we soon behold in succession the lights shining out of the port holes of those sixty ships at anchor, resembling the streets of a great city illumined by their reflected lights. Having entered this labyrinth of ships, we came to an anchor in the middle of the night, near to a small fort which protects the roadstead of Nauplia in front of the town, and under the shadow of the castle of Palamidas.

August 9th.

I arose with the first beams of the sun for the purpose of obtaining as near a view as possible of the Gulf of Argos, of

Argos itself, and of Nauplia, the actual capital of Greece; but all was a complete deception. Nauplia is a miserable little town, built on the borders of a deep and narrow gulf on a strip of land, fallen from the high mountains, which cover the whole of these coasts. The houses are wholly destitute of any foreign character, being built in the form of the common houses of the villages of France or Savoy. The greater part are in ruins, and the fronts of the walls thrown down by the cannon of the last war, are still embedded in the middle of the streets. Two or three new houses painted in raw colours are built on the quay, and some coffee houses and shops built on piles project into the sea. These coffee houses with their balconies on the water are crowded with a few hundred Greeks in their finest habiliments, but at the same time dirty in the extreme. They are either sitting or stretched out on the wooden forms or on the sand, forming on the whole the most picturesque groups. All the physiognomies are handsome, but sorrowful and ferocious; a load of indolence appears to weigh most heavily on all their attitudes. The indolence of the Neapolitans is mild, serene and gay; it is the nonchalance of happiness, on the other hand, the idleness of the Greeks is heavy, morose and sombre—it is a vice, however, which punishes itself. We averted our looks from Nauplia, to admire the beautiful Fortress of Palamidas, which extends along the whole of the mountain, which overlooks the city: the embattled walls resemble the indentings of a natural rock.

But where is Argos? a vast sterile and naked plain, intersected with marshes, extends in a circular form to the bottom of the gulf, and bounded on every side by chains of grey mountains. At the end of this plain, at about the distance of two miles up the country, a mound is perceived which has some fortified walls on its summits, and which protects with its shade a small town in ruins. This is Argos! in the immediate vicinity of which is the tomb of Agamemnon. But what are Agamemnon and his empire to me? That old historical and political stuff, has lost the interest, which youth

and truth imparted to it; to me the sight of a single valley of Arcadia would be far more pleasing; I place a greater value upon a tree, a spring gushing from the rock, an oleander on the banks of a river under the dilapidated arch of a bridge covered with tendrils, than upon the monument of one of those classical kingdoms, which create no other impression on my mind than the ennui which they occasioned me in my youth.

August 10th.

We passed two days at Nauplia. The health of Julia is by no means established, and gives me great uneasiness. It is my intention to wait a few days longer with the hope that she may be perfectly recovered. We are on shore in a room of a wretched inn, facing the barracks of the Greek troops. The soldiers are during the whole of the day under the shade of the ruined walls, in the middle of the streets and squares of the town; their costume is rich and picturesque; their features bear the character of misery, despair, and of all the ferocious passions which a civil war, inflames and foments in these savage breasts. Anarchy in its most extended sense reigns at present throughout the whole of the Morea. Day after day, one faction triumphs over the other, and we distinctly hear the discharges of the musketry of the Klefts, and the Colocotronies, who are fighting on the other side of the gulf, against the troops of the government. On the arrival of every courier who comes from the mountains, we hear of the burning of a town, the pillage of a country, the massacre of a population by one of the parties, which ravage their own country. We cannot go out of the gates of Nauplia, without incurring the risk of being shot at. Prince Karadaja has had the goodness to offer me an escort of his palikars to visit the tomb of Agamemnon, and General Corbet, who commands the French troops, has offered to add a detachment of his soldiers. I, however, politely refused the offer, not being willing on account of a little vain curiosity to risk the lives of several men, for which, should any thing fatal occur, I should reproach myself for ever.

12th August, 1832.

I attended this morning at a sitting of the Greek Parliament. The saloon in which it is held is a wooden cart house, the walls and the roof being made of deal boards clumsily joined together. The members were seated on long benches, raised round a floor of sand; they address the President from their places.

In order to await the arrival of the members, we seated ourselves on a pile of stones at the entrance of the saloon, if such a place may be deemed worthy of the term. They arrived in succession on horseback, each of them accompanied by an escort more or less numerous, according to the rank of the chief. The member having dismounted, his palikars, equipped in most splendid accoutrements retire in groups, to some distance on the little plain which surrounds the Parliament House. This plain exhibits the appearance of an encampment or of a caravan.

The attitude of the members is at once haughty and martial; they speak without any confusion, and without interruption in an affected tone of voice, but firm, measured and harmonious. We behold before us no longer those ferocious figures which are repulsive to the eye in the streets of Nauplia, but we behold the chiefs of an heroic people, who still hold in their hand the gun or the sword with which they have been fighting for their deliverance, and who are now deliberating on the means of confirming the triumphs of their liberty. Their parliament has all the character of a council of war.

Nothing can be conceived more simple, and at the same time more striking and imposing than the spectacle of this armed nation, thus deliberating on the ruins of their country, under a roof of deal boards in the open air, whilst the soldiers are polishing their arms at the door of this Parliament House, and the neighing of the horses is heard, impatient to tread again the mountain paths. Amongst these chiefs, there are some physiognomies, admirable for their beauty, their intelligence and heroism, and they principally belong to the

mountain tribes. The Greek merchants of the islands are easily recognized by their more effeminate features, and the crafty expression of their physiognomies. Commerce and the general indolence which pervade their cities have effaced the nobility and the grandeur of their countenances, to impress on them in their stead the vulgar cunning and fraud by which they are characterized.

August 13th, 1832.

We have had a charming party on board the ship of Admiral Hotham, who is commander-in-chief on the English station in the roads of Nauplia. He invited us to inspect his ship, the St. Vincent, a three decker, and for the purpose of amusing us, he ordered a naval sham fight. A ship thus manned with sixteen hundred men, and seen in the moment of battle is the *ne plus ultra* of human intelligence.

Admiral Hotham appeared to be an excellent man, in whose figure and manners was combined that rare mixture of the nobleness of the ancient warrior and the benevolent mildness of the philosopher; the characteristics by no means uncommon of the handsome physiognomies of the men of the English aristocracy. He has kindly offered us one of his vessels of war to convoy us as far as Smyrna, but I declined the handsome offer, requesting that assistance from Admiral Hugon, who is in command of the French squadron. He has appointed *Le Genie* as our escort, commanded by Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, but who will only convoy us as far as Rhodes.

I dined with Mr. Rouen, the ambassador of France, in Greece, an office which I ought to have filled under the Restoration, but he congratulated me in not having obtained it. Mr. Rouen, who has resided at Nauplia during the worst days of the Grecian anarchy, is most anxious for his removal. During the severity of his exile, however, he consoles himself with showing every possible kindness and civility to his countrymen, and in representing with the utmost grace and cordiality the high influence of France in a country, which he ought to love for the past as well as for the future.

August 15th, 1832.

I cannot write; my mind is wounded and mournful like the dismal country by which I am surrounded; naught but naked rocks, a black or reddish soil; dusty creeping shrubs; marshy plains, on which the icy wind of the north, even in the month of August, whistles through a harvest of rushes; such is the scene. This soil of Greece is nothing more than the shroud of a people it resembles, an old sepulchre deprived of its ossifications, and the stones of which are scattered abroad, and burnished in the course of ages. Where is the so much exaggerated beauty of Greece? Where is her golden and transparent sky? Every thing here is sad and cloudy as in one of the passes of Savoy or Auvergne in the last days of Autumn. The violence of the north wind, which comes sweeping along with the roaring waves even to the bottom of the gulf where we are at anchor, prevents us from proceeding on our voyage.

18th August, 1832. On the sea, at anchor before the Gardens of Hydra.

At last we have sailed, whilst we were asleep in our hammocks with a fine breeze from the south-east. We put to sea during the night and at 7 in the morning we had cleared the gulf. The sea is beautiful, neither too rough nor too smooth, and dashes harmoniously against the sides of our vessel. We are in the channel which extends between *terra firma* and the islands, of Hydra and Spezzia.

Towards noon we were wind-bound on the coast of the continent in front of Hydra. Terrible gusts of wind from every point of the compass rendered the working of the ship highly dangerous. Our sails were split, and we ran the risk of breaking our masts; during three hours we contended incessantly against the furious tempest. The sailors were exhausted with fatigue, and the captain himself appeared uneasy about the fate of the vessel; he, however, finally succeeded in getting under the shelter of a headland, and at an anchorage well known by the sailors, in front of a de-

lightful hill, known by the name of the Gardens of Hydra. We cast anchor at a mile from the shore, and not far from the brig of war, *Le Genie*, which has adopted the same course.

It was a day of rest, though on a highly agitated sea with squalls of wind whistling through our masts. We went on shore, on one of the most beautiful sites which we have yet visited in Greece. Lofty mountains overlook the landscape; they still retain on their rounded sides some layers of soil, some downs of a pale green, with a gentle descent, and concealing their base amongst some groves of olive trees. A little further off, they stretch with a gentle declivity as far as the canal of Hydra, which flows at their feet like a large river, or rather like a sea. There the eye rests on one or two country houses, surrounded by gardens and orchards; by cultivated fields, groups of chestnut trees, and green oaks; by thriving flocks and a few Greek peasants who are cultivating the ground. We slipped our dogs, and hunted during the whole of the day on the mountains, returning at night, like tired sportsmen with our game.

The town of Hydra, which covers the whole of the island of its name, shines on the other side of the canal, white, resplendent, brilliant like a rock which was hewn but yesterday. This island does not charm the eye with a single inch of soil; all is stone, and the town covering the whole; the houses are erected perpendicularly one above the other, having served as the refuge of the freedom of trade and the opulence of the Greeks during the government of the Turks. The growth and decline of the civilization of a nation may be gathered from the sites of its towns and villages; in proportion as security and independence are augmented, the cities extend from the mountains into the plains, but when tyranny and anarchy predominate, they again return to the rocks, or take their refuge on the strands of the ocean. In the middle ages, in Italy, on the Rhine, and in France, the cities were like the nests of the eagles, built on the summits of scarcely accessible rocks.

Same date.

The night is calm, we passed a delightful evening on deck. We shall sail to-morrow, if the north wind does not return with its former violence.

August 18th 1832. At sea.

We weighed our anchor at three o'clock in the morning. A moderate wind, now in our favour, allowed us to approach that point of the continent, which projects into the sea of Athens; but there we were overtaken by another storm, more violent than the former one; we were in a moment separated from the two vessels which sailed in company with us. The sea has become tremendous; we plunged from one abyss into another, the yards dipping into the waves and the foam dashing upon the deck. The captain was determined to double the cape, and after several hours spent in useless manœuvring, he at last succeeded. We thus came into the open sea, but the wind was so violent that the ship was driven considerably to leeward. We were obliged to steer our course for the mountains, which showed themselves on the opposite coast of the sea of Athens. We sailed at the rate of ten knots an hour, amidst a cloud of humid dust, and amidst the flakes of foam which were dashed from the prow and the sides of the vessel. From time to time the weather cleared up on the horizon, and gave us a glimpse of Cape Colonna, which shone with its white rocks before us. We hoped before night set in, to anchor at the feet of those columns, and celebrate the memory of the divine Plato, who two thousand years before us came to meditate on this same promontory of Sunium. My looks were continually directed to the horizon of the mountains of Athens, from which we are driven by the tempest. At last with the setting of the sun, the wind subsided, and we tacked towards the Island of Egina. We were almost becalmed under the lee of the island and of the coast of the continent, and at the close of the day, we entered another gulf formed by the island, and the beautiful shores of Corinth. The sea is now like a mirror, and we seem to be navigating on a waveless

sea, the insensible current of which carries, us to our anchorage. We cast anchor at the moment when night descended, as it were, on an immense and enchanted lake, surrounded by gloomy mountains, and where the rising moon strikes with her pale beams, the Acropolis of Corinth, and the columns of the Temple of Egina. We are only a few hundred paces from the island, in front of some gardens shaded by beautiful plane trees. A few white houses shone in the midst of the verdure. We rested ourselves, and had a quiet supper on deck after a day of danger and fatigue; such is the life of travellers and of men on this earth.

On our right, the Island of Egina, smoothening its black and rapid declivities, extends itself in a gulf, on a tongue of land, planted with a few cypresses, vines and fig trees. The city is situate at the point of it, and is less grotesquely placed than the few Grecian towns, which we have hitherto seen. The Gymnasium, erected by Capo d'Istria, displays its white mass in the middle. Its museum—but I will not visit it —I am tired of museums—those cemetries of the arts; the fragments detached from their place, from their destination, and from the whole altogether, are dead—mere dust of marble which has no longer any life. I went on shore alone, and passed two delightful hours in a garden of cypresses and orange trees belonging to Gergio Bey, of Hydra. At ten o'clock I returned to the vessel. On ascending the ladder, I found half of the deck literally covered with heaps of water melons and pistachio nuts, and immense baskets full of grapes of all forms and colours, some of the bunches of which weighed from three to four pounds, there were also some Attica figs, and all the flowers which the season or the climate could bring forth. I was informed, that it was Nicholas Scuffo, the governor of Egina, who, having heard of my passage through the gulf on the preceding evening from my Greek pilot, had come to pay me a visit, with a boat laden with the produce of his estate. He had recognised in my name, that of a friend of Greece, and had brought me the first pledge of that prosperity, which so many generous hearts have wished her.

He stated that he would return in the evening, but I requested a boat from Captain Cuneo d'Ornano to convey me to Egina, I being the bearer of my grateful acknowledgements to the governor. I met him, however, at sea and we returned together on board. He was a man of a superior cast of character, and his conversation was intellectual and sprightly. We talked of Greece, of its future state, and of its present crisis. I observed with regret that the spirit of religion is extinguished in Greece. The clergy in their ignorance are contemned, and the spirit of trade has not in itself sufficient to reanimate a people. My fears are great for the fate of Greece: with the first European crisis, she will be again disorganized. It is in Greece, as it is in Italy—it has men of intelligence and of courage; men of brilliant talents, but without any bond of union—there are Grecians, but no national character.

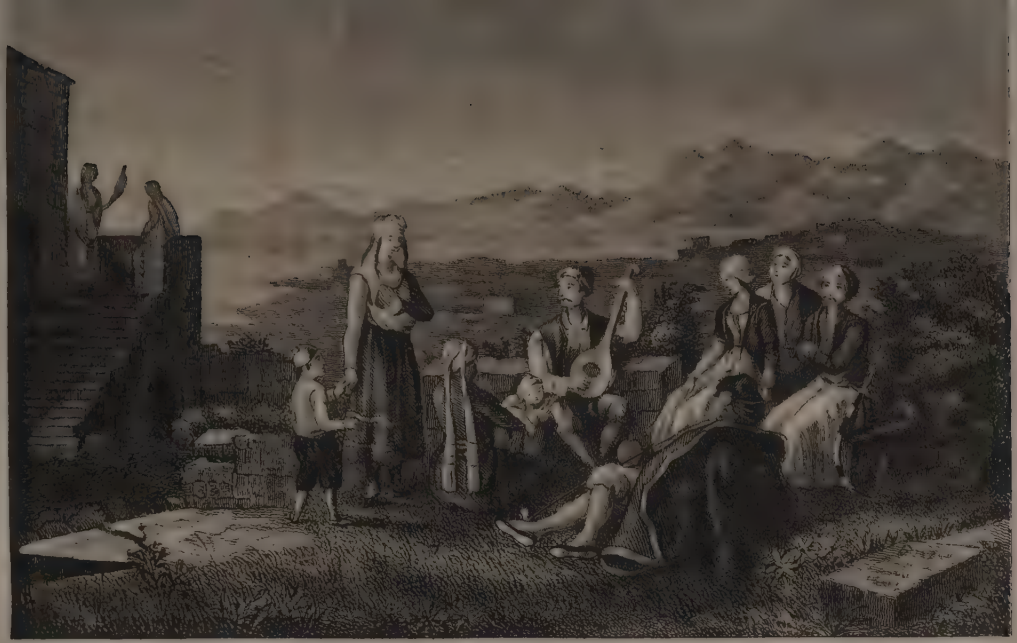
On the 18th at noon, we took our departure from Egina, we beheld the sun set in the valley, gilded by its beams, which forms a hollow on the Isthmus of Corinth, between Acor-Corinth and the mountains of Attica. He covered with his parting fires all that part of the sky, and it was here for the first time that we met with that splendour of the firmament, which imparts its charms and its glory to the east. Salamine, the tomb of the fleet of Xerxes, is at a short distance before us with its grey coasts, and its blackish soil, and presenting no other object of attraction than its name; its naval battle, and the memory of Themistocles cause it to be saluted with respect by the mariner. The mountains of Attica rear their black summits above Salamine, and on our right, on one of the declining summits of Egina, the Temple of Panhellian Jupiter, gilded by the last rays of the sun, rises above this scene, one of the most beautiful of historical nature, and throws its religious reminiscence on this memory of places and of times; the religious thought of humanity intermingles itself, and consecrates everything, but the religion of the Greeks, the religion of the mind and the imagination, but not of the heart, makes not upon me the least impression. We know

that those gods of the people were only the sport of poetry and art, the mere gods of their fancy and their dreams, with nothing grave, nothing real, nothing drawn from the depths of nature and the human soul before the time of Socrates and Plato. With them commences the religion of reason, and afterwards came christianity, which received from its divine founder, the word and the key of the destiny of man. The ages of barbarity which it was obliged to pass through, before its arrival with us, have often disfigured it, but if, its beneficent light had fallen on men of the genius and talents of a Plato or Pythagoras, to what point should we not have arrived, thanks to it, by it and with it.

A calm set in, and we floated nearly six hours without any motion on a transparent ocean, and amids tthe coloured vapours of the sea of Athens. The Acropolis and the Parthenon, rise like an altar about three leagues distant in advance of us, isolated from the Penthalic Mount, Mount Hymettus, and Mount Anchesmus; in one word—Athens is an altar to the gods, the most beautiful pedestal on which the past ages could have placed the statue of humanity. At the present time, its aspect is sombre, sad, black, arid and desolate; a weight upon the heart; there is nothing of life in it; nothing green, graceful or animated, nothing but nature in an exhausted state, which God alone can re-animate. Liberty itself will not be there sufficient;—for the poet and the painter it is written on these sterile mountains, on these promontories whitened with the ruins of crumbled temples, on these marshy and rocky wastes, which have nothing more than high and sonorous names, for them it is written, "It is finished." An apocalyptical land, which appears to be groaning under some divine malediction, or some powerful denunciation of the prophet; the Jerusalem of nations, in which there is no longer even a tomb—such is the emotion which Athens, and all the shores of Attica, and the islands of the Peloponesus, inspire.

We arrived at the Pireus at eight o'clock of the morning of the 9th August and cast anchor. Horses were in waiting

for us on the strand, and we mounted. We hired an ass, on which we placed a side-saddle for Julia, and we began our journey. For half a league, although the plain was of a soil, light, fertile, and capable of improvement, yet it was completely uncultivated and bare; during the late war, the Turks burnt a grove of olive trees which extended to the shores of the sea, some black trunks of which are still standing. We entered the wood of olive and fig trees, which surround the foremost group of the hills of Athens, like a verdant girdle. We traced the foundations still existing of the wall built by Themistocles, which connected the city with the Pireus. Some Turkish fountains in the form of wells, surrounded by rustic troughs, hewn out of the solid rock, are placed at equal distances. Some Greek peasants and a few Turkish soldiers were reposing near the fountains, and handing the refreshing water cup to each other. Finally we passed under the high ramparts and under the black rocks, which serve as a pedestal to the Parthenon. The Parthenon itself did not appear to become larger, but on the contrary, rather to diminish, as we approached it. The effect of this edifice, the most beautiful which has been erected by the hand of man on this earth, according to the judgment of all ages, does not, as we now view it, answer the expectations which are formed of it, and the pompous accounts of travellers, poets and painters, relapse heavily upon the heart, when the reality is seen at so great a distance from the pictures of it. It is not gilded, as if by the petrified beams of the sun of Greece. It does not hover in the air like an aerial island, bearing a divine monument: it shines not afar on the sea and on the land like a beacon, which says, "Here is Athens." Here man has exhausted his genius and bidden defiance to the future—no, there is nothing of all this. Above your head you see rising in an irregular manner old black walls, marked with white spots. Those spots are of marble, the ruins of the monuments which once crowned the Acropolis, before its restoration by Pericles and Phidias. Those walls flanked at equal distances by other walls, which support them, are crowned with



a square byzantine tower and oenetian embattlements. They surround a large mound, which contains almost all the sacred monuments of the city of Theseus. At the extremity of this mound, on the coast of the Egean Sea, the Parthenon or the Temple of Minerva presents itself, that virgin, who sprang from the brain of Jupiter. This temple, the columns of which are of a blackish hue, is marked here and there with spots of a brilliant whiteness, they are the marks of the Turkish cannon, or of the hammer of the Iconoclastes. Its form is of an oblong square, and it it appears too low and too small for its monumental situation. It says not of itself, "It is I, I am the Parthenon, I cannot be any thing else." The guide must be questioned, and when he has given his answer, some doubt still rests upon your mind. A little further on, at the foot of the Acropolis, you pass under a low and obscure gateway, under which some Turks in tatters are reposing by the side of their rich and beautiful accoutrements—and behold you are now in Athens. The first monument worthy of inspection, is the temple of Jupiter Olympus, the magnificent columns of which rise singly on a place desert and bare, on the right of that which once was Athens, a portico worthy of the city of ruins. A few paces further on, we entered the city, that is into an inextricable labyrinth of narrow paths, filled with the ruins of fallen walls, of broken tiles, of stones and marble thrown into indiscriminate heaps; at one time descending into the court of a house crumbled into ruins, at another ascending the staircase or even the roof of another house; in these little decayed houses, white, and vulgar the ruin of ruins, are some dirty and infectious haunts in which some Greek families are crowded together, and, as it were, buried alive. Here and there a few women with black eyes, and the graceful Athenian mouth, show themselves at the noise of our horses' feet, on the threshold of their door, smiling at us with benevolence and surprise, and giving us the friendly salute of Attica, "Welcome noble strangers to Athens."

After a quarter of an hour's walk amidst the same scenes

of devastation and the same heaps of fallen walls and roofs, we arrived at the modest and simple residence of M. Gaspari, agent of the consulate of Greece at Athens. I had sent him the letter recommending me to his attention and civility, but there was little necessity for it, as courtesy and kindness to strangers belong to the character of almost all our agents. M. Gaspari received us as friends. Although unknown to him, and during the time that he sent his son to look out for a house for us amongst the rubbish still standing at Athens, one of his daughters, an Athenian, handsome and graceful, the image of that hereditary beauty of the women of her country, served us with an inviting officiousness and modesty some orange juice iced in vases of porous earth, made in the most antique form. After having refreshed ourselves for a short time in this asylum of simple and cordial hospitality, so pleasant to meet with under a burning sky, at a distance of eight hundred leagues from our country, at the close of a day of tempest, heat and dust, M. Gaspari conducted us to the lower part of the town, across the same ruins to a white and clean house, recently built, and where an Italian, M—— had established an inn. Some rooms white-washed with lime, and neatly furnished; a court refreshed by a spring and a little shade; at the foot of the stairs a handsome lioness in white marble, fruits and vegetables in abundance, with the honey of Hymettus, so vilified by M. Chateaubriand; some Greek servants who understood the Italian language, obliging and intelligent; all these things enhanced the value of our new abode, in the midst of the absolute desolation and nakedness of Athens.

A more comfortable inn could not be found on the roads of Italy, England, or Switzerland. May it be kept up and prosper, for the consolation and comfort of the travellers who may succeed us. But alas! for forty-eight days no stranger had crossed its threshold, or broken the silence of it.

In the evening, M. Gropius paid us a visit, and with great kindness offered his services to be our guide and instructor

over the classic ground of Athens. Equally fortunate as M. de Chateaubriand formerly was in having M. Fauvel to conduct him over the ruins of Athens, so we found in M. Gropius a second M. Fauvel, who for thirty-two years has been a resident in the place, and who, like his master, has built the house in which to pass the decline of his life, amongst those ruins of a city in which he has passed his youth, and which he assists to the utmost of his power, to rise like the phœnix for the hundredth time from its poetic ashes. The consul of Austria in Greece, a man of erudition and intellect, M. Gropius combines with the most scrupulous and profound learning of antiquity the character of that simple goodness of heart, and that inoffensive courtesy, which are the type of the true and worthy sons of classic Germany; unjustly accused by Lord Byron in his severe and sarcastic notes on Greece, M. Gropius returns not evil for evil to the memory of the great poet. He merely regrets that his name has been dragged by him in edition after edition, and delivered up to the rancour of the ignorant fanatics of antiquity; but he has never evinced any disposition to justify himself, and when one is on the spot, the witness of the efforts which this distinguished man has made to restore a letter to an inscription, a fragment detached from a statue or a form and a date to a monument: we are certain beforehand that M. Gropius has never profaned that which he adores, and has never made a vile traffic of the most noble and the most disinterested of studies, namely the study of antiquity.*

* M. de Lamartine here evidently alludes to Lord Elgin, the noble dealer in broken legs, broken arms, and broken heads. The speculation was by no means an unprofitable one to his lordship. Fortunately for him, the country at the time, though scarcely able to pay the interest of its debt, and bowed down to the earth by the weight of taxation, was yet rich enough to purchase his spoliations from him. No rational objection, perhaps, could have been raised to the purchase of the articles which he had stolen, provided the intrinsic value, and no more, had been asked; but the country has great reason to be dissatisfied with the enormous sum which was given to his lordship for his collection of mutilations, which in reality never belonged to him, and the purchase of which invested the British Museum with the character of a marine store shop, or the receptacle of stolen

In the society of such a man, days are as valuable as years to an ignorant traveller like myself. I requested him to spare me with his recital of any doubtful antiquities, of all celebrities of mere convention and of all systematic beauties. I hate falsehood and hyperbole in every thing, but particularly respecting those things, on which I am called to bestow my admiration. I only desire to see what God or man has made that is beautiful; the beauty which is present, real, palpable, which speaks to the eye and the soul, and not the mere beauty of the place or the epoch; as to the historical or critical beauty, I leave that to the sages and philosophers, but to us poets the beauty that is evident and sensible; we are not the beings of abstraction, but men of nature and of instinct; thus I have many times traversed Rome—thus I have visited the mountains and the seas, thus I have read the works of the sages, historians and poets—and it is thus that I have visited Athens.

It was a beautiful and serene evening, the burning sun descended, drowned in a violet mist, on the black and narrow bar which forms the Isthmus of Corinth, and struck with his last luminous beams the battlements of the Acropolis, which extended themselves, like the crown of a tower over the broad an dundulated valley, in which sleeps in silence the shade of Athens. We continued our course on paths without a name, and without scarcely any traces of the foot of man, climbing one moment over breaches in the walls, of gardens desolated, or on houses without roofs, and at another over ruins heaped upon the white dust of the soil of Attica. In proportion as we descended towards the bottom of the deep and

goods, the purchasers of which, according to the law of the country, are as guilty as the thieves themselves. We remember one of the librarians of the British Museum, when examined before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the affairs of that establishment, laying great stress on the Bibliotheque du Roi at Paris being indebted for its extent to the robberies committed on other nations. The French can justly retaliate upon us; for although they might not find any stolen books in our great national library, they would find a mass of stolen stones, without the palliation annexed to them, that they were taken from a conquered country.

desert valley, shaded by the temple of Theseus, the Pynx, the Areopagus and the Hill of Nymphs, we discover a greater, extent of the modern city, which stretched itself before us on our left, similar in every respect to what we had seen in other places. An assemblage, confused, vast, gloomy and irregular, of crumbling huts, parcels of walls still standing upright, roofs broken in; gardens and courts, the images of desolation; mounds of accumulated stones, choking up the way and rolling under the feet; all having the appearance and colour of recent ruins, of that dull, faint and pallid grey which possesses not for the eye, the health of past times, nor the grace which is generally the attendant on ruins. Scarcely a trace of vegetation was to be seen, with the exception of three or four palm trees, in some degree resembling the Turkish minarets remaining upright in a desolate city. Here and there, were a few houses of a common and modern form, recently erected by some Europeans or some Greeks of Constantinople. Houses like those of our villages in France and England; high roofs bereft of all elegance, numerous and narrow windows, no terraces, architectural lines, nor decorations, mere inns for life, built in expectation of another destruction, but nothing of those palaces, which a civilized people erect with confidence for themselves, and for generations yet to come. In the midst of all this chaos, although rare fragments of the Stadium, some blackish columns of the arch of Adrian or Lazora, the dome of the Tower of the Winds or of the lantern of Diogenes, attract the eye without fixing it. Before us, the temple of Theseus, rose in its imposing grandeur on the grey hill on which it is placed, isolated, and without its roof, yet in other respects entire on its rocky pedestal. This temple, after the Parthenon, is the most beautiful, according to science, which Greece has erected to the memory of her gods and her heroes.

On approaching it, though convinced by what I had read of the beauty of the monument, I was surprised to find my feelings cold and barren; my heart attempted in vain to be affected, my eyes sought for something to admire—but there

was nothing; I only felt what we experience at the sight of a faultless work—a kind of negative pleasure, but a real and strong impression, a new, powerful and involuntary delight —I felt nothing of it. This temple is too small—it is a sublime toy of art; it is not a monument for the gods, for men nor for ages. I had only one moment of ecstasy, and it was that, when seated on the western angle of the temple, on its lower steps, my looks embraced with one glance the magnificent harmony of its forms, and the majestic elegance of its columns associated with the empty, and more gloomy space of its portico, and on its internal frieze the admirable bass-relievos of the combats of the Centaurs and the Lapithœ, and above, through the opening of the centre; the blue and resplendent firmament, shedding its mysterious and serene light on the cornices, and the projecting forms of the figures in basso-relievo—they then appear to live and move. The great artists of every kind have alone that gift of life, but alas! to their own cost and sorrow. At the Parthenon there remain but two figures, Mars and Venus, half crushed by two fragments of the cornice, which have fallen on their heads, but those two figures, alone possess in my eyes a greater value than all the other pieces of sculpture, which I have ever seen in my life. We appear to suffer with the weight which crushes them, we feel a desire to relieve their members, which seem to bend, in bearing up against the weight of the mass, which presses upon them; we feel that the chisel of Phidias trembled and burned in his grasp, when these sublime figures sprang into existence under his hands. We feel, and it is no illusion, it is the truth, and a melancholy truth, we feel that the artist infused his own proper individuality, and his own blood into the forms, and into the veins of the beings, whom he created, and that it is still a portion of his life which we see palpitating in those living forms, in their members which are ready to move, and on their lips which are prepared to speak.

No, the temple of Theseus is not worthy of its renown: it does not live as a monument, it does not say any thing of

that which it ought to say : it has no doubt a claim to beauty, but it is that cold and inanimate beauty, of which the artist ought only to shake off the shroud, and wipe away the dust. In regard to myself, I admire them, and I leave them without any desire of ever seeing them again. The beautiful stones of the columns of the Vatican, the majestic and colossal shadows of St. Peter's at Rome, never allowed me to leave them without regret, nor without the hope of seeing them again.

Further on, ascending a black hill covered with thistles and red pebbles, we arrived at the Pynx, the scenes of the tumultuous assemblies of the people of Athens, and the fluctuating triumphs of its orators or its favourites. Enormous blocks of black stone, some of which measure twelve or thirteen cubic feet are placed one upon another, and support the terrace on which the people assembled. Still higher up, at a distance of about fifty paces, we perceived an enormous square block, in which some steps have been cut, which without doubt served for the orator to ascend this tribune, who thus overlooked the people, the city and the sea—this has none of the character of the elegance of the people of Pericles, but it partakes of that of Rome, the reminiscences of which to me are delightful. From this tribune did Demosthenes harangue the people, rousing or calming that popular ocean, more tempestuous than the Egean Sea, which he might also hear roaring behind him. I seated myself upon it, alone and pensive, and I remained there until nearly the close of night, reviving without effort all that history, the most beautiful, the most crowded, and the most transporting of all the histories of a people, which has distinguished itself, either in the battle-field, or the senate. What a time for the display of genius ! and what genius, what grandeur, what wisdom, what knowledge, what virtue (for Socrates died not far from hence) for that period ? The present era resembles in Europe, and especially in France, the vulgar Athens of modern times, but it is the select part alone of France and Europe, which may be regarded as Athenian, the mass

still immerged in barbarity. Imagine Demosthenes pouring forth his oratory, glowing, sonorous, and highly figurative to one of the popular unions of our present cities—who would comprehend him? The inequality of education and of knowledge is the chief obstactle of our complete modern civilization. The people have the reins of power in their hands, but they are not capable of using them; hence the reason, why it everywhere destroys all things, and builds up no where any thing that is beautiful, durable or majestic. All the Athenians comprehended Demosthenes, were well acquainted with their language, and possessed a correct judgment of their legislation and their arts. They were a people formed of *select* individuals; they had the passions of the people, but they were not subject to its ignorance; they committed crimes, but not follies. It is not so at present; hence it is, that democracy necessary in point of law, appears in fact to be impossible in the great modern societies. Time alone can render the capable people of governing themselves. It is their revolutions, by which their education is completed.

The fate of the orator, like Demosthenes or Mirabeau, the only two worthy of the name, is more seductive than that of a philosopher or a poet. The orator participates at once in the glory of the writer and in the power of those masses, on which, and by which he acts. The philosopher is in this respect a king, if he be a philosopher, but his terrible weapon, the people, breaks between his hands, and wounds, and destroys himself, and after all, whatever he does, whatever he says, whatever he excites in the human race, nothing is durable, nothing is in its nature eternal; on the contrary, the poet, and by a poet, I mean every one who creates ideas in bronze, in stone, or in words of prose or in rhythm, the poet only stirs up that, which is imperishable in nature and the human heart. Time passes away, languages lose their power, but the poet always lives individually, always like himself, always as great, as original, always as powerful on the soul of his readers. His fate may be said to be less human, but more divine; he is above the orator.

It would be beautiful to unite the two fates, but there is nevertheless not any thing incompatible between action and thought, in a complete intelligence. Action is the daughter of thought; but men being jealous of all pre-eminence, never consent to two powers being in the same head; nature, however, is more liberal. They exclude him from the domain of action, who excels in the domain of intelligence and eloquence: they will not allow Plato to make actual laws, nor that Socrates should govern an insignificant village.

I sent a message to the Turkish Bey, Youssouf Bey, commander of Attica, requesting permission for myself and friends to ascend the citadel, and visit the Parthenon. He sent a janissary to accompany us. We took our departure at five o'clock in the morning of the 20th, accompanied by M. Gropius. Every thing dwindles into insignificance before the incomparable impression of the Parthenon, that temple of temples built by Setinus under the direction of Pericles, and decorated by Phidias; the unique and exclusive type of the beautiful, in the arts of architecture and sculpture; a species of divine revelation of ideal beauty, received at one time by the people, who were artists *par excellence*, and transmitted by them to posterity in imperishable blocks of marble and in sculptures which will live for ever. This monument, such as it was with the *tout ensemble* of its situation, of its natural pedestal, of its gradii decorated with unrivalled statues; of its giant forms; of its execution completed in all its details, whether of its materials, its colour, or its petrified light:—this monument has for ages confounded the imagination, without wholly satisfying it. When so much of it is seen, as I only have seen, with its majestic remnants mutilated by the Venetian bombs; by the explosion of the powder magazine under Morosini, by the destructive hammer of Theodoric, by the cannons of the Turks and the Greeks, its columns in immense blocks prostrate on the pavement, its crumbled capitals, its triglyphs mutilated by the agents of Lord Elgin; its statues carried away on English vessels—that which remains is all sufficient to make me feel that it is

the most perfect poem written on stone on the face of the earth, but at the same time I also feel, that it is too small, the effect has fallen short, or it has been destroyed.

I passed two delightful hours stretched under the shade of the Propylœa, my eyes fixed on the fallen pediment of the Parthenon. I felt the glory of antiquity fully and completely in that, which it had produced as the most divine. The remainder is not worth the words employed in describing it. The view of the Parthenon exhibits in a degree more eminently than history can accomplish the colossal grandeur of a people. Pericles ought not to die. What super-human civilization must that have been, which found a great man to direct, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuaries to execute, workmen to hew the stone, a people to pay, and eyes to comprehend and admire such a sublime edifice. Where shall we find a similar epoch in history or a similar people? There is not anything in the world by which either is announced. In proportion that a man becomes old, he loses the vigour, the sallies and the disinterestedness necessary for the arts. The Propylœa; the temple of Erectheus, or of the Caryatides are in the immediate vicinity of the Parthenon, and which although *chef d'œuvres* of themselves sink into insignificance by the side of that sublime master-piece; the soul impressed too forcibly by the view of the first of these edifices, is bereft of all further power to admire the others—we can only take a glance at them and retire, deploring less the demolition of that super-human work of man, than the impossibility that man will ever be able to equal its sublimity and harmony—it belongs to those revelations, to those phenomena, which Heaven does not permit to happen twice on earth; it is like the Poem of Job, or the Song of Songs, the epic poem of Homer or the music of Mozart. It is done, it is seen, it is heard, and then it is done no more—it is seen no more,—it is heard no more until the consummation of all ages. Happy the men, by whom the divine inspirations are made known on earth; they die, but they have shown to man what man can be; and God calls them back

to him to celebrate him elsewhere, and in a language still more powerful. I wandered during the whole of the day amidst these ruins, and I returned, my eyes dazzled with forms and colours, and the heart full of remembrances and admiration. The gothic is beautiful, but order and light are wanting. ORDER AND LIGHT! those two principles of eternal creation. Farewell for ever to the gothic !—

The most difficult of books to do justice to, is in my opinion a translation. Now to travel is to translate, it is to translate to the eye, to the thought, to the soul of the reader the places, the colours, the impressions, the sentiments which nature or human monuments impart to the traveller. He ought to know at the same time how to direct his look, how to feel, and how to express those feelings, and in what manner ought he to express them? not with lines and colours as the painter, a thing in itself simple and easy, not with sounds, like the musician, but with words and ideas which contain neither sounds, lines nor colours. Such were the reflections which I made, seated on the steps of the Parthenon, having Athens and the grove of olives of the Pireus and the blue sea of Egea before my eyes, and over my head the majestic shade of the frieze of the temple of temples. I wished to carry away with me a living remembrance, a writen reminiscence of this moment of my life. I felt that this chaos of marble, so sublime, so picturesque in my eye would be erased from my memory, and that I might not be able to find it again in the vulgarity of my future life. I will, therefore, write, but it shall not be of the Parthenon, but it will be at least a shadow of that great shade which is this day hovering over me.

In the midst of the ruins of what once was Athens, and which the cannons of the Greeks and Turks have pulverized and scattered over the whole of the valley, and over the two hills, over which the city of Minerva extended, a mountain rises perpendicularly on every side. It is surrounded by enormous walls, and built at their base with fragments of white marble, and higher up with the wrecks of the friezes and the antique columns, in some places terminating in

Venetian battlements. This mountain resembles a magnificent pedestal, hewn out by the gods themselves on which to place their altars. Its summit, levelled to receive the areas of those temples, is little more than five hundred feet in length, and two or three hundred feet in breadth. It rises above all those hills, which formed the site of ancient Athens the valleys of the Penthelic; the course of the Ilyssus; the plain of the Pireus, and the chain of valleys and summits which extends as far as Corinth; and finally the sea, on which are scattered the Islands of Salmine and Egina, on the summit of which shine the pediments of the temple of the Panhellian Jupiter. This scene is even now beautiful, when all these hills are bare, and reflecting like a polished bronze the reverberated rays of the sun of Attica. But what a scene must Plato have had before his eyes, when Athens in her palmy state and clothed with her thousand lesser temples, hummed at his feet like an over-populated hive; when the grand wall of the Pireus formed to the shores of the sea an avenue of stone and marble, full of life and motion, and where the population of Athens passed and repassed incessantly, like wave following wave; when the Pireus itself and the Port of Phalaris, and the Sea of Athens and the Gulf of Corinth where covered with forests of masts and glittering sails; when the sides of all the mountains, from those by which Marathon was concealed, as far as the Acropolis of Corinth, an amphitheatre of forty leagues in diameter, were intersected by forests, by pasturages, by olive trees and vines, whilst the villages and towns, adorned on every side this splendid girdle of mountains.

I see from hence the thousand paths, which descended from these mountains, traced out on the sides of Hymettus, amidst all the windings of the passes and the valleys, and all of which, like the beds of so many torrents, have their termination at Athens. I hear the uproar which rises from them; the strokes of the hammer of the stone masons in the marble quarries of the Panthelic Mount; I hear the rolling of the blocks which fall down the sides of its precipices, and all

that combination of discordant sounds, which fills with life and animation the vicinity of a great capital. On the side of the city, I see ascending by the *via sacra*, cut out on the very sides of the Acropolis, the religious population of Athens, who have just been offering up their prayers to Minerva, and scattering the smoke of their incense to all the domestic divinities at the very place, where I am now seated, and where I inhale the dust alone of these temples.

Let us rebuild the Parthenon, a task not of great difficulty, it has only lost its frieze and its interior compartments ; the outside walls carved by Phidias, the columns, or rather the wrecks of the columns are still standing. The Parthenon was constructed entirely of white marble, called Penthelic marble, from the name of the neighbouring mountain, from which it was extracted. It consisted of a parallelogram, surrounded by a peristyle of forty-six columns of the Doric order. Every column is six feet in diameter, and thirty-four feet in height. The columns rest on the pavement itself of the temple, and have no base. At each extremity of the temple exists or did exist a portico of six columns. The total dimension of the edifice was two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and two hundred feet broad; its height being sixty-eight feet. To the eye it presented nothing more than the majestic simplicity of its architectural lines. It was in fact a single thought exhibited in stone, one and intelligible at a glance, like the thoughts of the ancients.

It ought to be examined on the spot, in order to contemplate the richness of the materials, and the inimitable perfection of the ornaments and the details. It was the work of Pericles to render it as much an assemblage of all the master-pieces of the genius of the hand of man, as a place of homage to the gods; or rather it was the genius of Greece brought, as it were, into one focus, offering itself under this emblem as a homage of itself to the divinity. The names of all those, who have hewn a stone, or modelled a a statue of the Parthenon are become immortal.

Let us, however, forget the past, and cast our eyes at present

around us, now that the lapse of ages, the war of barbarous religions, and of stupid people, has trodden it under foot for more than two thousand years.

In all this forest of white columns there are only a few wanting, which have fallen in entire blocks, white and shining on the pavements, or on the neighbouring temple; a few like the majestic oaks of the forest of Fontainbleau, remain leaning against the other columns; others have glided from the top of the parapet which surrounds the Acropolis, and lie in enormous broken masses one upon another, like fragments, which the architect has rejected in the quarry. Their sides are gilded with that solar crust, which the lapse of ages imparts to marble; their fractures are as white as the ivory just come from the workman's hands; they form on the side of the temple a projecting chaos of marble, of all forms and all colours, thrown together and heaped up in a disorder the most grotesque, but at the same time, the most majestic. At a distance the imagination might picture up the foam of enormous waves, which have just whitened and broken upon a cape, exposed to the rage of the sea. The eye cannot withdraw itself from them; we contemplate them, we follow them, we admire them, and we compassionate them with that sentiment, which we would experience for those beings who had lived, or who had still within them the feeling of life. It is the most sublime effect of a mass of ruins, which man has ever been able to produce, because it is the ruin of the most beautiful edifice which was ever made by his hands.

If we enter under the peristyle, or the porticoes, we might fancy ourselves there at the moment when the edifice was completed, the interior walls are yet in such a perfect state, the face of the marble so polished and shining, the columns so straight, those parts of the edifice which are preserved, being kept so free from all injury, that the whole of it appears as if it had been just completed by the workman; the sky sparkling with light is the only roof of the Parthenon, and through the fissures in the walls, the eye is immersed

in the immense and voluminous scene of Attica. All the surrounding ground is strewed with fragments of sculpture, or pieces of architecture, which appear to be waiting for the hand that ought to elevate them to their place in the monument which awaits them. Our feet strike incessantly against these master-pieces of the Greek chisel, first one is collected, and then another, and then all are rejected, in order to obtain possession of one which appears to be more curious than all the preceding; this useless labour is at length relinquished, for all is nothing more than a master-piece in a state of pulverization. Our steps are imprinted on a dust of marble, and we finish at last by regarding it with indifference. We become insensible and mute, confounded in the contemplation of the whole, and lost in the thousand thoughts which spring from every one of the ruins; those thoughts belong to the nature itself of the scene in which they originate, they are grave and serious, like those ruins of the times that are past, like those majestic witnesses of the nothingness of humanity; but they are as serene as the sky which is above our heads, inundated with a pure and harmonious light, elevated like the pedestal of the Acropolis, which seems to hover above the earth; resigned and religious like that monument erected to a divine thought, which God has suffered to perish before him, in order to give place to thoughts still more divine. I feel no grief nor sadness here; the soul is light, although immersed in meditation; my mind embraces the order of the divine volitions, and of human destinies: it is filled with admiration, that it has been given to man to exalt himself so high in the arts and in material civilization, and it conceives why God had afterwards broken that admirable mould of an incomplete thought; that the unity of God, afterwards acknowledged by Socrates in the very same places, had withdrawn the breath of life from all those religions which the imagination of former times had produced, and that their temples had fallen upon their gods. The thought of the only God infused into the human mind, is of higher value than those habitations of

marble, in which his shadow only was adored. That thought has no need of temples built by human hands. The whole of nature's kingdom is the temple in which the unity of God is adored. In proportion that the religions become spiritualized, the temples disappear, even christianity itself, which constructed the gothic, in order to animate it with its breath, leaves its venerable cathedrals to fall by degrees to ruin. The thousands of the statues of her demi-gods descend by degrees from their aerial niches round the churches. Thus christianity becomes transformed, and its temples become more naked and more simple, in proportion as itself throws off the superstitions of the ages of darkness, and resumes more fully the grand idea which it propagated upon the earth—the thought of the only God demonstrated by reason and adored by virtue.

VISIT TO THE PACHA.

On the evening of the 20th, I went to return my thanks to Youssouf Bey of Negropont and Athens. I entered a moorish court, the two storied galleries of which were supported by small columns of black marble, an empty fountain was in the middle of the court, with stables all round it. I ascended a wooden staircase, at the foot of which were ranged a number of spahis, and shortly afterwards I was introduced to the bey.

At the extremity of a large and rich apartment, decorated with panels in small compartments, painted with flowers in arabesque and gold, the bey was seated according to the Turkish manner in the corner of a large divan of indian stuff; his head was under the hands of the barber, a handsome young man, habited in a very rich military costume, and having the most superb arms in his girdle; eight or ten slaves in various attitudes were dispersed around the chamber. The bey made an apology for receiving a visit during the time that he was dressing, and requested me to take a seat, not far from him on the divan. I accordingly seated myself, and the conversation began. We discoursed on the object of my voyage, on the state of Greece, on the new boundaries determined

by the conference at London, and of the negotiations terminated by Mr. Stratford Canning, of all which things the bey appeared to be profoundly ignorant, and respecting which he interrogated me with the most lively interest. In a short time a slave carrying a long pipe, the mouth-piece of which was of yellow amber, and the tube covered with plaited silk, approached me with a slow and solemn gait, his eyes directed to the ground; when he had exactly calculated the precise distance from the enclosure at which he could place the pipe in my mouth, he deposited it on the ground, and taking a circular motion in order not to derange it from its vertical position, he came to me by a semi-circular motion, and making his obeisance, placed the mouth-piece of amber in my hands within the reach of my lips. In my turn, I made my obeisance to the pacha, who returned the compliment, and we began to smoke. A white Athenian greyhound, the tail and feet of which were painted yellow, was sleeping at the feet of the bey. I paid him a compliment on the beauty of this animal, and asked him if he was a sportsman. He answered in the negative, but that his son, who was then at Negropont, was passionately fond of that exercise, adding, that he had seen me pass through the streets of Athens, also, with a white greyhound, but of a smaller breed, which he considered incomparably beautiful, and that if I had several of them, he would be transported with joy to possess one like it. I promised on my return to my country, that I would send him one as a token of my remembrance and gratitude for the civilities which I had received at Athens. Another slave then brought some coffee in very small china cups, which were enclosed in little networks of silver gilt wire.

The figure of this Turk possessed the character, which I afterwards observed to belong to all the mussulmans, whom I had an opportunity of seeing in Syria and Turkey, a nobility, a mildness, and that calm and serene resignation, which the doctrine of predestination imparts to these men, and the faith in providence to all true christians, which is the same doctrine of the divine will—the former pushed even to ab-

surdity and error, the latter a sad and true expression of that universal and merciful wisdom which presides over the destiny of all whom it has deigned to create. If a conviction could possibly be a virtue, fatalism or rather providentialism would be mine. I believe in the complete agency, always active, always present of the will of God; it is the evil existing in us, which opposes itself to prevent this divine will from always producing good. Whenever our fate is altered, spoiled, or perverted, if we institute a close examination, we shall always discover that it has been occasioned by a will of our own, by a human will, that is, by a corrupted and a depraved one. If we would but allow that will, which alone is good, to act freely and uninterruptedly, we should ourselves be always good, and always happy; evil would not exist. These dogmas of the Koran are nothing more than christianity adulterated, but this adulteration, has not been able wholly to change its nature. The Mahommedan doctrine is replete with virtues, and I love the people, because they are the people of prayer.

22nd August, 1832.

My anxiety is extreme respecting the health of Julia. I took a melancholy walk to the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, and the Stadium. I drank of the muddy and infectious rivulet, which is the Ilyssus. I could scarcely find water enough in which to dip my fingers. An aridity, a nudity, and a colour like the dross of iron are spread over all the country in the vicinity of Athens. Oh! the country round Rome! Oh! the gilded tombs of the Scipios, and the green and sombre fountain of Egeria. What a difference! and the sky, too, of Rome, how greatly it surpasses that of the so much vaunted sky of Attica.

23rd August, 1832.

We took our departure in the night, and enjoyed a beautiful morning under the groves of the olive trees of the Pireus, on our way to the sea.

The brig of war, le Genie, was in waiting for us, and we weighed anchor. A fine breeze from the north carried us

in three hours before the Cape of Sunium, the yellow columns of which we saw marking in the horizon the ever-living trace of *the Word* and of Grecian wisdom—of that Plato of whom I should be the disciple, if Jesus Christ had neither spoken, nor lived, nor suffered, nor pardoned in expiring.

We passed a terrible night in the middle of the Cyclades, but at daybreak the wind subsided. Until night set in, our course was beautiful and smooth, as darkness appeared, however, a furious squall came on between the Islands of Amorgas and Stamplia, which made the vessel groan, whilst the heavy waves broke over the poop, and made her labour so hard that we were one moment on the crest of a billow and then in the trough of another. I passed the night in attending upon my child, and in walking on the deck. It was a night of affliction and unhappiness. How often did I tremble when I thought that I have exposed so many lives to the risk of a single chance. Oh that I should be happy if a celestial spirit would convey my Julia to the peaceful shades of St. Point. My life, the half of which is already passed, has lost for me the greater portion of its value; but that life, which is still mine, which sparkles in those beautiful eyes, which palpitates in that young bosom, is to me a hundred times dearer than my own; it is for that especially that I pray with fervour to the wind, which raises the waves, to spare the cradle to which I have so imprudently entrusted it. My prayers are heard; the waves subside, the day appears, the islands disappear behind us—Rhodes is seen on our right, in the misty horizon of Asia, whilst the elevated summits of the coast of Caramania, white as the snow of the Alps, raise themselves resplendently above the floating clouds of night. We are in sight of Asia.

The impression which is now made upon the mind surpasses that which all the scenes of Greece inspired; a milder air is felt; the sea and the sky are tinted with a blue more calm and pale; nature delineates herself in more majestic forms. I breathe freer, and I feel that I am entering a region of a greater and higher extent—Greece is diminutive, harrassed,

despoiled, the skeleton of a dwarf, but here is that of a giant. Black forests dapple the sides of the mountains of Marmoriza, and we behold at a distance, the white torrents of foam falling into the profound ravines of Caramania.

Rhodes rises like a cluster of verdure from the bosom of the waves; the light and graceful minarets of its white mosques rise above its forests of palm trees, sycamores, planes and fig trees; which from a distance attract the eye of the mariner to those delicious retreats of the Turkish cemetries, where every night we see the mussulmans smoking and reposing on the turf of the tombs of their friends, and waiting tranquillity, like sentinels in expectation of being relieved, appearing at the same time like indolent men, who like to throw themselves on their beds, courting sleep before the stated hour of repose.

At 10 o'clock in the morning our brig was suddenly surrounded by five or six Turkish frigates in full sail, which were cruising before Rhodes; one of them came within hail of us, and questioned us in French. We were treated with great courtesy, and soon afterwards cast anchor in the harbour of Rhodes, in the midst of thirty-six vessels of war, under the command of the captain pacha, Halil Pacha. Two French ships of war, one a steamer, *le Sphinx*, commanded by Captain Sarlat, and the other a corvette *l'Acteon*, commanded by Captain Vaillant, are at anchor at no great distance from us. The officers came on board to obtain some news concerning Europe, and at night we expressed our thanks to the commander of the brig *le Genie*, M. l'Ornano, who took his departure with the Acteon. We continued our voyage alone towards Cyprus and Syria.

We passed two days at Rhodes for the purpose of taking a cursory inspection of the first Turkish city that we had visited. It was a novel sight to us to observe the oriental character of the bazaars; the Moorish shops constructed of sculptured wood-work; the Street of the Knights, every house of which still exhibits, uninjured, the escutcheons of the ancient families of France, Spain, Italy and Germany. Rhodes still

exhibits some splendid remains of its ancient fortifications; the rich vegetation of Asia, which crowns and envelopes them, imparts to them a greater degree of grace and beauty, than is exhibited by those of the fortifications of Malta. An order that could allow itself to be driven from such a munificent possession must have received its death blow. It appears as if Heaven had made this island the advanced post of Asia; any European power that could become the master of it, would hold at the same time the key of the Archipelago of Greece, of Smyrna, of the Dardanelles, of the sea of Egypt and the sea of Syria. I do not know in the whole world a more capital maritime military position, nor a more beautiful climate, nor a more smiling and fruitful country. The Turks have impressed upon it that character of inaction and indolence, for which they are every where so distinguished; everything there is in a state of inaction, and in a kind of misery; but these people, who neither create nor renew anything, on the other hand, they neither break nor destroy anything; they at least leave nature to act with freedom around them; they have even a respect for the trees which grow in the middle of the streets and in the houses which they inhabit; to them the soothing murmur and the voluptuous freshness of the water and the shade appear to be their chief, their only wants. As soon also as you approach a country in the possession of the Mussulmans, whether in Europe or Asia, it may be recognized at a distance by the rich and sombre veil of verdure, which floats gracefully over it; by the trees under the shade of which they repose; by the spouting fountains, by the side of which they dream away their listless hours, and the silence of the mosques, with their light and airy minarets, rising at every step from the bosom of a pious earth—behold in these things all that these people covet or desire. They only emerge from this sweet and philosophic apathy to mount their coursers of the desert, the chief and most important slaves of man, or bereft of fear, to fly even to death for their prophet and their God. The dogma of fatalism has rendered these people the bravest

in the world, and although the life of the individual may be light and easy, yet, that which is promised by the Koran as the reward of a life employed in its cause, is placed in such a still more enchanting light, that but a very feeble effort is required to rush from this world into another celestial one, which he sees before him, beaming with beauty, tranquillity and love. It is the religion of the heroes; but that religion sickens and grows pale in the faith of the Mussulman, and heroism is extinguished with the faith, of which it is the principle. In proportion, that the faith of a people diminishes, whether in regard to a dogma or an idea, they die less willingly and less nobly. It is similarly constituted in Europe; why should we die, we say if life be more valuable than death? if there is nothing that is immortal to be gained, in sacrificing ourselves to a duty? Thus, war will diminish and be extinguished in Europe, until a faith, whatever it may be, is re-animated, and speaks to the heart of man in a louder voice, than the vile instinct of life.

The most beautiful female figures are seen at night seated on the terraces by the light of the moon. They have the eye of the women of Italy, but more soft, more timid, more filled with tenderness and love. They possess the contour of the Grecian women, but more full, more rounded, accompanied by movements, more supple and graceful. Their forehead is broad, smooth, white and polished, like that of the most beautiful women of England or Switzerland, but the straight and regular outline of the nose imparts a greater degree of antique majesty and nobility to the physiognomy. The Grecian sculptors would have been still more perfect, if they had taken their models from the figures of the women of Asia. And then it is so delightful to a European, accustomed to jaded features, to the laboured and contracted physiognomy of the European women, and especially to the women of the drawing-rooms, to behold at last, figures as simple, as pure and as calm as the marble just hewn from the quarry; figures which have only one expression, that of tranquillity and tenderness, and in which the eye can read

as easily and as quickly what is passing within, as if it were studying a magnificent edition of voluptuousness printed in large characters.

Society and civilization are decided enemies of physical beauty. They multiply too much the impressions and sentiments, and as the countenance receives and preserves involuntarily the imprint, it becomes complicated and deteriorated; it has something in it which is confused and uncertain, and which destroys its simplicity and its charm. It is a language containing too many words, and which is no longer understood, because it is too rich.

27th August, 1832.

At noon we set sail from Rhodes for Cyprus; the evening was magnificently fine. My eyes were directed towards Rhodes, which gradually diminished, sinking beneath the horizon into the sea. I feel the same regret on quitting the island as I would on parting with an apparition, that it was my anxious desire to re-animate; I should fix my residence there, if it were not so far removed from that living world, in which destiny and duty have imposed upon me the law to reside. What delicious retreats I should enjoy on the sides of the high mountains, and on the platforms shaded by all the trees of Asia. A magnificent house was shown to me belonging to the late Pacha, surrounded by three rich and noble gardens, watered by ever-flowing fountains, and ornamented with enchanting kiosques. The price demanded was only 16,000 piastres, or about 167*l*. Here would be happiness at a cheap rate.

28th August, 1832.

The sea is fine, but dull, with scarcely a breath of wind—it is a heavy swell: immense waves come rolling on majestically from the west under our poop, throwing us for three days and three nights, first on the starboard then on the larboard side—an insupportable martyrdom of a motion without any visible result. It is like Sysiphus rolling the stone in hell. On the fourth day, we perceived the eastern point of Cyprus; we passed a day in coasting the island, and it was

not until the sixth day that we cast anchor in the roads of Larnaca.

M. Bottu, French Consul at Cyprus, recognized the vessel on which we were embarked. He sent on board one of the persons employed in his office to invite us to come to his house, and accept of his hospitality, to which we had no other claim than upon his kindness and generosity. The invitation was accepted, and we disembarked, on which we were received with the most cordial and friendly civilities by M. and Madame Bottu. M. Perthier, and M. Guillois, *attachés* of the consulate evinced the same anxiety to shew us every mark of attention. We received and paid visits; and we have to thank M. Mathei, one of the magnates of Cyprus for some presents of wine and coffee.

August 31st.

We passed two days at Cyprus, delighted with our rest after a long voyage. We received the most unexpected, and the most amiable testimonies of hospitality, and it may be said that it was the chief impression on my mind during my stay at Cyprus. This island, which had been extolled to me as an oasis of the islands of the Mediterranean, bears a very close resemblance to all the bald, dull, naked islands of the Archipelago; it is the carcass of one of those enchanted islands in which antiquity has placed the scene of its most poetical doctrines. It is true, that anxious to arrive in Asia, I had only a fleeting view of those distant and picturesque scenes, for which this island, it is said, is renowned. On my return, it is my intention to pass a month in the island, and take a cursory survey of its mountains.

The island possesses great fertility throughout every part of it; oranges, olives, raisins, figs, vines, the cotton plant, all thrive exceedingly, not excepting even the sugar-cane. This Land of Promise, this beautiful kingdom for a knight of the Crusades, or for a companion of Buonaparte, formerly maintained two millions of men, but at this time there are not above thirty thousand Grecian inhabitants, and a small number of Turks. Nothing would be more easy than to

take possession of this sovereignty, a mere adventurer would doubtless succeed with a handful of soldiers and a few millions of piastres. This would, indeed, be worth the while, if there were any chance of keeping possession of it; but Europe, which stands so much need of colonies would throw the greatest opposition in the way of any such undertaking: the jealousy of the European powers would come to the aid of the Turks, the seeds of discord would be sown in the new colony, and the conqueror would share the fate of King Theodore. What a pity! it is a delightful dream, but eight days would change it into reality.

At sea, sailed from the island of Cyprus, 2nd September, 1832.

We set sail yesterday at midnight. Our friends of Cyprus, M. M. Bottu and Perthier passed the evening with us on the deck of the brig, and did not leave us till nearly the time of sailing. We expressed towards them the most lively sentiments of gratitude for the truly friendly reception given to us by M. and M. Bottu. How singular is the destiny of the traveller; whithersoever he goes he leaves behind him his affections, his remembrances and his regrets; he never quits a shore without the desire and the hope of returning to it, and meeting again with those who but a few days before were utter strangers to him. On his arrival, every thing is indifferent to him in the country, over which his eye is wandering; on his departure, he feels that there are eyes and hearts which follow him from the shore, which he sees disappearing behind him. He himself fixes his eyes upon it; leaving there some part of his affections; then he is carried by the wind to another horizon, where the same scenes, or the same impressions are renewed, only under different relations. To travel is to multiply by our arrival and departure, by our pleasures and our farewells, those impressions, which the events of a sedentary life afford but at very rare intervals; it is to experience a hundred times in a year a little of that, which is experienced in common life, to know, to love, and to lose those beings whom providence has thrown in our track.

To part—it is a kind of second death, when we leave those distant countries, whither destiny conducts not the steps of the traveller twice. To travel is to condense a long life in a few years, it is one of the strongest exercises which man can give to his heart, as well as to his mind. The philosopher, the politician and the poet ought to have travelled much. To change the moral horizon, is to change the thought.

3rd September, 1832.

On awaking, we find ourselves on the open sea. We behold no longer the white shores of Cyprus, nor the rounded summit of Olympus. The sea is as calm as a vast lake; a thick and silvery mist is spread over the horizon. A slight breeze, lazy and unequal, comes on momentarily and dies away in our topsails. A vertical sun burns the planks of the deck, which are plentifully watered for the purpose of cooling them. The whole of the crew are stretched upon the hatches, or upon the ropes in a deep silence—without motion and their foreheads covered with perspiration. There is scarcely a breath of air to assist our respiration; it is a real simoon of the ocean; we appear to inhale beforehand, the moist and burning reflection of the sands of the desert, from which we are still at the distance of one hundred and fifty leagues. Thus do our days glide on—we have scarcely strength to speak, nor even to read. I sometimes open the bible, to meet with something in it, which refers to Lebanon, the summit of which is the first object which ought soon to be in sight. I am reading the history of Herod as related by the historian Josephus.

4th September, 1832.

We are still almost becalmed, with the same burning sky. The sea appears to smoke with heat and its motionless waters are wrapped in a mist, which there is not a single breath of air to disperse. We watch as far as the eye can see the gentle ripples which a few wandering breezes make on its surface; we behold one of those breezes slowly approaching the vessel, and giving to the sea rather a lively colour; it

gives a slight inflation to our main sails; the vessel creeks and raises a little foam about the prow. Our bosoms expand; we go to the windward side of the vessel; we feel an air of freshness gliding over our foreheads and under the curls of our hair wet, with perspiration—it is, however, momentary, we return to our calm and the furnace to which we have been accustomed. The water which we drink is lukewarm, we have scarcely strength to eat. If this condition were to last, man could not long survive it. Fortunately we have only six weeks of such sultry weather to apprehend, as there will be an end to it in October.

4th September, at night.

From five to eight o'clock we had a fresh breeze, blowing from the Gulf of Alexandretta, which has enabled us to make a few leagues of our course. We ought to be nearly half way between Cyprus and the coasts of Syria; perhaps to-morrow on our rising, we shall be in sight of them.

5th September, 1832.

On awaking, I heard a slight murmur caused by the wake of the ship, when it is advancing. I hastened on deck with the hope of obtaining a view of the coasts, but nothing was yet to be seen. The currents, which are frequent in this sea, may perhaps have carried us far beyond our reckoning; perhaps we are off the low coasts of Idumea or Egypt. Our impatience was the cause of this error of our judgment.

Same date, two o'clock.

The captain of the ship has just descried the summit of Mount Lebanon, he has called me to show it to me. I, however, sought for it in vain through the heated mist, at the spot where he directed my attention. I saw nothing but the transparent fog caused by the heat, and above it a few layers of clouds of a pale white. He persisted that he could see Mount Lebanon, I again strained my eyesight to the utmost, but all in vain. The sailors, with a smile at my apparent incapacity, pointed out Lebanon to me, and the captain could

not possibly comprehend, why, I could not see as well as he. "But where are you looking for it," said the captain to me, "you are looking too far off—there it is, much nearer to us—over our very heads." Such in reality was the case, I raised my eyes towards the sky, and I beheld the white and gilded crest of the Sannin, which appeared to hover in the firmament above us. The mist of the sea prevented me seeing its base and its sides. Its head alone appeared bright and serene in the blue depth of the firmament. It gave rise to one of the most magnificent and sweetest impressions, which I have felt during the whole of my long travels. It was the land whither at the moment all my thoughts were directed as a man and as a traveller. It was the Holy Land, the land to which I had come from so great a distance to search for, the remembrances of our primitive fathers, added to which it was the land, where under a delicious climate, under the shade of the orange trees and the palm trees, on the banks of the torrents of snow, or on some fresh and verdant mound, I was about to obtain the enjoyment of repose for the two beings, who were the dearest to me on earth, my wife and Julia. I have no doubt that a year or two passed in this delightful climate will confirm the health of Julia, which for the last six months has instilled into me the most gloomy forebodings. I hail these mountains of Asia as an asylum, to which I am conducted by the hand of God for the restoration of her health; my heart is filled with a profound and sweet joy. I cannot avert my look from Mount Lebanon.

We dined under the shade of a tent spread upon deck. The breeze continues and increases in force as the sun declines. Every moment we repaired to the bows to ascertain the rate of the vessel by the noise which she makes in cutting through the water. The wind at last freshened, and the waves began to show their crests of foam; we sailed at the rate of five knots an hour; the sides of the mountain burst through the mist, and seemed to advance before us like aerial capes. We began to distinguish the deep and black valleys

which open on the shores; the ravines become white, the summits of the rocks display themselves, and become more distinct to the eye; the first hills which are separated from the vicinity of the sea, are seen in all their rounded forms; by degrees, we fancy that we can descry the villages scattered on the declivities of the hills, and the extensive monasteries, which crown, like gothic castles, the summits of the intermediate mountains. Every object of which we obtain a glimpse, conveys a transport of joy to the heart. All the crew are upon deck, each calling the attention of his neighbour to some object which had escaped him; one beholds the cedars of Lebanon, like a black spot on the sides of the mountain, another like a dungeon on the summits of the hills of Tripoli; others thought they could distinguish the foam of the cascades in the declivities of the precipices. Great anxiety was manifested before night set in to cast anchor on these shores, so long dreamt of, so long wished for, and it was feared that at the moment of reaching them, a fresh calm might lay the vessel, as if asleep for several days on these waves, which actually tire out our patience, or that a contrary wind coming from the coast, might drive us away to the Sea of Candia; that Sea of Syria, an immense gulf surrounded by the high summits of Lebanon and Taurus, which is so dangerous to the mariner. In that sea, there is scarcely any medium—it is either a tempest, a calm, or a current, the latter of which irresistibly carries the vessels far out of their course; and as there are no harbours on the coasts, they are obliged to cast anchor in dangerous roadsteads at a great distance from the shore; an almost constant swell sets into these roadsteads, which causes the ship to drive, and eventually the anchor is obliged to be cut away. We shall not be easy and certain of our arrival until we have set our foot on shore. During the time that we were arguing in this manner, and that we were hovering between hope and fear, night suddenly came on, not as in our climates, with the slowness and gradation of twilight, but like a curtain drawn between heaven and earth. All is in obscurity, every thing is effaced

on the dark sides of Lebanon, and our eyes behold nothing more than the stars, between which our masts are poised. The wind has also fallen, the sea is becalmed, and all of us turned into our berths, with the uncertainty of what the morrow might bring forth.

I could not sleep; my mind was too much agitated.—I heard through the ill-joined boards, which separated my cabin from that of Julia, the breathing of my sleeping infant, and all my heart rested upon her. I thought that perhaps on the morrow I should in my turn sleep more tranquilly and with less anxiety for a life so dear to me, and which I repented ever having exposed to the privations and perils of the sea, fearing that a tempest might carry her off in her bloom. From my heart I prayed to God to pardon me this act of imprudence, nor to punish me for placing too great a confidence in him, nor for having asked more of him, than I had a right to expect from him. By degrees I collected myself, and I said, She is a visible angel which protects, at the same time, her own destiny and ours. Heaven will accept of her innocence and purity as a ransom. He will guide us and bring us back again for her sake. She will have seen at the most beautiful period of life, at that age, when it may be said that all the impressions are incorporated with us, and become the elements themselves of our existence; she will have seen everything that is beautiful in nature, and in creation; the reminiscences of her youth will be the marvellous monuments, the *chef d'œuvres* of the arts in Italy: Athens and the Parthenon will be engraven on her memory, as if they were her paternal sites. The beautiful islands of the Archipelago, Mount Tauras, the Hills of Lebanon, Jerusalem, the Pyramids; the Desert; the tents of Arabia, the palm trees of Mesopotamia will be the narratives of her advanced age. God has given her beauty, innocence, genius, and a heart in which everything is combined that is generous and sublime. I shall have given her on my part, all that I may have been able to add to those celestial gifts, the spectacle of scenes the most marvellous and the most enchanting in this world. What a

being she will be at the age of twenty! All in her life will have been happiness, piety, love, and wonders. Who will then be worthy to pluck so beautiful a fruit with the hand of a pure and virtuous love? I wept and I prayed with fervour and confidence, for I could never feel a strong emotion in my heart, without its having a tendency to the infinite, without its resolving itself into a hymn, or an invocation to Him, who is the end of all our emotions, to Him who produces and absorbs them all—to GOD.

I was on the point of falling asleep, when I heard some hasty steps on deck, as if some particular manœuvre was going to be performed. I was surprised, because an utter silence had for a long time reigned on board, and the sea sent forth only a slight rippling of the waves, which announced to me that the vessel was still making way. A short time afterwards I heard the sonorous rings of the chain cable heavily unrolled from the capstan, and then the short stroke which makes the whole vessel vibrate when the anchor has struck upon solid ground, and taken hold of the sand, or the sea weeds. I arose and opened my narrow window. We were arrived, and at anchor in the roadstead before Beirout. I perceived a few glimmering lights passing to and fro on the distant shore, from which sounded at intervals the barking of the dogs. It was the first sound that came to my ears from the coasts of Asia, and it filled my heart with joy. It was midnight, and I rendered thanks to God, and fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. No one but myself was awakened below deck.

September 6th, 1832. 9 o'clock in the Morning.

We were now before Beirout, one of the most populous cities of the coast of Syria, formerly the ancient Barytus, which became a Roman colony under Augustus, who gave it the name of *Felix Julia*. This epithet of *Felix* or *happy* was given to it on account of the fertility of its environs, of its incomparable climate, and the magnificence of its situation. The town is built on a beautiful hill, which descends with a gentle slope towards the sea. Some strips of land or

of rocks project into the sea, on which are erected some Turkish fortifications, in effect the most picturesque; the roadstead is enclosed by a neck of land which protects the sea from the easterly winds. The whole of this neck of land as well as the hills which surround it, are covered with the richest vegetation; mulberry trees are planted in every direction, and raised from story to story on artificial terraces; carob trees with their gloomy verdure and majestic domes; the fig-trees, the plaintains, the orange trees, the pomegranates, and a number of other trees and shrubs foreign to our climate, throw over all the parts of the shore in the vicinity of the sea, the harmonious veil of their diversified foliage: further on, the first declivities of the mountains cover the landscape with their grey and ashy verdure. About three miles distant from the city, the high mountains of the chain of Lebanon begin to rear their forked summits; they open their profound ravines, where the eye is lost in the obscurity of the distance, discharging their broad torrents, equal in extent to many rivers, and branching out in different directions, runs towards the coast of Tyre and Sidon, others towards Tripoli and Latakia, whilst their unequal summits, lost in the clouds, or bleached by the reflection of the sun, resemble our Alps covered with eternal snows.

The quay of Beirout which is constantly lashed by the waves, and sometimes covered with foam, was crowded with a multitude of Arabs, in all the splendour of their glittering costume and of their accoutrements. The same activity and appearance of business were here visible as on the quays of our great maritime cities; several European vessels were at anchor near us in the roads, and sloops laden with the merchandize of Damascus and of Bagdad, were incessantly going and coming from the shore to the vessels. The houses of the town appeared in confused groups, the roofs of some serving as terraces to the others: these houses with their flat roofs, and some with embattled balustrades; these windows with multiplied ogives; these wooden painted grates which close them hermetically like a veil of oriental jealousy; the

heads of the palm trees, which appear to germinate in the stone, and which rise above the roofs, as if to gladden the eyes of the female captives in the harems with the sight of a little verdure—all these things captivated our eyes, and announced to us that we were in the East. We heard the shrill cry of the Arabs of the desert quarrelling on the quays, and the rough and mournful groanings of the camels, uttering cries of pain when they were made to bend their knees to receive their burdens. Busied with this sight so new and pleasing to the eye, we thought not of landing on the new country, which was before us; the flag of France floated, nevertheless at the top of a mast on one of the highest houses of the city, and seemed to invite us to hasten thither and repose ourselves under its shade, after our long and painful voyage.

Our retinue, however, were too numerous, and our baggage too extensive to risk a disembarkation, before having reconnoitred the country, and fixed upon a house, that is, if it were possible to procure one. I left my wife and Julia and two of my companions in the brig, and I ordered the boat to be lowered down, that I might commence my reconnoitring.

In a few minutes, a fine smooth and silvery wave threw me on the strand, and some Arabs, with their legs naked, carried me in their arms as far as the entrance of a steep and gloomy street which led to the French consulate. M. Guys, the consul, to whom I had letters of introduction, and whom I had seen before at Marseilles, had not then arrived. I found in his place M. Jorelle, the agent of the consulate, and French dragoman in Syria, a young man whose handsome and benevolent physiognomy prepossessed me in his favour, and whose general civilities during our long sojourn in Syria, fully justified the impression. He offered us a part of the house of the consulate as our first asylum, and promised to look out for a house for us in the environs of the city, where we might make our encampment. In a few hours, the boats of several vessels and the porters of Beirout, under the superintendence of the janissaries of the consulate, had effected the disembarkation of our retinue, and of our

provisions of every kind, and before night set in, we were all on shore and temporarily and comfortably lodged, at the same time that we received the utmost civility and kindness from M. and Madame Jorelle. That moment is one of extreme delight, when after a long and tempestuous passage, at the moment of our arrival in a foreign land, we cast our eyes from the top of an odorous and smiling terrace on the element which we have quitted for a long time, on the vessel which has borne us through the tempests, and which we behold dancing on the swelling wave: on the peaceful and shady country which surrounds us; on all those scenes of a life on shore which appear so pleasant after having been separated from them for a long time. There is something of feeling and sentiment in our convalescence after a long illness, similar to the first days passed on shore after a dangerous voyage. We enjoyed those feelings the whole of the evening. Madame Jorelle, a young and beautiful woman born at Aleppo, still adheres to the rich and noble costume of the Arabian women; the turban, the embroidered vest, the poniard in the girdle—we could not desist from admiring that magnificent costume, which added fresh charms to her oriental beauty.

At night, a supper was set before us in the European style, in a kiosque, the large grated windows of which opened on the harbour, and where the refreshing wind of the night played in the flame of the waxen lights. I ordered a case of French wine to be broached and to be added to this feast of hospitality, and we thus passed our first night in pleasant conversation respecting the countries which each of us had left, as well as respecting that, in which we were now sojourning; one question regarding France leading to another respecting Asia. Julia played with the long tresses of some Arabian women, or of some black slaves, who came to visit us; she admired the costume, possessing for her so much the charm of novelty, and her mother dressed the long locks of her auburn hair in imitation of that of the ladies of Beirout, and her shaw' was arranged like a turban on her head. I

never beheld anything more ravishingly beautiful amongst the countenances of all the woman that are engraven on my memory, than was the figure of Julia thus dressed in the turban of Aleppo, with its leather cap of chased gold, from which hung fringes of pearls and chains of golden seguins, with the tresses of her hair hanging down upon her shoulders, and with that look of wonder directed to her mother and myself, and with a smile which seemed to say, enjoy your delight, and behold how beautiful I also am.

After having talked a hundred times of our father-land, and having recalled to our memory the names of places and individuals, by the force of particular associations, and having imparted to each other, all the information to which any interest might be attached, we turned to the subject of poetry. Madame Jorelle requested me to recite to her some verses of French poetry, and she in her turn translated some of the poetry of Aleppo. I told her that nature was always more completely poetical than the poets, and that she herself at that very moment, at that very hour, on this delightful spot, by the light of the moon, in this foreign costume, with the oriental pipe in her hand, and her diamond hilted poniard in her girdle, was a far finer subject for poetry, than all those to which we are indebted from the mere force of our imagination: and as she answered that it would be conferring upon her an especial favour, if I would give her some remembrance of our voyage, to send to her father in Aleppo, or some verses of my own, I retired for a short time, and brought back with me the following verses, which possess no other merit than the place can impart to them in which they were written, and the sentiment of gratitude by which I was at the moment inspired. Every poet is more or less, an enthusiast, and therefore enthusiasm, became the subject of my verses :—

TO ENTHUSIASM.

As when the bird of mighty Jove;
Bore to th' eternal realms above

Young Ganymede, the tim'rous child
Struggled with fear and wonder wild,
Against th' immortal bird, which still
Soared on ward to th' Olympian Hill
And deaf to every sigh and pray'r,
Pierced with untiring wing the air
Until he reach'd the presence, where
Th' Immortals sit on thrones of light
And Heav'n's own day beams banish night.

Thus, thus, thou bear'st my soul along
Enthusiasm, eagle strong,
Thy wings of might, thy eye of fire
A holy fearfulness inspire,
Lest thy soul stirring power should be
Too strong for weak mortality;
Even as a lightning kindled pile
Burns on till temple, altar, aisle
Aye, even the shrine it first illumin'd
Is by its wasting breath consum'd.

This feeble flesh can ne'er control
The sacred sallies of the soul,
Filled by the God, my soul disdains
The weight of these corporeal chains
A fire is in my heart and veins,
Like th' impetuous lava's tide,
Thy influence, through my soul doth glide,
Until poured out in one wide sea
Of thrilling, melting harmony.

But muse, behold thy victim now,
No Heav'n born radiance crowns my brow.
No glance, like sun-light, from my eye
Attests thy might and majesty.
Alas! thy with'ring influence
Consumes each flower. destroys each sense

Men know me not, but by the trace
Of death-like paleness in my face,
Like to a blasted tree, that's shown
By the light'nings scathe alone.

Happy the frigid bard, whose muse
His breast with no salt tears bedews,
Gently his inspiration flows,
And in wild fervours interpose,
Tranquil and calm his numbers creep
Till they have reach'd their goal, and—sleep.
That tim'rous Icarus ne'er springs
Boldly upon Pindaric wings,
Nor soaring to the solar round,
Fears the force of the rebound.

But we who seek to fire the heart,
Must feel the warmth we would impart,
And scale heav'n's crystal walls to claim,
Our share in that promethean flame.
The brightness of the solar rays,
Concentrated in our hearts should blaze;
We in that fatal light should shine,
At which th' unthinking crowd repine,
Alas! the fires they envy so
Are fann'd with sighs and nurs'd with woe.

We could not tear ourselves away from this first scene of Arabian life. Finally we retired for the first time after three months to repose ourselves on a bed, and to sleep without the fear of the waves. A boisterous wind roared over the sea, shook the walls of the lofty terrace under which we were reposing, and made us feel more delightfully the value of a peaceable habitation, after so many shocks and tossings about. I reflected that Julia and my wife were for a long time safe from all dangers, and in my waking moments, I arranged the means by which I could prepare for them an agreeable and safe abode, whilst by myself I prosecuted the

course of my journey in those places, upon which at last it was my good fortune to set my foot.

7th, September 1832.

I rose with the first rays of the sun: I opened the shutter of cedar wood, the only windows which the sleeping rooms have in this beautiful climate. My first look was directed to the sea, and that sparkling chain of coast, which stretches itself in a curve from Beirout to Cape Batroun, half way to Tripoli.

Never did the view of any mountains create in me such a strong impression. Lebanon possesses a character which I never before beheld either in the Alps, nor on Mount Taurus: it is the combination of the imposing sublimity of lines and summits, with the graces of details, and the variety of colours. It is a mountain as solemn as its name. They are the Alps under the sky of Asia, plunging their aerial summits into the profound serenity of an eternal splendour. It appears as if the sun acted with his everlasting light, on the gilded angles of their crests; the dazzling whiteness which it throws upon them can only be compared to that of the snows which remain on their most elevated summits. The whole chain exhibits itself to the eye in a length of at least sixty leagues, from Cape Saida, the ancient Sidon, to the environs of Latakia, where it begins to decline, in order to allow Mount Taurus, to strike its roots in the plains of Alexandretta.

In one place the chain of Lebanon extends itself almost perpendicularly above the sea, with villages and monasteries suspended on the precipices; in another it recedes from the shore, forming immense gulfs, leaving verdant patches and ridges of gilded sand between it and the waves. Vessels of various size are seen ploughing those gulfs, the crew of which land in the numerous roadsteads with which the coast is indented. The colour of the sea is of the deepest and the dullest blue, andalthough there is almost always a heavy swell, the wavewhich is broad and large,breaks in vast folds on the shore, and in which the mountains are reflected as in a spotless

mirror. These waves occasion along the whole line of the coast, a deep, harmonious, and confused murmur, which is heard under the shade of the vines and carob trees, and which fills the open country with life and sound. On my right, the coast of Beirout is low, it is a continuity of little necks of land decked with verdure, and protected from the waves only by a ledge of rocks and hidden fragments, the greater part of which are the ruins of antiquity. Further on, some mounds of red sand, like that of the deserts of Egypt, project like a cape, and serve as a sea mark to the mariners; on the summit of this cape, are seen in the shape of an umbrella, the broad tops of a forest of Italian firs, and the eye gliding between their isolated trunks, rests upon the sides of another chain of the Lebanon Mountains, reaching as far as the projecting promontory, on which the former city of Tyre, now Shogr, was built.

When I directed my look in a direction opposite to the sea, I beheld the high minarets of the mosques, like isolated columns rising in the blue and undulating air of the morning; the Moorish fortresses which command the city, and the gaps in the walls in which a number of cryptygamious plants, wild fig trees and July flowers are allowed to grow; then the oval tlements of the defensive walls, then the even ridges of the country planted with mulberry trees; here and there the flat roofs, and the white walls of the country houses, or the cottages of the Egean peasants, and finally, beyond all, the rounded grassplots of the hills of Beirout, all covered with picturesque edifices, Grecian convents, Maronite monasteries, mosques and the dwellings of the Santons,* covered with foliage and as highly cultivated as the fertile hill of Grenoble, or of Chambery, and in the back ground of all, the gigantic Lebanon, exhibiting its thousand curves, grouping itself into gigantic masses, and throwing its broad shadows, or making all the scenes of this horizon, sparkle with its lofty snows.

* A very rigid fraternity of monks amongst the Turks.

Same date

I passed the whole of the day reconnoitring the environs of Beirout, and looking for a quiet place, where I might establish our domicile.

I have hired five houses which form a group, and which it is my intention to join by wooden staircases, galleries and openings. Every house here, is composed merely of a cellar or subterranean vault, which serves the purpose of a kitchen, and a room in which all the family sleep, however numerous they may be.

In such a climate the real house is the roof constructed like a terrace. It is there that the women and children pass the day, and not unfrequently the night also. In front of the houses, between the trunks of some mulberry or olive trees, the Arab constructs a fire place with three stones, and it is there that the wife prepares his victuals. A straw mat is thrown over a stick which extends from the wall to the branches of the tree, and it is under this shelter that the affairs of the kitchen are carried on. The women and the girls sit there the whole of the day, squatting on the ground, busied combing their long hair, in braiding it, in washing their veils, winding their silks, feeding their fowls, or playing or gossiping with one another as in our villages in the south of France. On Sunday mornings, the girls assemble at the doors of their cottages.

Same date. At night.

We have been the whole of this day engaged in unloading the brig, and carrying from the town to our country house the baggage of our caravan. A large field of mulberry and orange trees extends itself round the five houses, and gives to each a little walk in front, and a little shade in which to respire from the heat. I have purchased some Egyptian mats and some carpets of Damascus to serve us for beds and divans. I have met with some very active and intelligent Arabian carpenters, who are already at work for us in making doors and windows, and it is our intention to sleep this night for the first time in our new habitation.

8th September, 1836.

Nothing could be more delightful than the feelings which we experienced on awakening after the first night passed in our new dwelling. We had our breakfast served to us on the largest of our terraces, and with our eye we surveyed the whole of the environs.

Our house is about ten minutes walk from the city. The way to it is by paths shaded by immense aloes, the prickly leaves of which hang over the traveller's head. We walk by the side of some ancient arches, and an immense square tower, built by Fakardin, the Emir of the Druses, which is at present used as an observatory by some sentinels of the army of Ibrahim Pacha, who, from it have a full view of the whole country. We then pursue our route between the trunks of mulberry trees, and arrive at a group of low houses concealed amongst the trees and flanked by a grove of lemon and orange trees. These houses are irregularly built, that in the middle rising like a square tower above the rest, in a graceful pyramidal form. The roofs of all these low houses communicate with each other, by means of a few wooden stairs, forming thus on the whole a commodious habitation for their guests, who have been confined for so long a time between the decks of a merchant vessel.

A few hundred paces from us, the sea advances upon the land, and viewed from this spot, over the green tops of the lemon trees and the aloes, it resembles a beautiful inland lake, or a large river of which only a branch of it can be seen. A few Arabian barks are at anchor, and are riding gently on the almost imperceptible undulations. If we ascend the upper terrace, this beautiful lake is transformed into an immense gulf, closed on one side by the Moorish castle of Beirout, and on the other by the immense gloomy walls of the chain of mountains, which extend towards Tripoli. In front of us, however, the horizon stretches to a much further extent, beginning to range over a champaign country in excellent cultivation, but planted so full of trees that they entirely conceal the soil, and dotted here and there with

a few houses similar to those in which we are residing, and which raise their roofs like so many white sails on an ocean of verdure, it then afterwards contracts itself between a long and beautiful hill, on the summit of which a Grecian convent displays its white walls, and its blue d mes; some tops of umbelliferous pine trees, spread, at rather a higher elevation, their branches over the very domes of the convent. This hill slopes gradually by steps raised one above another, and supported by stone walls, bearing groves of olive and mulberry leaves. The lower steps are bathed by the sea, which then recedes, and a second plain at a greater distance, assumes a circular form, and is hollowed to make way for a river, which meanders for a long time amongst the woods of green oaks, and discharges itself into the gulf, the shores of which are made yellow by its waters. This plain only terminates at the gilded sides of the mountains, which do not rise directly from the earth, but begin by enormous mounds, resembling immense blocks, some round, others almost square; a slight vegetation covers the summits of those hills, on each of which is erected a monastery or a village, which reflects the light of the sun and forcibly attracts the eye. The flat sides of the hills glitter as if they were of gold; being composed of yellowish freestone, shattered by the earthquakes, every particle of which reflects and shoots forth the light. Above these first mounds, the table lands of Lebanon become broader, some of them extending one or two leagues, but uneven, hollowed, furrowed, ploughed by ravines and deep beds of torrents, with profound abysses in which the eye is lost. Above these table lands the lofty mountains begin to rise almost perpendicularly, nevertheless, the black patches formed by the cedars and the firs, with which they are studded are discerned, as well as some convents apparently inaccessible, and some unknown villages, which appear as if suspended on their precipices. On the sharpest summit of this second chain, the trees, which appear of the most gigantic size, resemble tufts of hair scantily spread over a head almost bald. Their uneven and indented summits are easily

distinguished at this distance, resembling the embattlements on the crest of a citadel.

At the back of these second chains, the real Mount Lebanon at last displays its gigantic form; it cannot be ascertained at this great distance, whether its sides are steep or of a gradual ascent, or whether they be naked or covered with vegetation. Its sides are blended by the transparency of the air, with the air itself, of which they appear to be a part; nothing is seen, but the ambient reflection of the light of the sun, by which they are surrounded, and their fiery crests, blended with the purple clouds of the morning, hover like inaccessible islands on the waves of the firmament.

If we avert our look from this sublime horizon of the mountains, there are no other objects on which we can fix them, than upon, the majestic groves of palm trees planted here and there in the country,in the vicinity of the houses of the Arabs; or upon the green wavings of the tops of the larches, planted in small clusters on the plain, on the opposite sides of the hills; or upon the hedges of the cochineal, or other similar plants, whose heavy leaves fall again upon the low walls, about breast high, which support the terraces. These walls themselves are so completely covered with lichens in flower, with ground ivy, wild vines, bulbous plants in flower of every possible shade, and bunches of every form, that it is impossible to distinguish the stones of which the walls are built—they are nothing more than ramparts of verdure and flowers.

In our immediate vicinity, and under our eyes, two or three houses resembling our own, half sheltered by the domes of the orange trees, some in bloom and some with fruit, present to us those animated and picturesque scenes, which are the life of every landscape. Some Arabs, seated on mats are smoking on the roofs of the houses. Some women are seen leaning out of the windows to catch a sight of us, but conceal themselves immediately, when they perceive that they are detected; under our very terrace, two Arabian families, fathers, brothers, wives and children are taking their meal un-

der the shade of a little plaintain on the threshold of their house; and a few paces from it, under another tree, two young Syrian girls of incomparable beauty are dressing themselves in the open air, and covering their hair with white and red flowers. There is one of them whose hair is so long and bushy, that it entirely covers her, like the branches of a weeping willow, which completely cover the trunk; we can easily perceive when she shakes this flowing mane, her beautiful forehead, and her eyes sparkling with *naiveté* and gaiety, which pierce for a moment through this natural veil. She seems to delight in our admiration; I threw her a handful of ghazis or small pieces of gold, which the Syrian women make into collars and bracelets, by threading them on a silken twist. She clasped her hands and placed them on her head, by way of thanking me, and returned to the lower chamber to shew them to her mother and sister.

12th September, 1833.

Habib Barbara, a Syrian Greek, established at Beirout, and whose house is contiguous to ours, acts as our dragoman, that is, our interpreter. Attached during twenty years in this capacity, to different consulates of France, he therefore speaks Italian and French languages fluently; he is one of the most obliging and intelligent men, whom I have met with in my travels. Without his assistance and that of M. Jorelle, we should have had infinite trouble in completing our establishment in Syria. He procured us several domestics, some Greeks, others, and Arabs. I purchased immediately six Arabian horses, not of the very first class, and according to the custom of the country, they are placed in the open air, exposed to a burning sun in a field before my door, their legs fettered by iron shackles, and fixed to a stake driven into the ground. A tent is pitched near the horses for the sais or Arabian grooms. These men appear to be mild and intelligent, and in regard to the animals, in the course of two days they appeared to know us perfectly well, and to scent us like dogs.

Habib Barbara introduced us to his wife and daughter whose marriage is to take place in a few days; he invited us to the wedding, and being curious to witness a Syrian wedding, we accepted the invitation, and Julia set about preparing her presents for the bride. I intend to give her a small gold watch, of which I have brought with me a certain number to be distributed as presents, under circumstances like the present. Julia added to it a small chain of pearls. We mounted our horses to reconnoitre the environs of Beirout. Madame Jorelle was mounted upon a most superb Arabian horse; with velvet trappings plated with silver; a breastplate with studs of the same metal well chased, which floated in garlands flapping on the breast of this noble animal. M. Jorelle has sold me one of his horses for my wife, and I have ordered Arabian bridles and saddles for fourteen horses.

About half a league from the city, towards the east, the Emir Fakardin has planted a forest of umbelliferous fir trees, on a sandy plain, which extends between the sea, and the plain of Bagdad, a handsome Arabian village at the foot of Mount Lebanon. It is affirmed that the emir planted this magnificent forest, for the purpose of raising a rampart against the invasion of the immense hills of red sand, which rise a little further on, and which threaten to overwhelm Beirout, and its luxuriant plantations. It has now become a sylendid forest; the trunks of the trees are from sixty to eighty feet in height, in one straight stem, and they extend from one to another their broad and immovable tops, covering with their shade a very considerable space. Footpaths of sand meander between the trunks of the trees, and afford the softest ground for the feet of the horses. The remainder of the ground is covered with a light down of grass, speckled with flowers of the most brilliant red. The bulbs of the wild hyacinths are so large that they are not crushed by the horses feet. Through the colonnades of these trunks of fir, on one side are seen the white and red sand hills which hide the sea from our view, and on the other side the plain of Bagdad and the course of the river across it, and a corner of the gulf

which resembles a little lake, so fully is it enclosed by the different scenes of the country, and the twelve or fifteen Arabian villages scattered on the lower declivities of Mount Lebanon itself, which form, as it were, the curtain of this scene; the light is so clear and the air so pure, that at an elevation of several leagues distant, we can distinguish the shape of the cedars, and of the carob trees on the mountains, and the noble eagles, which without any motion of their wings float in the ocean of the air. This forest of firs is certainly the most magnificent of all the scenes which I have seen in my life. The sky, the mountains, the snows, the blue horizon of the sea: the red and gloomy horizon of the desert of sand, the serpentine course of the river; the isolated tops of the cypresses: the clusters of palm trees scattered over the country; the graceful aspect of the cottages covered with orange trees and vines, their branches falling again on the roofs; the austere aspect of the exalted Maronite monasteries, forming large spots of shade or broad casts of light on the rugged sides of Lebanon; the caravans of camels laden with the merchandise of Damascus, which pass in silence between the trunks of the trees; bands of poor Jews mounted on asses, each of them carrying in their arms a couple of children; women on horseback wrapped in white veils travelling to the sound of the fife and ambourine, surrounded by a crowd of children dressed in red stuffs embroidered with gold, and who dance before their horses; a few Arab cavaliers running the djerid around us, mounted on horses, whose manes actually sweep the sand; some groups of Turks seated before a coffeehouse built in shade, smoking their pipes, or repeating their prayers; a little further on, the endless sand hills, arid and deserted, which are tinged with gold, borrowed from the rays of the setting sun, and where the wind raises clouds of burning sand; finally, the deep roaring of the sea, which mingles with the musical sound of the wind amongst the tops of the firs, and the warbling of thousands of unknown birds; all those things offer to the eye and the mind of the pedestrian, a melange the most sublime, the most gentle, and at the same time the

most melancholy, which has ever delighted my soul. It is the site of all my dreams, and I shall return to it every day.

September 16th, 1832.

We have passed the few preceding days in the enjoyment of the pleasure of forming a general acquaintance with the inhabitants, the manners, the localities, and the amusing details of an establishment in the heart of a country wholly new to us. Our five houses, with the assistance of our friends and the Arabian artificers, have become a kind of Italian villa, similar to those which in former times afforded us such a delightful residence on the mountains of Lucca or on the shores of Leghorn. Each of us has a separate apartment, and a drawing room, in the front of which is a terrace ornamented with flowers, which may be called the place of our general meeting. Sofas in the Turkish fashion are ranged round this saloon, and the library which we had on board is placed on shelves in different parts of it. My wife and Julia have painted the walls en-fresco, and have spread on a table made of cedar, their books, their working implements, and all those little articles of female taste, which at London or Paris ornament the tables of marble or mahogany. It is there that we assemble during the scorching heat of the day, for at night our drawing room is the open air, or the terrace itself; it is there that we receive the visits of all the Europeans, whom the trade with Damascus, of which Beirout is the key, has domiciliated in this country. The Egyptian governor, appointed by Ibrahim Pacha, has just been to offer us, with a grace and cordiality superior to what we ever experienced in Europe, his protection and his services during our sojourn, or on the journeys which we might be inclined to make. He dined with me to day, and he is a man who would not disgrace the most select society in any part of the world. He is a veteran soldier of the Pacha of Egypt, and he entertains for his master, and especially for Ibrahim, that blind and constant devotion to their fortunes, which I remember formerly to have seen amongst the generals of Napoleon;

but this Turkish devotion has something in it more affecting and noble, because it is associated with a religious feeling, and partakes not of the character of a personal interest. Ibrahim Pacha is to his officers, their destiny, and even their allah; the officers of Napoleon beheld in him only the instrument of their glory and ambition. They saw in him the founder of their fame, the chief support of all their martial enterprises. Our guest drank with pleasure our champaigne, and conformed to all our customs and manners, as if he had never known any other. Pipes and coffee at different intervals were our enjoyment after dinner. I delivered a letter to him for Ibrahim Pacha, in which I announced to him the arrival of a European traveller in a country subject to his arms, and solicited from him that protection which ought to be expected from an individual who is fighting in the cause of European civilization. Ibrahim passed through this place a short time ago with his army, and at present he is in the vicinity of Homs, a considerable town in the desert between Damascus and Aleppo. He has left but a few troops in Syria; the principal cities, such as Beirout, Saida, Jaffa, Acre, and Tripoli, are occupied, according to the convention with Ibrahim, by the soldiers of Emir Beschir, or Chief Prince of the Druses, who reigns over the country of Lebanon. This prince offered no resistance to Ibrahim; he has abandoned the cause of the Turks, at least in appearance, after the capture of Saint Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim, and his troops are intermingled with those of the pacha. The Emir Beschir, supposing Ibrahim to be defeated at Homs, might cut off his retreat, aud thereby annihilate the remains of the Egpytian army. This prince, skilful and warlike, has now reigned above forty years over all the mountains of Lebanon. He has blended into one people, the Druses, the Metuales, the Maronites, the Syrians and Arabians, who live under his dominion. He has sons, who are as able warriors as himself, and whom he appoints to govern the towns which Ibrahim has confided to him. One of his sons is at present about a quarter of a mile hence, encamped on the plain which extends

to Lebanon, with five or six hundred Arab horsemen. We expect a visit from him, as he has already sent to compliment us on our arrival

An Arab related to me yesterday the account of the entrance of Ibrahim into the city of Beirout. At some distance from the gate, as he was crossing a hollow road, the low walls of which were covered with climbing roots and bushes interlaced, an enormous serpent crept out from the thicket, and advanced slowly, crawling on the sand till it reached the feet of Ibrahim's horse. The animal, terribly alarmed, began to rear, and some slaves who followed Ibrahim on foot, rushed forward to kill the serpent. Ibrahim, however, motioned them to desist, and drawing his sabre, he cut of the head of the reptile, which stood erect before him, and trampled the body beneath the hoofs of his horse; a cry of admiration burst from all the spectators, and Ibrahim with a smile upon his lips, continued his route, highly delighted with this circumstance, which with the Arabs, was a sure prognostic of victory. These people never meet with a single accident in life, nor even a moral phenomenon, without attaching to it a prophetic or a moral sense. Is it a confused recollection of that premature language more perfect than was formerly understood by man, a language by which all nature explains itself throughout all nature? Or is it a greater liveliness, a vivacity of imagination which seeks for reciprocal relations amongst them, which man himself is not permitted to penetrate? I know not, but I am inclined to adopt the former interpretation; humanity has no instincts without a motive, without an aim, without a cause. The instinct of divination has perplexed all ages and all people, especially the earlier races: it has therefore existed, or may yet be found to exist; but it is a language of which man lost the key, on emerging from that superior condition, that Eden, of which all people have a confused tradition: at that time, without a doubt, nature spoke in a louder and more distinct voice to his mind; he conceived the hidden relation of all natural facts, and their concatenation might conduct him to the perception of truths or future events; for the present

is always the generating and infallible germe of the future: he has nothing else to do but to regard it and to comprehend it.

Man is a fall'n God, who ne'er forgets
His native Heav'n, whether in bitterness,
He ponders o'er his lost felicity
Or filled with boundless hopes, his bosom pants
With dreams of future glory. Fall'n or faulty
Man is the mighty riddle: on the earth
A slave, immur'd within the senses' prison
He feels he has a soul born for freedom,
He pants for happiness, and is wretched;
He would search all things, and his eye is weak,
He would love through eternity, and what
He loves is frail and perishes—alas!
All mortal men resemble Eden's exile
When God had banished him the happy spot
At the forbidden gate he sate him down
And at the fatal bound'ry wildly gazed;
He heard the river of immortal life
Flowing: he heard th' angels happy song,
Th' harmonious sigh of everlasting love,
And with a desp'rate effort tore himself
From those sweet sounds, to listen to the echo
Of his own sighs, and count his falling tears.

17th September, 1832.

Our life is at present a kind of monotony. The day is passed in paying and receiving visits from the Arabs and the French, and in traversing the delightful environs of our retreat. We have experienced as much obliging behaviour as goodness, amongst the European Consuls of Syria whom the war has driven to take up their abode in Beirout. M. Bancio, the consul of Sardinia, M. Laurella, the consul of Austria: Messrs Farren and Abbott, the consuls of England, have brought us in a very short time in connection with all the Arabs, who might have it in their power to assist us in

our travelling projects into the interior. It is impossible to meet with greater kindness and hospitality. Some of the above-mentioned gentlemen, have resided for several years in Syria, and are in constant association with the Arab families of Damascus, Aleppo, and Jerusalem, and who themselves are on the most friendly footing with the principal sheiks of the deserts, which we shall have to traverse. We thus formed beforehand a chain of introduction of friendly relations and hospitality, on the different routes which might lead us eventually to Bagdad.

M. Jorelle has procured me an excellent dragoman or interpreter in the person of M. Mazoyer, a young man of French origin, but who being born and brought up in Syria is well versed in the learned languages, and the different dialects of the countries through which we shall have to pass. He has this day taken up his abode in my house, and I have entrusted him with the management of all the Arab portion of my establishment, which consists of a cook from Aleppo, named Aboulias, a young native Syrian, named Elias, who having been already in the service of the consuls, understands a little French and Italian ; a young Syrian girl, who can also speak French, and who will act as an interpreter for the women of our party, and finally five or six Grecian, Arabian, Syrian grooms from different parts of Syria, who are appointed to have the care of our horses, to pitch the tents, and to serve as an escort on our journey.

The history of our Arab cook, is too extraordinary to be passed over without some notice.

He was a christian, young and intelligent, and had established at Aleppo a small trade in the stuffs of the country, which he went about selling, mounted on an ass amongst the tributary and wandering Arabs, who came in the winter to encamp on the plains in the vicinity of Antioch. His trade prospered, but his character as an infidel, giving him much uneasiness, he thought it more prudent to associate himself with a Mahomedan Arab of Aleppo. His trade now became still more flourishing, and at the end of a few years, Aboulias

found himself one of the most reputable merchants of the country. He, however, had fallen in love with a young Syrian Greek, but her parents refused their consent to his marriage, unless under the condition that he left Aleppo, and came to establish himself in the vicinity of Saida, where the family of his beautiful Greek resided. He therefore determined to wind up his affairs at Aleppo, on which a quarrel arose between the two partners, respecting the division of the money which they had acquired in trade. The Mahomedan laid a snare, in which Aboulias was to be caught, he suborned some concealed witnesses, who in a dispute with his partner heard him blaspheme the name of Mahomet, a crime in an infidel, which involved the forfeiture of his life. Aboulias was conducted before the pacha, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was put in execution, but the rope having broken, the unfortunate Aboulias fell at the foot of the scaffold and was left for dead on the place of execution.

The relations of his intended having, however, obtained permission from the pacha, that the corpse should be delivered up to them for interment according to the forms of their religion, carried the corpse to their house, and perceiving that Aboulias manifested some tokens of life, they revived him, and after concealing him for some days in a cellar, they buried an empty coffin, for the purpose of lulling all suspicion on the part of the Turks. This trick, however, having by some means got wind, Aboulias was again arrested, at the moment when he was making his escape at night through the gates of the town. Being conducted before the pacha, he related to him the manner in which his life had been preserved, independently of any will of his own. The pacha, in accordance with a text of the Koran, which was favourable to the accused, offered him the alternative either to be hanged again or become a Turk. Aboulias no doubt preferred the latter, and for some time became a devout mussulman. As soon as his miraculous escape with all its collateral circumstances, had been forgotten, and his conversion to Islamism well confirmed, he found means to escape from Aleppo, and

to embark for the Island of Cyprus, where he again became a christian. He married the girl whom he loved, placed himself under the protection of the French, and was enabled to make his appearance again in Syria, where he continued his trade as a hawker amongst the Druses, the Maronites and the Arabs. Such was the man, who was to accompany us on our travels in these countries. His principal culinary talent consists in making a fire in the open air with the thorny shrubs or dried camel dung, in suspending a copper kettle on two sticks which cross each other at the end, and boiling therein rice, and fowls, or joints of mutton. He is also clever in heating some round pebbles on the hearth, and when they are almost at a red heat, he covers them with a paste which he has kneaded of barley flour, and it is to this process that we are indebted for our bread.

19th September, 1832.

My wife and Julia have this day been invited by the wife and daughter of an Arab chief, who lives in the vicinity, to spend the day with them in their bath, it being the amusement in which the women of the East principally indulge. A bath is announced about a fortnight beforehand, similar to a ball in England. The following is the description of this fete, as it was reported to me by my wife on her return at night.

The bathing saloons are situated in a public place, which the male sex are prohibited from approaching every day until a certain hour, in order that they may be kept sacred for the women, and when the bath is for a bride, as was the case in the present instance, the prohibition extends during the whole of the day. The bathing apartments are illumined by a faint light by small domes with painted windows. They are paved with marble in different compartments of varied colours, executed with a considerable degree of art. The walls are also veneered with marble in mosaic, or sculptured with mouldings, or with small Moorish columns. These apartments are of a graduated temperature: the first is of

the temperature of the open air; the second is a moderate heat, the others successively of a greater heat, until the last, when the vapour of the almost boiling water rises from the basins, and fills the air with its suffocating heat. In general, there are no basins scooped out in the middle of the apartments, but merely cocks continually running, which pour on the marble floor about half an inch of water. This water is afterwards carried off by gutters, and is incessantly renewed. That which is called a bath in the East, is not a complete immersion, but a successive sprinkling more or less hot, and the impression of the vapour on the skin.

Two hundred females of the city and the environs were on this day invited to the bath, and amongst the rest, several young European females. Each of them arrived, wrapped up in an immense sheet of white linen, which completely conceals the superb costume of the women, which they have on, when they leave home. They were all accompanied by their black slaves or free female servants. Accordingly, as they arrive, they form themselves into groups, seating themselves on mats or cushions arranged in the first vestibule: their servants then take of the sheet or veil which envelopes them, and they then appear in all the rich and picturesque magnificence of their dress and jewels. These costumes are very varied as far as concern the colours of the stuffs, and the number and splendour of the jewels; they are, however, wholly uniform in regard to the make of the dresses. The dress consists of trousers with large folds, made of striped satin, fastened at the waist by a sash of red silk, and fastened above the ancle by a bracelet of gold or silver, a robe worked in gold, open in front and fastened under the bosom, which is left bare, the sleeves are drawn close under the armpit, and are then open from the elbow to the wrist; a tunic of silk gauze passes underneath and covers the chest. Over this robe they wear a velvet vest of a brilliant colour lined with sable or ermine, and embroidered with gold on all the seams: the sleeves are also open.

The hair is parted above the forehead, one part of which

falls over the neck; the remainder is twisted in plaits, a
falls as low as the feet, lengthened by tresses of black si
in imitation of hair. Some small wreaths of silver or gol
hang at the extremity of these tresses, and by their weig
are made to float around the shape. The heads of the w
men are besides strewn with small chains of pearls, of gc
sequins threaded, or natural flowers, the whole mingled a
scattered with a profusion almost incredible. It is as if
jewel box had been emptied pell-mell over these heads
hair, all glittering with brilliants, and perfumed with flowe
and jewels. This barbarous fashion has the most picturesq
effect in young females of fifteen or twenty; in addition
this gorgeous apparel, some women wear on the top of the
heads a cap of chased gold in the form of an inverted cu
from the middle of which projects a tassel of gold with
tuft of pearls, which hangs down on the back part of t
head.

The legs are bare, and instead of shoes and stockings, th
wear nothing but slippers of yellow Morocco, which wh
they walk, they drag along after them.

Their arms are covered with bracelets of gold, silver a
pearls; on the breast they wear several necklaces, whi
form a kind of plait of gold or pearls on the bosom, which
uncovered.

When all the women are assembled, a wild kind of mus
is heard, and some females, the upper part of whose body
envelopped in a simple red gauze, sent forth the most shr
and lamentable cries, playing at the same time the fife a
tambourine. This music ceases not during the whole of t
day, and imparts to this scene of pleasure and festivity,
character of tumult and of frensy completely barbarous.

When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mothe
and her youthful friends, and dressed in a costume so ma
nificent, that her hair, her neck, her arms, and her brea
disappeared entirely under a floating veil of garlands,
pieces of gold and pearls, the bathing women began to str
her by degrees, of all her clothing, during which ceremor

all the other women were undressed by their slaves, and the different ceremonies of the bath now commenced. They passed, always to the sound of the same music, and with ceremonies and language still more eccentric, from one room into another; first taking the steam bath, next the ablution or washing bath, afterwards some water well perfumed and soaped is poured over the women. The amusements then commenced and all the women, with different cries and gesticulations, acting like a pack of school boys learning to swim in a river, began to splash one another, dipping their heads in the water, and throwing it upon each other, whilst the music increased in loudness and dissonance, in proportion as one of these childish acts of amusement excited the obstreperous laughter of the young Arabian girls. They at last, left the bath, the slaves and domestics again dressed the dripping locks of their mistresses, replaced the bracelets and the necklaces, dressed them in their silk robes and their velvet vests; spread the cushion upon the mats in the apartments, the floors of which had been wiped, and took out of some baskets and silk wrappers, the provision which had been brought for the collation. The viands consisted of pastry and confectionary of all kinds, in which the Turks and Arabs so particularly excel, sherbets of orange flowers, and all those iced beverages in which the orientalists indulge every hour of the day, pipes and *nargils* were also brought for the ladies of a more advanced age, when a cloud of odoriferous smoke filled and obscured the atmosphere: coffee was incessantly handed about, served in little cups enclosed in small transparent vases made of gold or silver wire, and the conversation then began to be lively and animated. The dancers then made their appearance, who performed at the sound of the same music, the Egyptian dances and the monotonous evolutions of the Arabian. The whole of the day was thus occupied, and it was not until night set in, that the whole train of the women re-conducted the bride to her mother. This ceremony of the bath generally takes place a few days before the marriage.

September 20th, 1832.

Our establishment being now complete, I began to prepar my caravan for my journey into the interior of Syria an Palestine. I have purchased fourteen Arabian horses, som of Lebanon, others of Aleppo and the desert. I have ha the saddles and bridles made according to the fashion of th country in a rich and costly style, and ornamented wit silk fringes and gold and silver wire. The respect which i received from the Arabs, is in proportion to the pomp an show which are exhibited; they must be dazzled in order t make a strong impression on their imagination, and to trave with perfect security amongst their tribes. Our arms ar put in the best order, and I have purchased some of the mos beautiful kind for the purpose of arming our Carvas. Thes Carvas are Turks, who supply the place of the janissarie whom the Porte formerly granted to ambassadors,or traveller to whom the government was willing to grant its protection they are at the same time soldiers and police officers, nearl corresponding with the *gendarmerie*, of the European states Every consul has one or two of these men as *attachés* of th consulate, travelling with him on horseback, and announcin his name and rank in the different cities through which the pass, at the same time intimating the arrival to the sheik, th pacha, or the governor. They clear and prepare for the tempo rary abode of their employer, whatever house they may pleas to fix upon in the towns and villages, and they protect by thei presence and authority, every caravan to which they may hav been appointed as guards. They are habited in a costum more or less splendid, according to the profusion or importanc of the person, who employs them. The ambassadors and th European consuls are the only strangers who possess the righ of employing them, but thanks, however, to the civility of M Jorelle, and the Egyptian governor of Beirout, several o these men have been appointed to attend upon me. I shal leave some at home, for the service of my wife and Julia and to protect them, when they have to go abroad. I shal take with me the youngest, the most intelligent and mos

brave to march at the head of our detachment. These men are gentle, obliging and attentive, scarcely requiring any thing else than handsome arms, beautiful horses and splendid dresses; they live like all my other Arabs, on their cakes made of barley flour and fruits; they sleep in the open air under the mulberry trees of the gardens, or in a tent which I have had pitched near the place, and which serves as a stable for our horses.

M. Bianco, the Sardinian Consul, who visits us every day like a friend of many years standing, kindly facilitates all my domestic arrangements, which can conduce to the security of my wife and child during my absence, and which will also contribute to my own security on my journey. I have bought some tents, and he has lent me one of the handsomest of his own.

September 22nd, 1832.

The suffocating heat of September is the cause of the delay in our departure. We pass the days in paying and receiving visits from all our neighbours, whether Greeks, Arabs, or Maronites, and in forming that acquaintance, which may render our residence here pleasant and agreeable. In no part of Europe could we possibly have met with greater kindness and civility, than have been evinced towards us at this place, by every condition of persons. The people here are accustomed to see only those Europeans arrive amongst them who are connected with trade, and whose views and relations have no other aim than the promotion of their own interest; they cannot immediately comprehend that any one, should come and reside and travel amongst them, solely to obtain a knowledge of their country and manners, to admire their beautiful climate, and the bountiful gifts which nature has bestowed upon them, and to spend his time amongst their monuments in ruins. They begin by suspecting the design of travellers, and as according to traditionary report, they have been made to believe, that considerable treasures are concealed beneath all the ruins, they fancy that we possess the secret of discovering those treasures, and that they

are the sole aim of all the expence and trouble, which we incur. But when once we have been able to convince them that our travelling is totally distinct from any such intention; that we are come amongst them solely to admire the works of God, in the most beautiful country of the world, to study their manners, to see and gain the affections of the natives, and when in addition, we make them presents without asking for any thing in return but their friendship, when we have, as is the case with us, our physician and our stock of medicines, and that we distribute gratuitously amongst them, our recipes, our advice and our medicines; when they see that the stranger who has arrived amongst them, is held in high esteem and consideration by the other Franks; that he has a handsome vessel belonging to him, which carries him at his own pleasure, from port to port, and which is not encumbered with any article of trade; their imagination becomes immediately inflamed with an idea of power, of grandeur and disinterestedness, which is at variance with all their systems and they pass quickly from distrust to admiration, and from admiration to absolute devotion.

Such is the disposition manifested towards us. Our court is constantly filled with Arabs from the mountains, Maronite monks, Drusian sheiks, women, children, and invalids, who have travelled from a distance of twenty or thirty miles for the purpose of seeing us, as king our advice, and offering us the most hospitable treatment, if we should pass through their country; almost all of them have their *avant couriers*, in the shape of presents of wine or of the fruits of the country. We, of course, in our return, received them with the utmost kindness, offering them coffee, smoking a pipe, or drinking iced sherbet with them. In return for the great treats which they afford us, I made them a present of some European stuffs, some arms, a watch, or some small trinkets of little value, of which I have brought with me a considerable quantity. They return to their homes delighted with their reception, and spread far and wide the fame of the emir *Frangi*, the *Prince of the Franks*, that being the name which

they have given me, and I am not known by any other in the vicinity of Beirout, nor in the city itself, and as this high degree of respect may be of great benefit to us in our adventurous travels through the different countries, M. Jorelle and the European consuls have had the goodness not to undeceive them, but to leave them in the conceit that the humble poet is a man of great rank and power in Europe.

No conception can be formed of the rapidity with which intelligence circulates from mouth to mouth in Arabia. It is already known at Damascus, at Aleppo, at Latakia, at Saida, and at Jerusalem, that a stranger has arrived in Syria, and that he is about to commence his travels through the country. In a land where the course of life is almost a monotony, and the mind is seldom excited by new events, the most trivial circumstance of rather an uncommon nature becomes immediately the subject of all conversation, it circulates with the rapidity of sound from one tribe to another; the sensitive and inflated imagination of the Arabs magnifies and colours every thing, and the fame of an individual is established in a fortnight, at the distance of one hundred miles. These dispositions of the country, which Lady H. Stanhope had experienced at a former period, under circumstances very similar to our own, are far too much in our favour that we should in any manner complain of them. We let them talk and act just as they please; I accept, without undeceiving them, the titles, the riches, the imaginary virtues with which the Arabian imagination has invested me, afterwards humbly to lay them down again when I return to the just proportion of my native mediocrity.

September 27th, 1832. Town of Fakardin.

We have passed the whole of the day at the marriage of the young Syrian Greek. The ceremony began by a long procession of Greek, Arabian, and Syrian women, some of whom arrived on horseback, others on foot, by paths lined with aloes and mulberry trees, to assist the bride during the forms and ceremonies of this fatiguing day. For some days

and nights previously, a certain number of these women have not quitted the house of Habib; during which time they have never ceased to utter the most piercing cries, to shout their dissonant songs, to send forth their shrill and lengthened lamentations, which in some respects resemble the crash of voicesly which is made by the vintagers and haymakers on the shores of our native France during the harvest. These conventional clamours, lamentations, tears, and joys, must necessarily deprive the bride of her sleep for many nights previous to the wedding. The old men and the youths belonging to the family of the bridegroom exert themselves to the utmost to make the same noises, and allow him to take scarcely any rest for the whole week before the nuptials. We cannot by any means understand the motives of this custom.

Being introduced into the gardens of the house of Habib, the women are ushered into the interior of the divans, in order to pay their compliments to the young maiden, to admire her dress, and to witness the ceremonies. In regard to ourselves, we were left in the court, and afterwards introduced into an inferior divan. There a table was spread out in the European style, loaded with a vast variety of preserved fruits, honey comb, and sugar cakes, liqueurs and sherbets, and during the whole of the evening, this collation was replenished as the numerous visitors contrived to consume it. I succeeded in obtaining an introduction, exclusively into the divan of the women at the moment when the Greek archbishop was about to pronounce the nuptial benediction. The young maiden was standing by the side of her beloved, covered from head to foot in a veil of red gauze, embroidered with gold. For a moment, the priest drew aside the veil, and thus the bridegroom obtained for the first time a glimpse of her, with whom he was about to unite his future destiny. She appeared to be extremely handsome: the paleness which was spread over her countenance by fatigue and the effect of her emotions, a paleness rendered still more

striking by the reflection of the red veil, and the innumerable ornaments of gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds with which she was covered, and by the long plaits of her black locks, which fell all round her figure; her eyebrows, as well as her eyelashes and the edges of her eyelids, were painted black; her hands, the tips of the fingers, the nails were dyed red with henna, appearing, as it were, tattooed with various lines and Moorish designs; all thesethings imparted to her ravishing beauty a character of novelty and solemnity, which made a deep impression upon our minds. Her husband had scarcely any time allotted him to look at her. He appeared to be exhausted and ready to sink under the fatigue which the prevention of his usual rest for many previous nights, and the lengthened ceremonies which he had undergone, had brought upon him. Love itself could not sustain such a heavy tax upon his animal spirits, and instead of appearing the joyous bridegroom, he seemed like one bowed down with thought and care. The bishop took from the hands of one of his priests a crown of natural flowers, placed it on the head of the bride, took it off again, and placed it on the hair of the bridegroom, from which he again removed it, to replace it on the veil of the bride, and thus passed it several times from one to the other. The same kind of ceremony was then performed with the rings, passing them from the fingers of the bride to that of the bridegroom. A piece of bread was then presented to them, of which each of them broke a piece, and they drank the consecrated wine, from the same cup. These ceremonies being ended, the bride was conducted to certain apartments, whither the women alone were allowed to follow her, for the purpose of changing her dress. The father and the friends of the bridegroom led him away into the garden, where they obliged him to sit at the foot of a tree, surrounded by all the males of the family. The musicians and the dancers then arrived and continued until the setting of the sun, their barbarious symphonies, their shrieks and screams, and their distorted gestures around the young man, who

amidst all this noise and hurly-burly fell asleep, and whom his friends attempted every moment, though in vain, to rouse from his slumbers.

When night had set in, he was conducted alone in procession to the house of his father. It is not until after the expiration of eight days that the husband is allowed to claim his wife and conduct her to her future home.

The women, who so vociferously filled Habib's house with their lamentations took their departure at a later hour. Nothing could possibly be more picturesque, than this immense procession of women and girls in the most singular and splendid costumes, covered with sparkling gems, each of them surrounded by their attendants and slaves, carrying flambeaux of resinous fir to light them on their way, thereby extending their luminous Train across the narrow paths, shaded by aloes, and orange trees, as far as the sea shore, at one time in profound silence, at another sending forth the most piercing cries, which resounded on the waves or under the broad plaintains at the foot of Mount Lebanon. We returned to our house contiguous to the country house of Habib from which we heard for some time the noise of the conversation kept up by the females of the family; we ascended our terraces, and with our eyes, followed for a long time the wandering fires, which moved about us in every direction, through the trees that decorated the plain.

September 29th, 1832.

A report is current of the defeat of Ibrahim. If the Egyptian army has met with a reverse, the vengeance of the Turks, who are oppressed even to the present day by the christian, of Lebanon, is greatly to be feared, and great excesses are likely to take place in the isolated parts of the country, especially like that in which we at present reside. For this reason, I formed the resolution by way of precaution to hire a house in the city, and this morning I was so fortunate to find one in which we can all be accommodated. It consists, like all the Arabian palaces, of a small dark corridor which

opens upon the street by an elliptic door. This corridor leads to an interior court paved with marble, and surrounded with divans or open saloons; in summer, a canvass is thrown over this court, and it is here that the Arabs receive their visitors. A fountain flows in the middle ofthe court, and throws a pleasing freshness over the whole of he place; when there is a scarcity of running water, there is at least one enclose dwell in each of the angles. From this court we pass into several large rooms also paved with mosaic or marble slabs, and ornamented breast high either with marbles sculptured in the shape of niches, pilasters or small fountains, or they are lined with wainscotting of yellow cedar of exquisite workmanship. The first half of these rooms is a step lower than the other half, and the second half is protected by a wooden balustrade sculptured in the same elegant manner. The slaves and the attendants remain standing in the first part with the cup of coffee, the sherbet or the pipe in their hands; the masters are seated upon carpets or lounging upon cushions in the second: in general, at the bottom of the apartment there is a small wooden stair case concealed in the wainscotting, which leads to a kind of upper gallery which occupies the bottom of the room; this gallery opens on one side upon the street by small ogive windows, provided with shutters of lattice work, and on the side of the rooms it is also concealed by lattice work, on which the carpenters of the country exhaust all the art of their designs, and their workmanship. These galleries are very narrow, and can only admit of one divan covered with mattresses, and cushions of silk. It is to these galleries that the opulent Arabs or Turks retire for the night; others of a lower station are satisfied with having the cushions on the ground, and sleeping with their clothes on, without any other covering than the heavy and beautiful furs, in which they are generally dressed.

There are five or six similar apartments in my house in the city, on the first floor, and the same number on the second, besides a great number of small upper detached rooms for

the European domestics. The janissaries, the sais, the Arabian servants sleep at the street door, or under the corridor, or in the court. It never enters into our mind to provide for them a sleeping room or a bed, the people of this country having no other bed than the ground, and a mat of Egyptian straw; the beauty of the climate has provided for every thing, and we ourselves have experienced, that there is no canopy of a bed more delightful and delicious than the starry firmament, where the light breezes of the sea waft towards us a certain degree of freshness, and invite us to repose: there is little or no dew, and it is merely sufficient to cover the eyes with a silk handkerchief, to sleep in the open air without the slightest inconvenience.

This house is only meant as a place of refuge for my wife and child in case of the retreat of Ibrahim Pacha. I have the keys of it in my possession, but it is not our intention to occupy it, until the remainder of the country has become insecure. Under the protection of the European consuls in a city enclosed with walls, and contiguous to a harbour where vessels of all nations are continually at anchor, there cannot exist any imminent danger for a traveller. I have hired the town house for one year at the rent of a thousand piastres, or about four hundred francs: the five country houses, altogether do not cost me more than three thousand piastres, or in all thirteen hundred francs a year, for which we have six houses, one of which the town one, would cost in Europe at least, four or five thousand francs.

There is on a neck of land to the left of the town, one of the most delightful residences which a person could wish for in this world: it belongs to a rich Turkish merchant, to whom I made a proposal to relinquish it to me: he was not disposed to let it, but he offered to sell it to me for thirty thousand piastres, that is, about ten thousand francs. It is situated in the middle of a very large garden, planted with cedars, orange trees, and watered by a beautiful fountain of rock water; the sea washes it on two sides, and the foam bathes the feet of the walls. The whole of the beautiful roadstead of Beirout

stretches itself before you with the ships at anchor, the whistling of the wind through the rigging of which, is distinctly heard; the view is interrupted by an old Moorish castle, which projects into the sea, and connected to some beautiful grass plots by bridges, the elevated battlements of which throw their shadows on the bottom of the snows of Sannin, showing in their intervals the sentinels of Ibrahim, who are pacing to and fro with their look directed upon the sea.

The house is much handsomer than that which I have just hired. All the walls are cased with marble, beautifully sculptured, or with cedar wainscotting of the most exquisite workmanship. Ever-flowing fountains are constantly murmuring in the midst of the apartments on the ground floor, and latticed and projecting balconies, which extend all round the upper stories, allow the women to pass, without being seen, the days and nights in the open air, and to delight their eyes with the sublime spectacle of the sea, of the mountains and the animated scenes of the harbour.

This Turk received me with the greatest politeness, he supplied me profusely with his sherbets, his pipes and coffee; and conducted me himself through every apartment of his house; he, however, took care previously to despatch a black eunuch to instruct his women to retire into a pavilion in the garden, but on our arrival at their apartment or harem, the commands had not yet been obeyed, and we observed five or six young women, some from fifteen to sixteen years of age at most, others from twenty to thirty, in the handsome and graceful costume of the Arabian women, and in all the disorder of their private dressing room. They all rose immediately from their mats or their divans, and hurried away with their naked feet and legs, some in their haste throwing a veil over their faces, others carrying their children at the breast with all the shame and natural confusion which a surprise of this nature was likely to occasion. They gradually disappeared in a dark corridor, and the eunuch placed himself at the door. The Arab merchant did not appear in the least disconcerted or chagrined at this circumstance, and we visited all the apart-

ments of the harem, in the same manner as we might have inspected the interior of a house in Europe.

VISIT TO LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

Lady Esther Stanhope, the niece of Mr. Pitt, after the death of her uncle left England and travelled over Europe. Young, handsome, and in possession of opulence, she was received everywhere with all that respect and consideration which her rank, her fortune, her beauty and talents entitled her to expect. She, however, constantly refused to unite her fate with that of her ardent admirers, and after having spent some years in the principal capitals of Europe, she embarked with a numerous retinue for Constantinople. The real motive of this expatriation has always been a profound secret, and whilst some attributed it to the death of a young English general, who was killed about that time in Spain, an everlasting regret for whom was never to be obliterated from the heart of Lady Esther, others attributed it to a mere love of adventure, which the enterprising character of this young lady gave great cause to suppose was existing in her. Whatever, however, may have been the real cause, she took her departure, and having passed some years at Constantinople, she at last embarked on board an English vessel for Syria, which had also on board the greater part of her riches, and jewels, and presents of every kind of an immense value.

A tempest overtook the vessel in the gulf of Macri on the coast of Caramania, in front of the Island of Rhodes. The vessel was wrecked on a rock a few miles from the shore, and shortly afterwards going to pieces, all the treasures of Lady Stanhope were swallowed up by the waves: she herself escaped at the most imminent risk of her life, and was borne upon one of the fragments of the wreck to a small desert island, on which she passed twenty-four hours without any food or any kind of assistance. At last she was discovered by some fishermen of Marmoriza who were collecting the fragments of the wreck, and they transported her to Rhodes,

where she made herself known to the English consul. This deplorable event, however, did not damp her resolution. She repaired to Malta, and thence to England. She collected the wreck of her fortune, sold at a heavy loss a part of her estates, and freighted another vessel with her treasures and presents to be distributed in those countries through which it was her intention to travel. She set sail, the voyage was prosperous, and she disembarked at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea on the coast of Syria, between Tripoli and Alexandretta. She fixed her abode in the vicinity, applied herself to the study of Arabic, assembled round her all the individuals who were likely to promote her relations with the different tribes of Arabs, the Druses and Maronites of the country, and instituted the necessary preparations, similar to those which I am now instituting for performing a journey of discovery into the parts the least accessible of Arabia, Mesopotamia and the desert.

After making herself thoroughly conversant with the language, costume, manners and customs of the country, she organized a numerous caravan, loaded the camels with rich presents for the Arabs, and travelled over the whole of Syria. She staid sometime at Jerusalem, at Damascus, at Aleppo, at Homs, Balbec and Palmyra. It was at this latter place, that the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her access to these ruins, assembled around her tent to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and charmed with her beauty, grace, and munificence, proclaimed her Queen of Palmyra, and delivered to her the firmans, by which it was stipulated that every European protected by her might proceed with perfect security to visit the desert and the ruins of Palmyra and Balbec, provided he agreed to pay a tribute of one thousand piastres. This treaty is still in existence, and would be faithfully observed by the Arabs, if positive proof were given them that they were under the protection of Lady Stanhope.

On her return from Palmyra she, however, had a narrow

escape of being carried off by a numerous tribe of other Arabs, who were in hostility with those of Palmyra. She was apprized of the intention of her attendants, and was indebted for her safety and that of her caravan, to a forced march by night, and to the swiftness of her horses, which travelled over an incredible extent of ground in the space of twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where she resided some months, under the protection of the Turkish Pacha, to whom the Porte had strongly recommended her.

After a wandering life over all the countries of the east, Lady Esther settled herself in a solitude almost inaccessible on one of the mountains of Lebanon, near Saida, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of St. Jean d' Acre, Abdallah Pacha, who entertained for her the greatest respect and the most absolute devotion assigned over to her, the remains of a convent and the village of Dgioun, inhabited by the Druses. She there built several houses, all surrounded by one wall similar to our fortifications of the middle age. She also made a charming artificial garden, according to the Turkish manner; a garden of flowers and fruits, a bower of vines; kiosques enriched with sculptures and Arabian paintings, with water flowing in marble gutters, fountains in the middle of the pavements of the kiosques, and arches formed of orange, fig and lemon trees. Here Lady Stanhope lived many years, in a style of oriental splendour and luxury, surrounded by a great number of European and Arabian dragomen, a numerous retinue of females, and black slaves, and even in relations of friendship and politics, with the Porte, with Abdallah Pacha, with the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and particularly with the Arab Sheiks of the deserts of Syria and Bagdad.

In a short time, her fortune, which, however, was still considerable became diminished by the derangement of her affairs, occasioned by her absence from England, and she found herself reduced to an income of thirty or forty thousand francs, which, however, was fully adequate in this country to maintain the establishment, which Lady Esther was obliged to

keep. Nevertheless the persons, who had accompanied her from Europe either died, or left her service; the friendship of the Arabs, which required to be continually supported by presents, and promises, by degrees declined; the intercourse between them became less frequent, and Lady Esther, fell into that complete state of isolation in which I myself found her, but it was under these circumstances, that the heroic temper of her character exhibited all the energy, all the perseverance and all the resolution of her soul. She never dreamt for an instant of retracing her steps; she bestowed not a single regret upon the world, nor upon the past; she shrunk not under her forlorn condition, her misfortunes, nor under the prospect of old age, and of all forgetfulness by the living; she resided alone, where she still is, without books or newspapers, without any letters from Europe, without friends, nor even servants attached to her person, attended solely, by some female negroes and black slaves' children, with a certain number of Arabian peasants to cultivate her garden, to take care of her horses, and to be the protectors of her personal safety. It is generally believed in the country, and my acquaintance with her confirms me in the same conjecture, that she is indebted for the supernatural strength of her mind and of her resolution, not only to her own character, but more so to her exalted religious ideas in which the mental illumination of Europe is blended with some oriental creeds, and especially with the wonders of astrology. Which ever may be the case, the fame of Lady Stanhope is great in the east, at the same time that she is the object of profound astonishment in Europe. Finding myself in her immediate vicinity, I had a great desire to see her; her idea of solitude and meditation, was so nearly allied to my own thoughts, and they appeared to sympathize so exactly with each other, that I felt a secret desire to ascertain in what particular points, we were in communion. But there is nothing more difficult than for a European to gain access to her; she refuses all communication with the English travellers, with women, and even with the members of her own family. I therefore entertained a very slight hope

of being introduced to her, and I was not the bearer of any letter of introduction to her; possessing, however, the knowledge that she still maintained a distant intercourse, with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommendation from her might be, amongst those tribes, of the most essential service to me in my projected travels, I adopted the plan of transmitting to her the following letter by an Arab messenger.

My Lady,

A traveller like yourself, and like yourself a stranger in the east, having no other desire than that which animates your breast, to contemplate the spectacle of its nature of its ruins, and of the works of God, I have lately arrived in Syria with my family. I should consider that as the most interesting day of my travels, on which I might be allowed to obtain the acquaintance of a lady, who is herself one of the wonders of that country, through which I am about to travel.

Should you condescend to receive my visit, have the goodness to appoint the day most agreeable to yourself and also to inform me, whether I am to pay the visit individually, or whether I may be allowed to bring with me some of those friends, who are my companions in my travels, and who would not attach a less value than I do to the honour of being introduced to you.

It is, however, my particular request, my lady, that you will not allow the excess of your politeness to overcome the disinclination which you might feel to have your usual habits of retirement broken in upon. I am myself too sensible of the value of liberty, and the charms of solitude, not to understand the meaning of your refusal nor to hesitate for a moment to respect the motives of it.

Accept the homage &c.

I had not to wait a long time for the answer. On the 30th at three o'clock in the afternoon, the equerry of her ladyship, who is at the same time her physician, arrived with an order

to conduct me to Dgioun, the residence of this most extraordinary women.

We took our departure at four o'clock. I was accompanied by Dr. Leonardi, M. de Parseval, one servant and a guide, being all on horseback. About half an hour's ride from Beirout, I travelled through a magnificent forest of fir trees, planted originally by the Emir Fakardin, on an elevated promontory, the view from which extends to the right over the tempestuous sea of Syria, and to the left over the the magnificent valley of Lebanon ;—a most delightful prospect, in which the riches of thevegetation of the east, the vine, the fig tree, the mulberry tree, the pyramidal poplar, unite themselves with some lofty trunks of the poplars of the east, the broad leaves of which were waved by the wind like a bunch of feathers, over the blue depth of the firmament. A short distance further on, we entered upon a kind of desert of red sand, accumulated in enormous moving waves like those of the ocean. There was a strong breeze during the evening, and the wind furrowed, and ruffled and hollowed them, in the same manner as it agitates and shakes the waves of the sea. This spectacle was as new as it was melancholy, it appeared to me as the apparition of the real and vast desert, over which I should soon have to travel. Not a single trace of a human being or of an animal was to be seen in this undulating arena. Our only guide was the roaring of the waves on one side, and on the other the transparent tops of the summits of Lebanon. We soon struck into a kind of road or path, strewed with enormous blocks of angular stones. This road which runs by the side of the sea as far as Egypt, led us to a ruined dwelling, being the remains of an old fortified tower, in which we passed the gloomy hours of thenight, stretched on a mat made of rushes, and wrapped up in our cloaks.

With the rising of the moon we mounted our horses ; it was one of those nights when the sky sparkles with stars, when the most complete serenity appears to reign in those etherael depths, which we contemplate from below, but where

nature which surround us appear to groan and writhe in the most hideous convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast had already for some leagues augmented this painful impression. We had with the twilight, left in the rear of us the beautifully shaded declivities, and the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Sharp and rugged hills strewed from the top to the bottom with black, white and grey stones, the remnants of the earthquakes, threw their gloomy masses immediately in our vicinity; on our right and on our left, the sea, raised since the morning by a heavy tempest, rolled onwards its heavy and threatening waves which we beheld coming on from afar, by the shadow which they threw before them, and which afterwards broke upon the shore, each with the noise of a clap of thunder, and finally spread their broad and bubbling foam to the very edge of the humid sand on which we were travelling, washing every time the feet of our horses, and threatening to overwhelm us. A moon, as brilliant as a sun in winter shot forth her beams sufficiently bright upon the sea to expose to us its fury, and yet afforded us not light sufficient to direct the eye to the dangers of our road. In a short time, the glare of a conflagration was blended on the top of the mountains of Lebanon, with the pale and sombre mists of the morning, and diffused over the whole of this scene, a false and dim tint which is neither day nor night, which has neither the splendour of the one nor the serenity of the other; an hour painful to the eye and to the mind, the contest of two opposite principles, of which nature sometimes exhibits the afflicting image, and which we too often find in our own hearts.

We departed at seven o'clock in the morning, with a sun already parching, from Saida, the ancient Sidon, which projects into the sea like the glorious remembrance of a dominion that has passed, and we began the ascent of chalky, bare, and rugged hills, which rose insensibly from stage to stage, and led us to the solitude which we endeavoured in vain to discover with our eyes. Every hill, which we surmounted discovered to us one still more elevated, which we were either obliged to ascend or to make a circuitous route to avoid it.

Mountains were piled on mountains, like the rings of a chain placed upon each other, leaving only between them deep ravines without water, whitened and strewed with masses of a greyish rock. These mountains are entirely divested of all vegetation and even of mould. They are the mere skeletons of hills which the winds and the waters have preyed upon during the lapse of ages. It was not there that I expected to find the habitation of a female, who had visited the greater part of the world, and who had all the world before her where to choose her place of rest. At last, from the summit of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a deeper and broader valley, bordered on each side by still more majestic, but not less sterile mountains. In the middle of this valley, and resembling the base of a large tower, the mountain of Dgioun takes its rise, rounding itself in shelves of circular rocks which contracting on approaching their summits, form at last an esplanade some hundred yards in breadth, and are covered with a beautiful and pleasing vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosque at one of its angles, surrounded this spot of verdure, and here was the spot where Lady Esther Stanhope had fixed her residence. We arrived there at noon. The house is not that which we should call a house in Europe, nor does it resemble any of the houses of the East; it is a confused and grotesque assemblage of ten or twelve small cottages, each containing only one or two rooms on the ground floor, without any windows, and separated from each other by small courts and gardens; an assemblage in every respect similar to those poor convents that are met with on the high mountains of Italy or Spain, and belonging to the order of the mendicants.

According to her established custom, Lady Stanhope was not visible until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each of us conducted into a narrow cell, deprived of all light, and almost destitute of furniture. Here breakfast was served to us, and we threw ourselves on a divan to await the summons of the hitherto invisible hostess of this romantic abode. I fell asleep, fatigued with the length of the

journey, and in about three hours a knocking was heard at our door, when it was announced that her ladyship, was ready to receive me. I crossed a court, a garden, an open kiosque covered with jasmine, afterwards two or three dark corridors, and I was introduced by a little negro child, seven or eight years old, into the cabinet of Lady Esther. The darkness was so great that I could scarcely distinguish the noble, grave, mild, and majestic traits of the pale figure, which clad in the oriental costume, rose from her divan and advanced towards me, tendering me her hand. She appeared to be about the age of fifty, but she has those features which age cannot alter: freshness, colour, grace depart with youth, but when beauty is in the person itself, in a purity of lines, in the dignity, the majesty, in the mind of the countenance of a man or woman; beauty may change at different periods of life, but it does not wholly pass away. Such was the person of Lady Esther Stanhope.

On her head she wore a white turban, on her forehead a fillet of purple wool, and hanging down on each side of the head as low as the shoulders. A long yellow cachemere shawl, an immense Turkish robe of white silk, with flowing sleeves envelopped the whole of her person in simple and majestic folds, and through the opening which this first tunic over her bosom allowed, a second robe was observed of Persian stuff, *à mille fleurs*, which came up as high as the neck, and was fastened by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with the freedom and the grace of a person, who had never worn any other from her youth.

You are come a long way, said her ladyship, to see a hermit, but you are welcome, I receive but few strangers, scarcely more than one or two in a year, but your letter pleased me, and I have a strong desire to become acquainted with a person, who like myself, loves God, nature, and solitude. Besides something told me that our stars were in conjunction, and that we should be mutually agreeable to

each other. I perceive with pleasure that my presentiment has not deceived me, and your features, which I now distinguish, and the very sound of your footsteps, whilst you were coming along the corridor, have given me a sufficient insight into your character to prevent me expressing any repentance in having expressed a desire to see you. Sit down, and let us converse: we are already friends.

How, my lady I said, can you honour so soon with the name of a friend, a man, whose name and life are wholly unknown to you. You know not who I am.

It is true, she replied, I know not what you are according to the world, nor what are the actions which you may have committed, whilst you lived amongst mankind, but I know already what you are before God. Do not take me for a mad woman, which I am often called by the world, but I cannot resist the desire to unbosom myself to you. There is a science, lost at present in your Europe, a science which was born here in the east, which has never perished, but which still exists. I am in possession of it. I can read the stars. We are all children of some one of those celestial fires, which presided at our birth, and the fortunate or malignant influence of which is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our features, in the delineations of our hands, in the form of our foot, in our gestures, in our mode of walking. I have only been acquainted with you a few minutes, be it so, but I know you as well as if I had lived a century with you. Are you desirous that I should reveal you to yourself?

Beware of that, I in treat you, my lady, I said with a smile. I never deny that, of which I am ignorant. I will not affirm that in nature, visible or invisible by which everything is held and connected, beings of an inferior order like men are not under the influence of superior beings, such as the angels or the stars, but I do not stand in need of their revelation to acquire a knowledge of myself—which is corruption, infirmity and misery. And in regard to the secrets of my future destiny, I should think that I profaned the deity, who conceals those secrets from me, if I demanded them from one of his crea-

tures. In regard to the future I believe only in God, in liberty and virtue.

No matter, said her ladyship, believe what you please; in regard to myself, I see evidently that you are born under the influence of three fortunate, powerful, and good stars; that you are gifted with analogous powers, and which conduct you to one aim, which I could, if you were desirous, point out to you from the present time. It is God, who has conducted you hither to enlighten your soul, you are one of those men of a good disposition, whom he requires as his instruments to accomplish the marvellous works which he will soon accomplish amongst mankind. Do you believe that the reign of the Messiah is arrived?

I was born a christian, I answered—and that I should think were a sufficient answer.

Christian, she replied with a slight sign of ill-humour, I also was born a christian, but he, whom you call Christ, has he not said, "I speak to you in parables, but he who is to come after me will speak to you in spirit and in truth,"—well! that is the person whom we expect. He is the Messiah, who is not yet come—whose coming is not far off, whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose advent everything in the world is in a state of preparation. What answer will you now give? and how can you deny or distort the very words of your gospel which I have just now quoted to you? what are your motives for believing in Christ?

Allow me, your ladyship, I answered, to decline entering into a discussion with you on that subject—I never enter into it even with myself. There are two lights for man, one which illumines the mind, which is, however, subject to discussion and doubt, and which frequently leads only to error and mistake; the other which illumes the heart, and which never deceives, for it is at the same time evidence and conviction, and for us, poor miserable mortals, truth is but a conviction; God alone possesses truth in another manner; and as truth we possess it only as faith. I believe in Christ, because he has introduced on earth, the most holy, the most fruitful and the most divine

doctrine that ever shed its beams on human intelligence. A doctrine so heavenly cannot be the fruit of deception or of falsehood. Christ has spoken as reason speaks. The doctrine is known by its morality, in the same manner that a tree is known by its fruits; the fruits of christianity, (and I speak more of the fruits which are to come, than of the fruits which have been already gathered and already corrupted) are infinite, perfect, and divine, the author of which is the divine word, as he so styled himself. Hence it is that I am a christian, hence is all the religious controversy which I maintain with myself. With others, I never hold any for that can only be proved to man, on which he has already bestowed his belief.

But after all, asked her ladyship, do you find the social, political and religious world properly regulated? and do you not feel what all the world feels, the want, the necessity of a revelation, of a Redeemer, of a Messiah whom we expect, and whom we already behold in our desires?

Oh! in regard to that, I answered, it is a wholly different question, no one more than myself deplores and commiserates the universal sufferings of nature, of man and of society in general—no one confesses more freely the enormous abuses, social, political and religious, no one, more ardently desires and hopes for the advent of one who will repair, or annihilate those intolerable evils of humanity—no one is more convinced that such a change in the condition of man can only be effected by a divine agent. If you call that expecting a Messiah, I also expect him like you; and more than you, I sigh for his speedy appearance; I see like you, and more than you do I see, in the staggering creeds of man, in the tumult of his ideas, in the emptiness of his heart, in the depravity of his social state, in the repeated convulsions and overthrows of his political institutions: I see in all those things the symptoms of a disorder, and consequently of an approaching and threatening change. I believe that God manifests himself always at the precise moment, when every thing that is human is insufficient, and man confesses that he cannot do any thing for himself. Such is the state of the world at present, I believe

therefore in a Messiah not at a long period from the present; but in that Messiah, I do not see Christ, who has exhausted every thing which can be given to us of wisdom, virtue and truth, I see in him the individual, whom Christ has promised that he shall come after him. That Holy Spirit which is always active, always assisting mankind, always revealing to him according to the time and his necessities, that which he ought to know and do. Whether that divine spirit becomes incorporated in a man or in a doctrine in a fact or an idea, is of trifling import, it is always, still the same divine spirit—man or doctrine, fact or idea, I believe in it, I hope in it and expect it, and more than you, my lady, I invoke it. You see, therefore, that we can understand each other, and that our stars are not so opposite as this conversation might have led you to suppose.

Lady Stanhope smiled, her eyes which were sometimes clouded with a little chagrin during the time that I confessed to her, my christian belief, founded on rationalism, were on a sudden lighted up with a tenderness and a flame almost supernatural.

Let your belief be what it may, she said, you are not less one of those men whom I expected, whom Providence has sent to me, and who has a great part to perform in the work which is preparing. In a short time you will return to Europe—the fate of Europe is decided, France alone has got a great mission to accomplish; you will participate in it, I do not yet know in what manner, but if you be anxious to know, this night I will reveal it to you, after I have consulted the stars. I do not yet know the names of all, I behold more than three at present; I can distinguish four, perhaps five, and who knows, perhaps a still greater number. One of them is certainly Mercury, which imparts clearness and colour to the mind and the tongue. You must be a poet, it is legible in your eyes, and in the upper part of your countenance; lower down, you are under the influence of very different stars, almost in opposition; there is an influence of energy and of action: the sun, and she repeated these words

very rapidly, has also some influence in the position of your head, and in the manner in which you incline it on your left shoulder. Be thankful to God! there are few men who are born under more than one star, few to whom the star is propitious, and still fewer, whose star, even if favorable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite one. You, on the contrary, you are under the influence of several, and all are in conjunction to serve you, and all assist each other in your favour. What is your name.—I told it her.

I never heard it before, she said, with the accent of truth.

Ah! my lady, I said, you see what human glory is. In my life I have composed a few verses, which have caused my name to be repeated a million times by all the literary echoes of Europe; but even that echo is too feeble to cross your ocean and your mountains, and here I am quite a new man, a man completely unknown, a name that is never pronounced. I am therefore not the less flattered by the politeness and urbanity, which you have bestowed upon me, seeing that I am indebted for it solely to you and to myself.

Yes, said she, poet or not, I love you, and I place my hope upon you—we shall see each other again, of that be certain. You will return to the west, but you will not stop long before you return to the East, for the latter is your real country.

It is at least, said I, the country of my imagination.

Do not laugh, she said, it is your real country, it is the country of your fathers. I am at this moment certain of it; look at your foot.

I see nothing particular there, I answered, but the dust of your paths which cover it, and for which I should blush in one of the drawing rooms of Europe.

That is not what I mean, she answered quickly, look at your foot, it has even escaped my own notice before this moment. Look, your instep is very high, there is a space between your heel and your toes, when you set your foot on the ground, sufficient to allow the water to flow through without wetting your feet. It is an Arabian foot; it is the foot of

the East, you are a son of these climates, and the day is approaching, when every man will return into the land of his fathers. We shall see each other again.

At this moment a black slave entered the apartment, and prostrating himself before, with his head on the carpet, and his hands on his head, said a few words to her in Arabic.

Go, said she to me, dinner is served, be not long at your meal, and return quickly. I shall in the mean time make it my business to study you more minutely, and to dispel the present confusion of my ideas respecting yourself and your future destiny. In regard to myself, I never eat with any one, I live very abstemiously, some bread and fruits, when my appetite demands it, are quite sufficient for me, but I ought not to subject a guest of mine to my own rigid regimen.

I was conducted through a bower of roses, laurestinus and jessamine to the gate of the gardens. Dinner was served for M. de Parseval and myself. We were not long in dining, but her ladyship would not wait until we had risen from table, but sent Leonardi to inform us that she was in readiness to receive us. I hastened to obey her invitation. I found her smoking a long oriental pipe, and she ordered one to be brought for my use. I was already accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women of the East with the pipe in their mouth, and therefore I found nothing repulsive in that graceful and careless attitude, nor in the odoriferous smoke which issued in light and airy columns from the lips of a handsome woman, momentarily interrupting the conversation without allowing it to relax in interest.

We thus conversed for a long time, and always on the favourite topic, the only and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman, this modern magician, this circe of the desert It appeared to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Esther were a skilful mixture, although confused, of the different religions, in the midst of which she is condemned to live, mysterious as that of the Druses, of which, perhaps, she is the only person in the world who is acquainted with the mystic secret: resigned as the mussulman, and like him a

fatalist; like the jew in expectation of a Messiah, and like the christian professing the adoration of Christ and the practice of his charitable and beneficent moral. To which may be added the fantastic colours and the supernatural dreams of an imagination, tinted strongly by the East, and inflamed by solitude and meditation. All this combined, perhaps, with some revelation of the Arabian astrologers, and an idea may then be formed of this strange and sublime compound, which is more easy to characterize by the name of folly or perhaps even madness, than to analyse or comprehend it. No, this woman is not a fool, nor is she mad—Madness, which is written so legibly in the eyes, is not expressed in her beautiful and candid look; the madness which always betrays itself in conversation, the chain of which it always interrupts, by rude, irregular and eccentric digressions and wanderings from the subject, is in no manner to be perceived in the elevated, mystic and obscure, but still well-connected, well-sustained, and forcible conversation of Lady Esther. If I were called upon to give my opinion, I should be inclined to pronounce it a studied, a voluntary madness, which is conscious of itself, and having particular and secret reasons for wishing to appear mad. The powerful admiration which her genius has excited, and which it still excites amongst the Arab population that surrounds the mountains, is a sufficient proof that this assumed madness is nothing more than a mean. To the men of this land of prodigies, to these men of the rocks and the deserts, whose imagination is higher inflamed and more misty than the horizon of their sands or their seas, the language of a Mahomet or a Lady Stanhope is necessary: for such men are required the consultation of the stars, prophecies, miracles, in fact, the second sight of a genius. Lady Stanhope has understood all this immediately by the exalted reach of her truly superior intellect, and afterwards, perhaps, like all other beings endowed with powerful intellectual talents, she has finished by seducing or converting herself, and being the first neophyte of the symbol which she has created for others. Such is the effect which this extraordi-

nary woman has made upon me. She cannot be estimated nor classified by a single word—it is a statue of immense dimensions, and can only be judged of from its own point of view. I should not be surprised if, at some future day, a part of the destiny which she promises herself were not to be realized,—an empire in Arabia—a throne in Jerusalem. The slightest public commotion in that part of the East in which she resides, might lead to such an exaltation. On that subject, I said to her, I have only one reproach to make to your genius, it is that of being too timid in dealing with events as they have arisen, and for not having pushed your fortune to that point whither it was able to conduct you.

You talk, she replied, like a man who places too strong a belief in the human will, and not sufficiently so in the irresistible empire of destiny alone; in it lies all my strength. I await it, I do not invite it. I am fast advancing in years, I have greatly diminished my fortune, I am at present alone and abandoned to myself on this desert rock, a prey to the first ruffian who might break open my gates, and surrounded by a crowd of unfaithful domestics and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes threaten my life, I am only indebted for my safety to this poniard, which I have been obliged to make use of to defend my breast against the attack of a black slave, whom I had reared from his infancy. Be it so, even in the midst of all these tribulations, I am happy; my answer to everything is by the holy words of the Mussulmans, *Allah kenem!*—the will of God be done! and I await with perfect confidence the future, of which I have spoken to you, and of which it is my wish to inspire you with that certainty, which you ought to entertain of it.

After having smoked a few pipes, and drank a few cups of coffee, which some black slaves handed to us every quarter of an hour, Come, she said, I will conduct you into a sanctuary which I never allow a profane foot to enter; it is my garden. We descended a few steps, and we sauntered, in a state of the most perfect enchantment, along one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens, which I had yet seen in the East.

Shady trellis works, whose verdant domes bore, like a thousand lustres, the sparkling grapes of the Land of Promise: kiosques, whose sculptured arabesques were interlaced with jessamine, other climbing plants, and the convolvulus of Asia; basins of water, all artificial, as it is brought from the distance of nearly three miles, but which murmurs and spouts from marble fountains; walks planted with all the fruit trees of England, of Europe, and of these beautiful climates. Velvet lawns, planted with all kinds of flowering shrubs, and marble recesses, containing flowers which were quite novel to me—such is the character of this garden. We rested by turns in several of the kiosques with which it is ornamented, and never did the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Stanhope lose for a moment, any portion of that mystic tone and elevation of subject, which it so powerfully displayed in the morning.

Since destiny, she said to me at last, has sent you hither, and that such an astonishing sympathy between our stars permits me to confide to you what I have hitherto concealed from so many of the profane, come, and you shall see with your own eyes a prodigy of nature, the destination of which is only known to myself and my adepts; the prophets of the East have announced it centuries ago, and yourselves shall be the judges if those prophecies be not accomplished. She opened a gate of the garden, which led into a small inner court, where I perceived two magnificent Arab mares of the finest blood, and of the most beautiful symmetrical form. Approach, said she to me, and examine that bay mare; see if nature has not accomplished in her every thing, which is written about the mare, which is to carry the Messiah.—*She was foaled ready saddled.*

I saw in fact in this beautiful animal a freak of nature, sufficiently rare to contribute to the illusion of a vulgar credulity amongst a semi-barbarous people, the mare had in the place of the shoulders a cavity so broad and deep, and imitating so well the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might be said with truth that *she was born ready saddled*, and but for

the want of stirrups, she might indeed have been mounted without experiencing the want of an artificial saddle. This mare more magnificent than all the rest, appeared to be accustomed to the admiration and respect, which Lady Stanhope and her slaves paid to her, and to have some presentiment of the dignity of her future office—no one has ever mounted her, and two Arabian grooms take care and watch over her, without ever allowing her to be out of their sight. Another white mare, and in my opinion infinitely more beautiful, partakes, with the mare of the Messiah, the respect and attention of Lady Stanhope. This mare also had never yet been mounted. Lady Esther did not inform me, but she gave me to understand, that although the destiny of the latter mare was less holy, she had one assigned to her of a very important and mysterious nature, and I was led to believe that Lady Stanhope kept the white one, in reserve for herself to mount her on the day, on which she should make her entry, by the side of the Messiah into reconquered Jerusalem.

After having paraded these two animals for some time on a greensward beyond the enclosures of the fortress, and admired their graceful and agile motions, we returned to the house, and I renewed my solicitations to Lady Esther, to allow me to introduce M. de Parseval to her, my worthy friend and travelling companion, who in spite of my remonstrances had followed me to her residence, and who had been waiting in vain during the whole of the morning for the favour, which he so covetted. Her ladyship at last consented, and we three returned to pass the evening, or perhaps the night in the small saloon, which I have just described. Coffee and pipes now appeared with truly oriental profusion, and the place was soon filled with such a cloud of smoke, that the figure of Lady Stanhope appeared to me only through an atmosphere similar to that of a magician in the midst of his invocations. She conversed with the same energy, grace and volubility, but mingled with rather less of the supernatural, on subjects of less import to her, than she had done when alone with me during the whole course of the day.

I hope, said she, on a sudden, that you are an aristocrat. I had no doubt of it from the moment that I saw you.

You are mistaken, my lady, I said, I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat, I have lived long enough to see the two reverses of the medal of humanity, and to look upon one as hollow as the other. I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat, I am a man and exclusive partizan of that system by which the amelioration and perfection of mankind can be accomplished, whether he be born at the summit, or the foot of the social ladder. I am neither an advocate of the people nor of the nobility, but of the whole of collected humanity. It is my belief that the exclusive virtue of effecting the perfection of human nature, belongs not either to aristocratical nor to democratical institutions ; that virtue is nothing more than a divine moral, the fruit of a perfect religion. The civilization of the people is their faith.

That is true, she answered, but nevertheless I am an aristocrat in spite of myself, and you will admit, she added, that if there be vices in the aristocracy, there are also eminent virtues to counterbalance and compensate for them. Whilst on the other hand, in democracy I perceive a number of vices of the lowest and most degrading nature, but in vain do I look for any exalted virtues.

That is not exactly the case, my lady, I said, there are vices and virtues on both sides, but in the upper classes, those vices themselves have a brilliant exterior, on the contrary, amongst the lower classes, those vices exhibit themselves in all their nakedness and deformity, and wound more severely the moral sense of him who contemplates them ; the difference lies in the appearance, and not in the reality, but it must also be acknowledged that the same vice is much more a vice, in the rich, well-bred and educated man, than in the man without knowledge, and who has to struggle against the pressure of poverty ; with the one, vice is a matter of choice, with the other, of necessity. Let it therefore be universally despised, and still more so in a vicious aristocracy, and let us not judge of mankind by classes, but by the

man himself; the great and the noble would have the vices of the people, if they were the people, and the ignoble would have the vices of the noble, if they were noble.—The scales are equal—let us not poise them.

Well then, said she, let that pass, but let me believe that you are like myself an aristocrat; it would grieve me much to include you in the number of those young Frenchmen, who raise the popular fury against all the dignities which God, nature and society have formed, and who overthrow the edifice, in order to construct with its ruins, a pedestal for the envious baseness of their extraction.

No I replied, be under no apprehension on that account, I belong not to that class of men, but solely to that, who do not despise those who are below them in the order of society, at the same time that they respect those above them, the desire or dream of whom it may be to invite all men, independently of their stations in the arbitrary hierachies of politics, to the same light of knowledge, the same liberty, and the same moral perfection; and considering that your mind is strongly imbued with religion, that you believe that God entertains the same degree of love for all his children, and that you expect a second Messiah to rectify all things, you will undoubtedly coincide in opinion with me and them?

Yes, she replied, but I trouble myself no longer with human politics. I have had enough of them; I saw enough of them during the ten years that I passed in the cabinet of Mr. Pitt, my uncle, when all the intrigues of Europe were continually sounding in my ears. Even in my youth I despised mankind, and I do not wish to hear anything more about them—whatever man does for man produces no fruit; the forms to which they adhere are to me wholly indifferent.

And to me also, I said, the foundation of all things are God and virtue.

I think exactly as you do, she said, therefore let us talk no more about it, we are of the same opinion.

Turning to subjects of a less grave import and joking her

a little on the power of divination, which enabled her to understand the entire character of a man at the first view, and from the mere observation of his star, I was induced to put her divining powers to the test, and I questioned her respecting two or three travellers with whom I was acquainted, and who within the last fifteen years had come under her knowledge. I was struck with the extraordinary correctness of her estimate of two of those men. Amongst other instances, she analyzed, with an astonishing perspicuity of intelligence, the character of one of them, which was perfectly known to myself, but a character very difficult to comprehend on the first view; one of high and lofty pretensions, but veiled under the appearances of a good nature at once simple and engaging. But the circumstance which contributed in a great degree to increase astonishment and admiration of the retentive memory of this woman, was, that this traveller had only passed two hours with her, and that sixteen years had elapsed between the visit of that individual, and the account which I requested her to give me of her opinions respecting him. Solitude concentrates and strengthens all the faculties of the soul. The prophets, the saints, the eminent men, and the poets, have wonderfully comprehended that truth, and their individual nature has led them all to seek the desert, or a state of isolation from amongst their fellow men.

The name of Buonaparte was mentioned, as is generally the case, in the course of the conversation. I imagined, said I to her, that your enthusiasm for that man would have placed a barrier between us. I was never, said her ladyship, an enthusiast in any other thing concerning him, than in my grief and my compassion for his misfortunes. Such are my feeling towards him, I answered, and we are again agreed.

I could not satisfactorily explain to myself how a moral and religious woman could admire mere force, destitute at the same time of religion, morality and liberty. Buonaparte was no doubt a restorer of things; he reformed the social world but he did not pay sufficient attention to the

elements with which he repaired it, he moulded his statue with the dirt of personal interest, instead of constructing it of divine and moral sentiments, of virtue and liberty.

Thus the night passed away in a social manner without the least affectation on the part of Lady Esther, in discussing freely all the subjects, to which a single word sometimes lead in a discursive conversation. I felt that not a single string was wanting to complete this lofty and resolute mind, and that all the notes which were played upon the instrument produced a correct, just, and harmonious sound, with the exception perhaps of the metaphysical string, which a high degree of tension and solitude had forced and raised to a diapason too high for mortal intelligence. We took our leave, with the most lively regret on my part, and with the same courteous expressions of regret on hers.

We must not bid each other adieu, she said, we shall often see each other again, during your travels, and still oftener on other travels, which at present you do not contemplate. Retire to rest, and forget not that you have a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon. She offered me her hand, I pressed mine to my heart, according to the manners of the Arabs, and we withdrew.

On the following day at four o'clock in the morning, M. Parseval, and myself were on horseback, descending the steep declivity which leads from the residence of Lady Stanhope, into the deep valley, through which flows the River Belus, in its course resembling a torrent. At the present time, the heat of the summer had nearly dried it up, and we therefore forded it with facility. We now began to ascend the lofty mountains of Lebanon which separate Dgioun from Deir-el-Kammar, or the Convent of the Moon, a palace of Emir Beschir, the sovereign prince of the Druses, and of all the mountains of Lebanon. Lady Stanhope had kindly allowed her physician to accompany us as dragoman, and one of her grooms as our guide.

After a ride of two hours, we arrrived at a deeper, narrower and more picturesque valley, than any of those through

which we had hitherto travelled. On our right and left arose like two perpendicular ramparts three or four hundred feet high, two chains of mountains, which appeared to have been recently separated from each other by a blow from the Creator of all worlds, or perhaps by the earthquake which shook Lebanon to its very foundations, when the son of man, delivering up his soul to God, not far from these very mountains, heaved that last sigh, which repelled the spirit of error, oppression, and falsehood, and breathed truth, liberty, and life, into a renovated world. Gigantic blocks detached from the two sides of the mountains, and scattered like pebbles into a brook by the hand of children, formed the terrible, the deep, the immense, and rugged bed of this now dried up river; some of those stones were larger and higher than the most lofty houses. Some were placed perpendicularly like solid and eternal cubes, others suspended on their angles, and supported by the pressure of other invisible rocks, appeared to be still in the act of falling and rolling down, and presented the image of a ruin in action, of an incessant precipitation, of a chaos of stones, and an inexhaustible avalanche of rocks sombre and grey, black, opaque and marbled with white and fiery streaks; they appeared like the petrified waves of a stream of granite. There was not a single drop of water in the deep insterstices of this bed, calcined by the burning sun of Syria. There was not a herb, nor a stalk, nor a climbing plant, neither in the bed of the torrent, nor in the hard rugged declivities of the two sides of the abyss. It was an ocean of stones, a cataract of rocks, to which the diversity of their forms, the variety of their positions; the fantasticalness of their fall, the play of shade and light in their sides, or on their surface, appeared to impart motion and fluidity. If it had been the wish of Dante to paint on one of the circles of hell, the hell of stones, of aridity, of ruins, the crash of things, the demolition of worlds, and the decay of ages, here is the scene which would have furnished him with the most perfect model; it is a river of the last hours of the world, when the fire shall have consumed all things, and the earth,

disclosing her interior, shall be no more than a mutilated block of calcined stones, beneath the feet of the terrible judge who shall come to visit it.

We travelled along this valley of lamentation for two hours, without any variation of the scene, otherwise than by the different windings which the river itself pursued between the mountains, or by the manner more or less terrible in which the rocks were grouped in their foaming bed of stones. This valley will never be effaced from my imagination. This country ought to have been the primative lands, the land of tragic poetry and of human lamentations; the pathetic and pompous language of the prophecies would have been felt here in all its wild, pathetic and lofty nature. All the images of scriptural poetry are engraven in the most imposing characters on the furrowed face of Lebanon, and on its gilded summits; on its valleys murmuring with their streams, or those which are dead and dumb, like chaos, ere creation sprang forth at the almighty fiat. The divine spirit, and the superhuman inspirations which have breathed in the souls and in the harps of a poetical people, to whom God spoke by symbols and images, made a forcible impression on the eyes of the sacred bards from their infancy, and administered to them a food more nourishing than that with which we are fed; we the old and shrivelled heirs of the harp of old, who have only before our eyes a gracious, mild, and cultivated nature, a nature civilized but faded like ourselves.

At noon we arrived at the highest mountains which we had to cross. We commenced our descent by the steepest paths, on which the feet of our horses trembled on the rolling stones, which alone separated us from the precipices. After descending for about an hour, we perceived on turning suddenly round a hill, the fantastic palace of Dptedin in the vicinity of Deir-el-kammar. We uttered a cry of surprise and admiration, and with an involuntary motion we stopped our horses to contemplate this novel, picturesque, and oriental scene which opened itself before us.

At the distance of a few paces an immense sheet of foam-

ing water rushed from the sluice of a milldam, and fell from a height of fifty or sixty feet, upon rocks which broke it into a hundred eddies. The roar of this waterfall, and the freshness which it diffused over the air, and the spray, which bedewed our burning foreheads, prepared our senses in a delightful manner for the admiration which they loved to enjoy. Beyond this waterfall, which was lost in the abysses, of which we could not see the termination, a spacious and deep valley in the shape of a tunnel opened itself to our view. It was planted from the bottom to the top with mulberry trees, vines, fig trees, the ground being covered in every direction, with the freshest and most delicate verdure. Some handsome villages were suspended, as it were, in terraces on the declivities of all the mountains which encircled the valley of Deir-el-kammar. In one particular direction, the horizon opened, and over the less elevated summits of Lebanon, afforded us a glimpse of the Syrian Sea. *Ecce mare magnum*, said David, "yonder, below, is the vast blue sea with its waves and its roarings, and its immense reptiles." David was, perhaps, on this very spot, when he uttered that poetical exclamation. In fact, we perceived the Egyptian Sea, tinted with a deeper blue than the sky, and blended at a distance with the horizon of the vaporous and violet-coloured haze, which hangs over all the shores of this part of Asia. At the extremity of this immense valley appears the hill of Dptedin, on which the palace of the emir is founded, and rises like an immense tower, flanked with rocks, covered with ivy and studded with garlands of undulating verdure, which hang from its fissures and embattlements.

This hill ascends to the level of the precipitous roads, on which we were ourselves, as it were, suspended, and from which we were separated by a deep and roaring abyss. On its summit and at a small distance from us, the Moorish palace of the emir extended itself majestically over the whole of the platform of Dptedin, with its square towers, pierced with embattled ogives at the top: its long galleries rising one above the other and presenting long lines of projecting

arcades light and airy as the branches of the palms which crown them with their aerial tints. Its spacious courts, descended by immense flights of steps from the summits of the mountains to the walls of the circumference of the fortifications. At the extremity of the largest of these courts, on which our eyes were directed downwards from our elevated position, the irregular facade of the palace of the women presented itself to our view, ornamented with light and graceful colonnades, whose trunks hollow and slender, and in irregular and unequal shapes rose to the roof, and bore in the shape of an umbrella the light hangings of painted wood, which served as a portico to this palace. A marble staircase decorated with balustrades sculptured in arabesque led from this portico to the door of the palace of the women. This door carved in wood of various colours, the frame of which was of marble, and surmounted with Arabic inscriptions, was surrounded by black slaves, magnificently dressed, armed with silver mounted pistols and Damascus sabres sparkling with gold and rich chasings; the large courts in front of the palace were also filled with a crowd of domestics, courtezans, priests or soldiers clad in all the varied and picturesque costumes which the six distinct populations of Lebanon exhibit, namely the Druses, the Christians, the Armenians, the Greeks, the Maronites, and the Motoualis. Five or six hundred Arabian horses were fastened by the head and feet to ropes, stretched across the courts: they were all saddled and bridled and covered with cloths of the most brilliant colours. Some groups of camels were also to be seen, some lying down, others standing up, others on their knees, either to be loaded or unloaded, and on the highest terrace of the inner court, some young pages on horseback were chasing each other, throwing the djerid, avoiding each other by stooping to their horses, necks, turning back at full speed upon their disarmed adversary, and performing with remarkable grace and vigour all the rapid evolutions which this military game requires. After having contemplated for some minutes this oriental scene, possessing for us so much novelty, we approached the immense massive gate of the first

court of the palace guarded by Arabs, armed with long guns and long light blades resembling the stalks of a long reed. We now forwarded to the prince the letters which we had brought for him, and after a lapse of a few minutes, he sent his chief physician, M. Bertrand, a native of Syria of French extraction, and who still retained the language and the remembrance of his country. He conducted us to the apartment provided for us by the hospitality of the emir, and some slaves led our retinue and our horses to another quarter of the palace.

Our apartment consisted of a handsome court, decorated with pilasters in arabesque, with a fountain spouting in the middle, and flowing into a large marble basin; round this court, there were three rooms and one divan, that is, there was one apartment larger than the others, formed by an arcade which opened into the inner court, and which has neither doors nor curtains to enclose it. It is a kind of passage between the house and the street, which serves as a garden to the indolent mussulmans, and the never varying shade of which is a substitute for that of the trees, which they have neither the industry to plant, nor the will to go and look for in those places, where nature has spontaneously given them growth Our apartments, although a portion of this magnificent palace, would have appeared in a condition too mean and poor, for the habitation of the most humble of the peasants of our cottages. The windows had no glass; a luxury unknown in the East, notwithstanding the rigour of the winter in these mountains; there were neither, beds, furniture, nor chairs; nothing but the naked walls, with large holes made by the rats and the lizards; the floor was nothing but common earth well beaten, rough and mixed with chopped straw. The slaves brought us some rushen mats, which they spread upon this flooring, and some Damascus carpets, which they spread over the matting. In a short time afterwards, they brought us a small Bethlehem table made of wood, inlaid with mother of pearl. These tables are not more than half a foot in diameter and the same in height; they resemble the fragment of a broken column, and only afford room for a small tray, upon

which the mussulmans place the five or six dishes, of which in general their meals consist.

Our dinner was served upon this table consisting of a pilaw or stewed rice, a dish of sour milk mixed with oil, and some slices of hashed mutton, pounded with boiled rice, and with which they stuff a number of gourds, somewhat resembling our cucumbers. It is one of the choicest and most savoury dishes of which the culinary department of the East can boast. Our beverage was simple water, which is drunk out of long necked earthen jugs, passed from hand to hand, and poured into the mouth without touching the lips. We had neither forks, nor knives, nor spoons, consequently we were obliged to eat with our fingers, but the repeated ablutions which the Mahommedans practise, render this habit less repulsive.

We had scarcely finished our dinner, than the emir sent to us, announcing that he was in readiness to receive us. We crossed a very large court ornamented with fountains; and a portico formed of lofty slender columns, their base ont he ground, and supporting the roof of the palace. We were introduced into a very handsome saloon, the pavement of which was of marble, the ceilings and walls, were painted with lively colours and elegant arabesques, by the artists of Constantinople. Water spouts were continually flowing in the angles of the apartment, and at the bottom behind a colonnade, the intercolumniations of which were grated and glazed, an enormous tiger was perceived sleeping with its head resting upon its crossed paws. The greater part of the apartment was occupied by secretaries with their long robes and silver inkstands, stuck like a poniard in their girdles; by Arabians, whose dress and arms were of the richest description; by negroes and mulattos awaiting the orders of their master, and by some Egyptian officers clad in European vests, and the Grecian cap of red cloth with a long blue tuft hanging down upon the shoulders. The other part of the apartment was raised about a foot above the other, and the whole of it occupied by a large divan of red velvet. We

found the emir sitting cross-legged on this divan; he appeared to be a fine old man, with a quick and penetrating eye a fresh and animated complexion, and a grey and flowing beard. A white robe fastened by a cachemere girdle, covered him entirely, and the shining handle of a long and broad poniard rose as high as his breast from the folds of his robe, exhibiting a cluster of diamonds of the size of an orange. We saluted him according to the custom of the country by placing our hands first on our forehead, and afterwards on our heart. He returned our salutation with gracefulness and with a smile beckoned us to approach him, and to seat ourselves near him on the divan. An interpreter was on his knees between us. I began the conversation and expressed to him the high gratification, which I experienced in visiting the interesting and beautiful country, which he governed with so much firmness and wisdom, and amongst other things I told him, that the highest eulogium which I could bestow upon his administration was, that I now found myself in his presence; that the safety of the roads, the richness of the cultivation; and the order and the peace which reign through all the cities, were the most forcible witnesses of the virtue and talents of the prince. He expressed his thanks to me for the compliments which I had paid him, and put a number of questions to me on the policy of Europe, respecting the contest between the Turks and the Egyptians, which exhibited the extreme interest, which that question excited in him, and at the same time, that they displayed a knowledge and aptitude of business, rarely to be met with in an oriental prince. Coffee and long pipes were brought in, which were several times renewed, and the conversation lasted for nearly an hour.

I was delighted with the wisdom, the knowledge, and the noble and dignified manners of this aged prince, and I rose, after a long conversation, to accompany him to his baths, which he wished personally to show us. These baths consisted of five or six saloons paved with marble, in different compartments, the ceilings and walls of which were stuccoed

and painted in distemper, with great elegance and taste by the artists of Damascus. Spouts of hot, cold and tepid water issued from the pavement, and diffused their freshness over the whole of the saloons. The last was a steam bath, in which we could remain only a minute. Several handsome white slaves, the body naked, and the legs covered with a shawl of raw silk, held themselves in readiness in the saloons for the purpose of exercising their functions as bathers. The prince proposed to us that we should accompany him in a bath, we, however, did not accept of his offer, and we left him in the hands of his slaves, who prepared to undress him.

We now proceeded with one of his equerries to visit the courts and the stables, where the emir's beautiful Arabian stallions were secured. A visit should be made to the stables of Damascus, or to those of the Emir Beschir to obtain a correct idea of the Arabian horse. This superb and graceful animal loses a portion of its beauty, its gentleness and its picturesque shape when it is transplanted from its natal soil and familiar habits to our cold climates, and the darkness and solitude of our stables. They must be seen, to be properly admired, before the tent of the Arab of the desert, the head inclined between its legs, shaking its long black mane and with the turning sweep of its tail, which is always dyed purple with henna, brushing its beautiful polished sides, shining like silver or brass. It must be seen covered with splendid cloths studded with gold and embroidered with pearls: the head covered with a net of blue or red silk, worked with gold or silver lace with tinkling tags which fall from its forehead on its nostrils by which he conceals or displays alternately with every undulation of its neck, the fiery, bold, intelligent, though proud and gentle ball of his eye, even with his head; it should be seen particularly in a group, as it was at the present time, of two or three hundred of other horses, some lying in the dust, others shackled by iron rings and fastened to long ropes which crossed the courts; others escaped on the sand, and clearing at one leap the lines of the camels which impeded their course; others were held in hand by young black slaves dressed in

scarlet vests, resting their caressing heads on the shoulders of these children; others were playing together at liberty and without any restraint like colts in a meadow, springing upon one another, rubbing their heads against each other, or mutually licking their beautifully polished and silvery sides; all of them fixing their eyes upon us with an anxious and curious attention, on account of our European costume and our foreign accent, but they soon became familiar, and gracefully bent their neck to our caresses and to the coaxing patting of our hands. To those who have not been witnesses of the mobility and transparency of the physiognomy of these horses, it must positively exceed their belief. All their thoughts appear to be depicted in their eyes, and in the convulsive motion of their jaws, their lips, their nostrils with as much clearness, with as much character and activity as the impressions of the soul upon the countenance of the infant. When we approached any of them for the first time, they actually, by their wry faces and grimaces indicated their repugnance to us as strangers, exactly similar to those which a man of acute feelings would have done at the sight of an obnoxious or unforeseen object. Our language in particular struck them with a lively astonishment and the motion of their pricked up ears, and then thrown back again, or stretched out in front fully demonstrated their surprise and disquietude. I particularly admired several mares, which no money could purchase, and which were kept for the immediate use of the emir himself. By means of my dragoman, I offered to the equarry a sum as high as ten thousand piastres for one of the handsomest, but at no price can an Arab be induced to part with a full blood mare, and therefore in this instance I failed in effecting any purchase.

At the close of the day we returned to our apartment, and a supper was served to us much resembling our dinner. Several officers of the emir came to pay their compliments to us in the name of the emir. M. Bertrand, his chief physician, passed the evening with us. We were able to hold some conversation, thanks to the little Italian and French which he had retained as a remembrance of his family. He

imparted to us the most interesting information relative to the private life of the emir of the Druses. This prince, although seventy-two years of age, having recently lost his first wife, to whom he was indebted for the chief part of his fortune, had just entered into the nuptial state. We regretted, not having been able to obtain a sight of his new wife, who was reported to be remarkably handsome. She was only fifteen years of age, and was a Circassian slave, and purchased by an agent of the emir, who despatched him to Constantinople for the express purpose. Previously to her marriage she was made a christian, by order of the emir, for the Emir Beschir is himself a christian, and even a catholic, or in other words, he resembles the law itself in all the countries where a spirit of toleration prevails ; for he belongs to all the religious creeds of his country. With the Mussulmans he is a Mussulman, with the Druses a Druse, and with the Christians a Christian. His palace contains both a mosque and a church, but for some years past the religion of his family has been the religion of the heart, which is catholicism. His policy is such and the terror of his name so well established, that his christian faith inspires neither mistrust nor repugnance in the Mussulman Arabs, nor in the Druses, nor the Motoualis, who live under his government. He administers justice to all, and all equally respect him.

At night after supper, the emir sent us some of his musicians and singers, who were all improvisatori, and who recited many Arabic verses to our honour. There are amongst his domestics, certain Arabs who are exclusively employed in these sort of ceremonies. They are exactly similar to the troubadours in the castles of the middle ages, or the bards of Scotland. Standing behind the cushions of the emir or of his sons, during the time that they are taking their meals, they sing verses in praise of the masters whom they serve or the guests whom the emir deigns to honor. M. Bertrand was kind enough to translate for us, some of these poetical effusions ; they were in general very poor and insignificant, and in their ideas so far-fetched, that it would

be next to an impossibilty to convey their meaning in any ideas or images, appropriated to our European languages.

The following is the only sentiment in any way intelligible which I noted down in my album.

"Your ship had wings, but the Arab steed has likewise wings. Its nostrils when it flies over our mountains, make a noise similar to the wind in the sails of a ship. The motion of his rapid gallop is like the rolling of a ship to a timid heart, but it rejoices the heart of the Arab. May his back be to you a seat of honour, and often carry you to the divan of our emir."

Among the secretaries of the emir, there was at this time one of the greatest poets of Arabia. Of this, however, I was ignorant, nor did I know it until some time afterwards. When he had been informed by some other Syrian Arabs, that I was myself a poet in Europe, he wrote me some verses in every respect distinguished by that affectation and pedantry which are the invariable characteristics of the olden language and of a civilized people in a state of decay, but in which is nevertheless perceptible a high elevation of talent and an arrangement of ideas far superior to what we can conceive in Europe.

We slept upon the cushions of the divan spread upon a mat, to the sound of water spouts murmuring in every direction through the gardens, the courts, and apartments of this portion of the palace. At daybreak, I beheld through the gratings, several Mussulmans at their prayers in the great court of the palace. They spread a carpet upon the ground, in order that they may not touch the dust, they then remain standing for a moment, and immediately afterwards incline the whole body, frequently touching the carpet with their foreheads, the face always turned towards the mosque; they afterwards prostrate themselves at full length on the carpet, striking the ground with their foreheads. They then rise and perform over again the same ceremonies, a great number of times, adopting the same attitudes and muttering their prayers. I never could distinguish anything ridiculous in these attitudes

and ceremonies, strange and eccentric as they may appear to our contracted mode of thinking. The physiognomy of the mussulmans, is so deeply influenced by the religious sentiment which they express by those gestures, that I have always entertained the highest respect for their mode of prayers. Everything is sanctified by the motive, wherever the divine idea descends and acts upon man, it impresses upon him a superhuman dignity, he might be inclined to say, "My worship is not like thy worship, but with thee I worship one common Lord of all, the Lord in whom thou believest, and whom it is thy desire to acknowledge and honour, in the same manner as I desire to acknowledge and honour him, only under another form. It ill becomes me to turn thee and thy worship into ridicule, it belongs to God alone to be our judge."

We spent the morning in visiting the palaces of the emir's sons, which are situate a short distance from his own; we also visited a small catholic church, in every respect resembling the modern churches of our villages in France and Italy. We were permitted to take a view of the gardens; but this is considered always as a great favour, as the women's apartments overlook the gardens, and a look towards that quarter has been known, ere now to cost the individual his life. The Emir Beschir has built another country palace, about a mile distant from Dptedin. This is the whole extent of his exercise on horseback, and it is perhaps almost the only road on which a horse and even an Arabian can gallop without danger. In every other quarter the paths which lead to Dptedin are so steep, so suspended over the perpendicular sides of the precipices, that it is scarcely possible to travel on them without stumbling, even on foot.

Previously to my leaving Dptedin and Deir-el-kammar, I collected some curious and authentic information on the spot, relative to the talented old man and warrior, whom we had just visited.

NOTES CONCERNING THE EMIR BESCHIR.

On the death of the last descendant of Emir Fakardin, the command of the mountain passed into the hands of the Chab

family, which had been established at Lebanon, not longer than about one hundred and ten years. The following is the account given of them by the old Arabian chronicles of the desert of Damascus.

Towards the commencement of the first century of the Hegira, at the period when the armies of Aboubikir invaded Syria, a man of the most intrepid courage, named Abdallah, an inhabitant of the small village of Bet-chiabi in the desert of Damascus, covered himself with glory at the siege of that city and was killed under its walls. The mussulman general showered every favour on his family, which then quitted Bet-chiabi with the view of establishing themselves at Housbaye, on the Anti-Lebanon. The primitive stock of that family is still to be traced there, and from it has sprung the branch, which has the government of Lebanon in its hands at the present day.

The Emir Beschir, one of the desendants of Abdallah was left an orphan at an early age. His father, the Emir Hassem had been invested with the pelisse of Kakem, and had received the ring of command at the time when his uncle, the Emir Milhem had retired from public life to spend the remainder of his days in retirement and peace. The administration of Hassem, however, was not distinguished by either talent or energy, and Milhem being compelled to assume the reins of government, was called upon to repair the faults of his nephew, and quell the troubles, which his unskilful and talentless administration had excited.

In accordance to the statement of Mr. Volney, the government passed afterwards successively from Mansour to Yaousouf, the one the father, and the other the son of Milhem. At the time when Yaousouf assumed the command for the first time, the Emir Beschir was only seven years old. Yaousouf attached him to his person, and had him brought up with the greatest care. Some years afterwards, having perceived in him an active and courageous mind, he gave him a post in the public affairs of his government.

At this period Djezar, Pacha of Acre, who had succeeded

to Dahor had for a long time harrassed the Emir Yaousouf by his attacks, and his exorbitant contributions. The war broke out, but Beschir could not follow his uncle in this expedition, nor was it until the year 1784 that he took a part in the second expedition against Djezar Pacha. The young Beschir, then twenty-one years old, was exposed to great danger in the city of Ryde, of which the Druses had taken possession. Pursued by a party of the pacha's troops, and being obliged to evacuate the city, he found himself in his retreat surrounded by the enemy: his situation was now most critical. He spurred his horse boldly towards a wall from the top of which he precipitated himself amidst a shower of balls; fortunately, however, he escaped without a wound, but his horse was killed by the fall.

On his return to Lebanon, the Emir Beschir devoted himself entirely to affairs of state, and attempted to restore the order which had been disturbed during the administration of the Emir Yaousouf. Ambition in a short time took possession of his soul; he remembered of whom he was the son, and although not born in affluence, he longed for those advantages, which the possession of supreme power is supposed to bestow. His manners and his courage had acquired for him the friendship of several powerful families, and he endeavoured to attach others to him, who were disgusted with the weak and corrupt administration of Yaousouf, and he eventually succeeded in attaching to his interests the powerful and influential family of Cantar, the chief of which, one of the most talented men at that time in Lebanon, was immensely rich, and enjoyed the title of Sheik Beschir, that is, great and illustrious. The Beschir now only waited for a favourable opportunity to carry his views into execution, and it soon presented itself.

From the year 1785, the period when Djezar Pacha had restored to Yaousouf the command, of which he had been deprived more than a year, all hostilities had completely ceased between those two princes. The Emir Yaousouf despatched every year some of his officers to St. Jean d'Acre, who brought back with them the pelisse of command, with

the customary compliments, nevertheless he was in a continual fear of a misunderstanding springing up between him and the pacha, and which was not long in taking place.

In 1789, a violent rupture broke out between those two princes, and the Emir Yaousouf not being able to oppose any resistance to his enemy with the least prospect of success, determined to abdicate. Beschir was then in high repute and Yaousouf was strongly attached to him, he therefore secretly sent for him, and advised him to go to St. Jean d'Acre and demand the ring of government. Beschir at first refused, and gave his uncle to understand that he should under those circumstances see himself obliged to absent himself from his dominions, because the pacha would insist upon it, as his presence in Lebanon would be an everlasting food for the factious. Yaousouf, in proposing this step to his relative, was actuated by two motives: the first was to prevent the command from passing into the hands of another family, and secondly, to retain it for himself, when Beschir should have overcome every difficulty, either by conciliation, or by the force of his arms.

He, however, insisted that Beschir should coincide in his plans, and on the promise being given that he would quit the country the moment that the Emir Beschir should be invested with the command, the young prince took his departure for St. Jean d'Acre. He was received by Djezar Pacha with every testimony of respect and kindness, who entrusted him with the command of Lebanon, and gave him eight thousand men to confirm his authority, and enable him to take the Emir Yaousouf prisoner. Beschir, on reaching the bridge of Gesser Cadi, despatched a confidential communication to his uncle, informing him of the instructions which he had received from the pacha, and entreated him to retire from the country. The Emir Yaousouf fell back upon Gibel in the Kosrouan, where he collected his partizans. Beschir added to his own troops those which he had brought with him from Acre, and marched against Yaousouf, whom he overtook in the Kosrouan. A battle ensued, in which Yaousouf lost a great

number of men, nevertheless several months elapsed without producing any definitive results.

In order to put an end to this unnatural contest, Yaousouf sent an express to Acre, promising to the pacha a much larger tribute than was paid by Beschir, if he would reinstate him in the command. Djezar consented to this proposal, summoned him to Acre, restored to him the pelisse,and to enable him to drive Beschir out of his dominions, gave him the very same eight thousand men, who had fought against him. The Emir Beschir retired to the district of Marmari, where he adopted the necessary measures for the overthrow of his rival, amongst which was his offer of a still greater tribute than the Emir Yaousouf had stipulated to pay. Beschir's offer was accepted by the pacha, and Yaousouf was once more compelled to resign the command. He returned to Acre, with the view of setting on foot some fresh intrigues, but Beschir offered the tribute of 4000 purses, (500 pieces, each of 40 cents) if he would put Yaousouf to death, and thereby put an end to the troubles which had for such a length of time disturbed the district of the mountains.

Djezar was at this time at Damascus. The chief of his custom house, a Greek, who enjoyed his full confidence, and who in his absence was considered as the pacha of Acre, entered into a treaty in his name, and informed his master of the bargain which he had concluded. The proposal proved to be highly acceptable to Djezar, who ratified the treaty, and ordered the Emir Yaousouf and Gandour, his minister to be hanged.

This despotic and cruel order was no sooner despatched by Djezar than he repented of it; for it appeared to him that the hostility of the two princes was serviceable to his interests, and he accordingly despatched a second order, revoking the former one, but whether the countermand arrived too late, or that the minister was bribed, the Emir Yaousouf was hanged. This execution excited the anger of the pacha; he repaired to Acre, and instituted a strict inquiry into the whole of the affair, pretended that he had been deceived, and ordered his

custom-house officer and the whole of his family to be drowned, as well as several other persons accused of being concerned in the business.

Djezar confiscated the immense treasures of his favourite, and wrote to the Emir Beschir a letter full of reproaches. The tone of this letter convinced the young prince that he was not reposing on a bed of roses. He attempted to justify himself in the opinion of the pacha, who carried on his dissimulation until the period of the re-election of a governor, when he invited the prince to St. Jean d'Acre, for the purpose of receiving the investiture of the command.

He accepted the invitation without any mistrust, and repaired to Acre, accompanied by the Sheik Beschir. They were no sooner arrived than they were thrown into a dungeon, where they were obliged to endure every species of hardship and privation, during the eighteen or twenty months of their captivity. The object of Djezar, in treating them in this manner, was to induce them to pay a heavy ransom, but the prince had little to give; he had been too short a time in authority to amass any great riches; his minister, however, supplied what was required. He sent secretly to the pacha the widow of a prince of the Druses, named Sest-Abbons, with whom he was formerly on intimate terms. He commissioned her to offer the required sum, and to pretend that she would pledge her jewels to accomplish the ransom. She departed on her mission; she was a bold, talented woman, of great penetration and discernment. She met with the pacha at Acre, and so won upon him, by the graces of her person and her mind, that Djezar made a considerable reduction in the sum which he had before demanded. The investiture was restored to Emir Beschir, who was now reinstated in the good graces of the pacha.

During the captivity of Beschir, the brother of the Emir Yaousouf and his cousin the Emir Kaider of Bubda had seized upon the supreme power, and had taken the necessary measures to prevent the Emir Beschir from returning to his dominions, in the event of the pacha restoring him to liberty.

On his release from prison, the prince, not deeming it prudent to appear immediately amongst his own people, despatched his minister, the Sheik Beschir to sound the public opinion, and himself retired to the village of Homs to await the result of his negociations. He endeavoured moreover to win over to his side the Emir Abets, a Drusian prince of Solima, who until that period had observed the strictest neutrality, and who was a person of the highest consideration, not only amongst the Druses but also the Christians, especially those of the district of Marcaeutre.

The Emir Abets, considering that justice was on the side of the Emir Beschir espoused his cause, and solicited him to seek an asylum in his country. As the transmission of any communication was attended with great difficulty, he sent his despatch by an Italian, a lay brother of the Convent of Solima. Beschir appeared in the midst of his partizans, the number of which had been greatly augmented by the presents and skill of the Sheik Beschir; he fell with impetuosity upon the troops of his rivals, totally routed them, took the two princes prisoners, and strangled them on the spot without any further ceremony.

Thus in the peaceable enjoyment of power, the Emir Beschir married the widow of a Turkish prince, like himself of the family of Chab, and whom he had caused to be put to death about two years previously. By this means he became possessed of an immense fortune. Antecedently to his marriage with this princess, he had the ceremony of christian baptism performed upon her, and the marriage on the whole proved to be an extremely happy one. At the age of sixty eight, the princess was afflicted with infirmities, and a paralytic affection which deprived her of the use of her limbs; they nevertheless presented the spectacle of the sincerest and the most perfect conjugal affection.

The Emir Yaousouf at his death left three children still in their infancy; Georgius Bey, and his brother Abdallah brought them up with the greatest care, under the hope that they would one day be the instruments of reviving the party of

their father, and overthrow the authority of the Emir Beschir, but the latter triumphed over every obstacle, and until the year 1821 he was in the enjoyment of supreme power.

In the mean time, events of the highest importance were passing in Egypt. Buonaparte had entered Syria at the head of his troops, and set himself down before St. Jean d'Acre, which was to open the gates of the East to him. The French general, by the most pressing letters and a continual intercourse with his emissaries used every means to induce the Prince of Lebanon to second his views, and to assist him in making himself master of the place. The Emir Beschir answered that he was by no means indisposed to form an alliance, but that he would not enter into any treaty with him until after the capture of Acre. A Frenchman having one day reproached the emir for not having enthusiastically embraced the cause of the French army, and having perhaps thereby prevented the regeneration of the East, he answered him in the following manner,

"Notwithstanding the ardent desire, which I felt to ally myself with General Buonaparte, and the mortal hatred which I had vowed for the pacha, I could not possibly embrace the cause of the French army. The fifteen or twenty thousand men that I could have sent from the mountains could not have contributed anything to the success of the siege. If Buonaparte had carried the place without my assistance, he would have carried the mountains without a single battle, for the Druses and the Christians were fervently longing for his appearance; I should therefore have lost my command: on the contrary, if I had assisted General Buonaparte, and we had not carried the place (which was eventually the case) the Pacha of Acre would either have hanged me or thrown me into a dungeon, perhaps for the remainder of my life. Who would then have assisted me? Whose protection could I have implored. Could I have applied to France, situate at so great a distance, which had England and all Europe to contend against, at the same time that she was herself distracted by factions and civil broils?

General Buonaparte perfectly understood the critical position of the Emir Beschir, and as a proof of his consideration, presented him with a splendid musket, which he has alway preserved in remembrance of the great captain.

Previously to resuming the history of the events which immediately followed the downfall of the Pacha of Yaousouf, it may not be considered irrelevant to relate an adventure, which may have been the means of imparting to the character of Djezar its extraordinary cruelty and ferocity.

During the first years of his government, he went according to custom to meet the caravan on its return from the pilgrimage to Mecca. This ceremony was afterwards performed by the Pacha of Damascus, and the Pacha of Acre was only called upon from that time to contribute to the expences of the caravan, and to pay a tribute to the Arabs of the Desert. The Mamelukes to whom he had entrusted the care of his seraglio during his absence, forced the gates and gave themselves up to all the brutality of their passions. On the return of the pacha, the Mamelukes so far from flying at his approach, took forcible possession of all his treasures and closed the gates of the city, determined to meet force by force. With the weak escort by which Djezar was accompanied, he had no prospect of conquering the Mamelukes, who sent him word, that if he would allow them to retire with their arms and their horses the gates of the city should be opened to him; otherwise, that they declared war, and would rather die sword in hand than surrender.

Djezar Pacha had not long time to come to a decision; he knew that he was hated by the Turks as well as the christians, on account of the enormous exactions which he had levied upon them; he was also aware that if the Emir Yaousouf should become acquainted with the critical situation in which he stood, that he would form an alliance with the Mamelukes, and wage a war against him which might prove fatal to him.

Thus situated, he yielded to the demands of the Mamelukes who retired in all haste, while the pacha was entering the town. Scarcely, however, had Djezar entered his palace, than

he sent his cavalry in pursuit of the Mamelukes, but it was in vain, they reached Egypt without any injury or molestation.—Djezar then wreaked his vengeance upon his women; they were all well flogged, afterwards thrown into a broad ditch and covered over with quick lime. His favourite alone was exempted from this terrible fate, who being adorned with her most precious jewels and dressed in her finest habiliments was thrust into a chest, and thrown into the sea.

This event threw a settled gloom over the character of Djezar. He was at once a miser and a plunderer; he became ferocious and cruel; he could speak of nothing else than cutting off noses and ears, and plucking out eyes. At the moment of his death, not being able to speak, nor issue his orders for any further executions, he made a sign to those, by whom he was surrounded, pointing to the head of his bed. Fortunately he was not understood. After his death, a long list of persons was found, whom he had condemned to death on his being restored to health. His ferocity and cruelty followed him to the very verge of the grave.

To return to Prince Beschir. On the sons of the Emir Yaousouf becoming of such an age as to enable them to dispute the authority of Beschir, Georgius Bey and Abdallah formed the resolution to carry their projects into execution. They took advantage of a moment of coolness between Djezar and Beschir, and stirred up the partizans of the two orphans. The emir, taken by surprise, was obliged to seek refuge in the Huran and implored the mediation of the pacha by administering to his avarice and cupidity. Djezar interfered, and established a treaty, by which the two parties were conciliated, but which was considerably in favour of Beschir, to whom he transferred the country of the Druses, bestowing upon the sons of Yaousouf that of Gibel and Kosrouan.

This treaty was kept only for a few years. The sons of Yaousouf tried every possible means of overthrowing their enemy. Being superior in numerical force, they succeeded, and Djezar being no longer willing to listen to the representations of Beschir, the usurpation was sanctioned. The emir

then had no other resource than to throw himself into the arms of the Viceroy of Egypt.

The English admiral Sir Sidney Smith was at this time with some ships of war on the coast of Syria, and Beschir solicited him to receive him on board and take him to Egypt. After being several months at sea, touching at Cyprus, Smyrna, Candia, and Malta, he disembarked at Alexandria, and proceeded in search of the viceroy, accompanied by a few friends, who had remained faithful to him in his reverses.

The viceroy received him in the most flattering manner, treated him with all the respect due to his condition, loaded him with presents, and sent him back to Syria in one of the vessels of Sir Sidney Smith's fleet, with a letter for Djezar, full of reproaches and menaces, in which he expressed his pleasure that Beschir should be re-instated in his government.

The viceroy was powerful. Djezar Pacha lost no time in complying with the order of the viceroy, for the tone of the letter was such as made him sensible that he ought not to neglect any means by which ample satisfaction could be given to the Emir Beschir. He therefore issued his peremptory order to the sons of Yaousouf, who dared not offer any resistance, to conform in every respect to the terms of the treaty, and the most profound peace reigned between the two parties until his death.

The Emir Beschir, however, did not rely on the sole protection of Mehemet Ali, he saw the party of the three princes increasing every day, and feared he should eventually fall into some snare; for he was by no means ignorant of the ardent thirst of vengeance with which they were animated against him. The skill and talent of their ministers, Georgius Bey, and Abdallah, tended in a great degree to augment his uneasiness. He therefore determined to put an end to their intrigues and machinations by a decisive blow, calculated to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies. In order to accomplish this project, he took the advantage of the invitation of Soliman Pacha, the successor of Djezar. At this period, the utmost tranquillity appeared to reign throughout all Lebanon: the

three princes governed their provinces in peace, and appeared to submit without any further consideration to the supremacy, which the treaty awarded to their enemy, whilst, in the interim, their ministers were taking the necessary steps in secret for a new attack.

The Emir Beschir was, however, beforehand with him. Being informed of the favourable moment by his spies, he summoned Georgius Bey to Deir-el-kammar, under the pretext of consulting with him on some state affairs, whilst in the mean time, his brother, the Emir Hassem, fell upon Gibel, took the princes prisoners, and sentenced Abdallah to be hanged. The three brothers were conducted to Yong Michaël, where their eyes were put out. Their property was confiscated for the benefit of the Emir Beschir. On being informed of these events, Georgius Bey threw himself out of a window of his prison, and was killed, which, however, did not prevent the emir from hanging him up as an example to his enemies. Five chiefs of Deir-el-kammar, and a brother of the Sheik Beschir, all of the house of Gruimbelad-el-Bescantar, accused of confederating with the conquered princes, were put to death, and their property confiscated.

These executions being accomplished, Prince Beschir assumed the supreme command over all the Lebanon, relinquishing to his brother Hassem, the government of Kosrouan, the chief town of which was Gazyr ; but as he died a short time afterwards, the Emir Beschir was accused of having poisoned him, because he was suspected of ambitious designs. This accusation, however, had no foundation in truth, and the public opinion has in this respect, done justice to the character of Beschir.

About the year 1819, the countries of Gibel-Biscarra, of Gibes, and of the Kosrouan, rose up in rebellion, on account of a contribution, which excited general dissatisfaction. The insurgents acting upon the advice of the bishop of Yaousouf determined to attack the Emir Beschir, in the country of the Druses, in which he was at that time residing. The

JERUSALEM.

From the Mount of Olives

prince, however, without giving the insurgents time to concentrate their forces, went himself in search of them at the head of a small body of troops, after having issued his orders to his lieutenant-general, the Sheik Beschir to follow him with three thousand troops, that he had hastily assembled. The emir entered the country of Gibes, and encamped in a valley of the district of Agousta, between Djani, and the territory of Gazyr. On the following night, and early the next morning, he was exposed to a heavy fire of musketry from several detachments of the enemy, who were posted on the heights. His tent was perforated with balls, and in spite of the entreaties of his son Halil, he would not change his position. As the day advanced, the firing of the enemy became smarter, Beschir thought that the rebels had augmented their forces, and that it was their intention to cut off his retreat. He rose from the carpet on which he had reposed during the firing of the enemy, mounted his horse, and accompanied by his little escort, marched straight against the enemy. On his approach, the insurgents dispersed without offering any resistance, and he arrived at Gibes, where he adopted the most energetic measures for the total prevention of the augmentation of their forces.

His lieutenant-general, Sheik Beschir, who followed him by slow marches, passed the River Chien, and with his three thousand men, took possession of the two first villages of the Kosrouan, Yong Michaël, and Yong Monsback, which lay on his route. On the day that possession was taken of those two villages, the advanced guard arrested a priest, who was the bearer of despatches to the Bishop Yaousouf. The Sheik Beschir having perused the letters, presented his kangiar to the person, who had brought them to him, and ordered him to kill the priest, and to bury him on the spot where he had been arrested.

A few hours afterwards, another secret messenger was taken prisoner and shared the same fate.

On the following day, the Sheik Beschir continued his march, invaded the Kosrouan without meeting with any re-

sistance, and caused all those persons to be strangled, whose names the Emir Beschir had inscribed in a note he had sent him. In this manner he arrived at Gibel-Biscarra where he joined the prince on his way from Gibes. The Emir Beschir remained nine days in this province, during which time he succeeded in quelling the rebellion, by hanging or strangling all the rebels of distinction of the three districts of Gibes, of the Kosrouan, and of Gibel-Biscarra. Several others were bastinadoed, independently of which the most ruinous ransoms were extorted from them.

Amongst the latter, was a poor old man of seventy-five years of age, who was condemned to pay seventy purses, which he was not able to accomplish; his son wrote to him to say, that he would borrow the sum required, if his father would send him the necessary authority. The old man answered that he would not pay any part of it, accompanying the refusal with some expressions, not very flattering to the prince. This letter was intercepted, and the old man was sentenced to the punishment of the osselets.* This wretched and obstinate man already broken down by old age, could not withstand such excruciating torments, and being taken home, by order of the Sheik Beschir, he died after twenty days of extreme agony. The son was included in the sentence issued against the father; his property was confiscated for the benefit of the emir, who only left him one thousand piastres.

The Emir Beschir ascended the eminence of Eden, passed the cedar trees and descended to Balbec by the opposite side of the mountain, while the Sheik Beschir, in the mean time, occupied the insurgent province. On arriving at Balbec, the emir ordered his lieutenant-general to return by the same route on which he had travelled, and to levy upon the three provinces, a contribution of 400 purses of 600 pieces each.

It may appear wonderful, that the prince of Lebanon

* The osselets is a punishment in Turkey somewhat similar to the thumb-screws, formerly used in this country. It is generally inflicted on the lower classes *Trans.*

should be able with three thousand men to quell an insurrection in three such powerful provinces, if it were not taken into consideration that the revolt was but of a partial nature, and that Beschir's own party in those provinces, contributed in a great degree to accomplish his triumph.

In the mean time, the pacha of Damascus, had according to general custom despatched an aga to Bkaa for the purpose of collecting in the produce of the lands, which were under the dependence of his pachalik. The officer penetrated into the village of Hannis, which was a tributary of the principality of Lebanon, and levied his contributions on cattle and money. The inhabitants, not being willing to submit to this imposition advised the prince Beschir of it, who wrote to the aga, expressingto his great dissatisfaction at his conduct,but that officer paid not the least attention to his remonstrances, on the contrary, he continued to levy his contributions with greater severity, and then returned home. The Prince Beschir irritated at his conduct, sent information of it to the pacha of Acre, expressing his resentment in the most energetic terms. Abdallah, either out of respect for Beschir, or from a disposition to revenge himself personally on the aga, commanded the pacha of Damascus to punish him severely; the latter, however, gave an evasive reply, at the same time expressing his astonishment, at the part which the Pacha of Acre took in an affair, which particularly concerned the christians. Abdallah transmitted this answer to Beschir, encouraging him to take himself immediate revenge on the Pacha of Damascus. The prince of Lebanon assembled with all expedition a force of ten thousand men, and set forward for Damascus. On his approach, the pacha prepared to give him battle, several skirmishes took place between the two armies, but the victory was always on the side of Prince Beschir.

Whilst these things were going on, Abdallah issued a false firman, declaring the Pacha of Damascus to be deprived of his pachalik, and that henceforth it was to be considered as united to that of Acre. The Pacha of Damascus, however, having appealed to the neighbouring pachas, and to the court

of Constantinople, the latter condemned the Pacha of Acre to death, and deprived Prince Beschir of his government. The Emir was already at the gates of Damascus, when the firman arrived; he then perceived that the firman of Abdallah was forged, and he thought it prudent to retire into the province of Deir-el-Kammar, where on hearing that the fate of Abdallah was in reserve for himself, he took refuge in the environs of Beirout, requesting the governor to receive him with his escort. A refusal was given to this request, pretending that the presence of the emir in the city might be apt to excite commotion. The prince then notified to his brother, the Emir Abets, to whom he had entrusted the government of the mountain, that it was his intention to return to his states, and try the fortune of war against the pachas, sent by the Sublime Porte; an answer was, however, received from his brother, that the mountain was destitute of provisions and of money, and urgently advised him not to try so dangerous an experiment.

In this melancholy aspect of affairs, the prince directed his attention to Egypt, and applied to a Frank, beseeching him to provide him with the means of quitting Syria. M. Aubin succeeded in effecting his embarkation between Beirout and Saida, on board a French vessel about to sail for Alexandria. After his departure, the Sheik Beschir and the Emir Abets, brothers of the emir, entered into a league with the allied pachas, their object being to obtain the government of the mountain. This was the cause of the dissensions, which in 1823 almost desolated Lebanon.

The combined troops laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre in July 1822, and continued it with success until April 1823, the time when it was raised. At that time, the young Pacha of Acre, being of an extremely avaricious disposition, devised a plan for exonerating himself from the payment of the tribute which he owed the Porte, to effect which, he had the officers assassinated, who were the bearers of the tribute, in the vicinity of Latakia, and compelled the assassins to restore to him the money. He then complained to the Porte of the

murder committed upon his agents and of the theft of a tribute belonging to the Grand Seignior. The Pacha of Acre by this odious conduct, hoped at first to exempt himself from the tribute, and afterwards to compromise the Pacha of Latakia in the affair, to whom the Grand Seignior would undoubtedly send the bow-string, annexing at the same time his pachalik to that of Acre. In this, however, Abdallah Pacha was deceived.

The Grand Seignior being informed of the perfidy of the pacha, demanded his head for the second time. But what effect could the pachas of Damascus, of Aleppo, of Adana, have upon Acre, with an army of twelve thousand men, with all kind of arms, ill-disciplined; without any artillery that could make a breach, having only a few pieces of large calibre, and the shot not proportioned to them; three or four thousand horsemen without baggage, and an infantry who spent the whole of the day and night in smoking under their tents? Abdallah Pacha not being ignorant of these limited resources of the enemy, and knowing himself in possession of the strongest place in the East, prepared without any fear for a vigorous defence.

An offer was made by an English corvette, then at anchor in the roads, to allow one of its officers to direct the artillery of the besiegers. The offer was accepted by the pachas, and under his directions the siege was commenced. At the end of three days, however, the English officer saw that he would never be able to carry the place with the Turks, who could not be brought to approach the walls with their cannon, which was in fact the only method of effecting a breach.

In defiance of the army of the pachas, Abdallah remained perfectly composed and unintimidated: he had in fact nothing to fear on the land side, from such badly disciplined troops, and answered the shot of their cannon by the firing of his musketry, to demonstrate how much he held their attack in contempt. His garrison consisted of excellent soldiers, well fed; provisions and ammunition arrived in abundance, in

vessels both from Europe and Asia, and it was even suspected that he had some communication with the Greeks in the Morea.

The Emir Beschir, who at this time was already under the protection of the Viceroy of Egypt, maintained a regular correspondence with Abdallah, who by the interference of Mehemet Ali, sued for peace and solicited his pardon of the Porte. If the pacha had nothing to fear on the land side, he could not be wholly without some apprehension that the divan of Constantinople, by blockading the place by sea, would intercept his communication with foreign places, which might reduce his people to famine, excite his soldiers to revolt and oblige himself to submit his neck to the bowstring of the Sublime Porte. The divan granted him his pardon, knowing that Abdallah might have delivered the place to the insurgents of the Morea, but he was condemned in a fine of three thousand purses and to pay the expences of the war.

The viceroy, having obtained the pardon of Abdallah Pacha, solicited also and obtained that of Emir Beschir, who was accordingly re-instated in his government. He availed himself of this occasion to make the divan sensible of his power, and to exert an immediate influence on the Prince of Lebanon, whose political interests were at that time connected with those of Mehemet Ali.

At the close of the year 1823, the Emir Beschir, disembarked at St. Jean d'Acre in order to regulate with Abdallah the expences of the siege of the place and to fix the amount, which he was to be called upon to pay of the debt.

On his return to Lebanon, he levied a contribution of a thousand purses, for he was not in very affluent circumstances on account of his banishment, and the expences which had increased by his residence in Egypt. The people were also poor, and not being willing to alienate their loyalty from him by so heavy a contribution, he resolved to transfer the payment of it upon the shoulders of his old lieutenant-general, the Sheik Beschir, by way of retaliation upon him for the

intrigues which he had carried on with his brother Abets for the purpose of depriving him of the government of the mountains. The Sheik Beschir refused to pay it, and took refuge in the Huran, a province of the Lebanon. He afterwards returned to his palace of Moctura, where he entered into a secret understanding with Prince Abets to overthrow Beschir. He so far succeeded as to induce the three younger brothers of the prince to join in the conspiracy, who had hitherto remained perfectly tranquil in their provinces. This confederacy might have proved fatal to the Emir Beschir, but for the assistance which he received from Abdallah Pacha.

The Sheik Beschir was pursued and taken prisoner on the plains of Damascus, with an escort of two hundred attendants; he might easily have saved himself, but on the assurance given to him by a Turkish officer, in the name of the pacha of Damascus, that the prince of Lebanon had pardoned him, he surrendered himself, and was led to Damascus. There, he was stripped of his clothes, his hands tied, one on his breast, and the other on his back, and in this state he was thrown into prison, where he remained several months. His trial was carried on at Constantinople, and he was condemned to death. When the bowstring was offered to him, he betrayed no emotions of fear, and merely requested permission to speak to the pacha and to the prince; he was answered, that no benefit whatever could accrue from such an interview, that neither the one nor the other could any longer be of service to him, the condemnation having issued from Constantinople. The Sheik Beschir then submitted to his fate. He was strangled, his head afterwards cut off, and thrown to the dogs.

This execution took place at the beginning of 1824. The three brothers, were afterwards taken into custody, their tongue was cut off, and their eyes put out, and they were then banished with their families, each to a village at a considerable distance from the other. From that period tranquillity has reigned over the whole of the Lebanon. The Chab family enjoyed their power, without further molestation

thanks to the efficient system of police which the emir has established in his government and the friendship of Abdallah Pacha, who nevertheless was ignorant of the intimate connection, which subsisted between the great prince and Mehemet Ali.

Such is the line of politics, which the Emir Beschir has followed up to the present time: and every thing appears to announce that he will still adhere to it, with the same success in the new crisis, in which he is placed by the contest of Mehemet Ali, with the Ottoman Empire. The emir took no part in the war, until the moment when Ibrahim Pacha, the conqueror of St. Jean d'Acre had sent Abdallah Pacha, defeated and a prisoner, to his father in Egypt, and had forced his way into Syria. The prince of Lebanon was then called upon to declare himself, and according to the custom of the orientals, he thought he could read the finger of God in Ibrahim's victory, and accordingly he espoused the the cause of the party, which had been successful. Nevertheless, he assumed an air of regret on the occasion, to all appearances acting with a decided neutrality, and advancing the pretext that whatever he did was from compulsion on the part of the Porte. It is supposed, that if Ibrahim Pacha should experience any reverses, the Emir Beschir would again espouse the cause of the Turks, and assist them in overthrowing the Arabs. Ibrahim, who entertains some suspicion of this double-faced policy, involves the prince as much as he can in every possible difficulty. He has obliged him to send him one of his sons, and some of his best cavalry to accompany him towards Homs, whilst his other sons, having left the mountain, govern with military sway, in the name of the Egyptians, the principal towns of Syria.

The head of the Emir Beschir, hangs upon the victory of Ibrahim at Homs; if he be defeated, the re-action of the Turks against the christians of the Lebanon, and against the prince himself would be boundless; on the other hand, if Ibrahim remains master of Syria, he cannot without a great degree of distrust behold a power existing indepen-

dently of his own, and he will endeavour by political intrigues to overthrow it, or by the destruction of the Chab family, destroy it altogether.

Were the Emir Beschir younger, and possessed of greater activity, he might offer a successful resistance, both to the aggressions of the Porte, and of Ibrahim, and confirm for a long time to come, and perhaps for ever, his authority and that of his sons over the most inaccessible, the most populous and the wealthiest of all Syria. The mountaineers, whom he commands are brave, intelligent, and well disciplined; the roads which lead into the interior of Lebanon are impracticable; the Maronites, whose population is increasing fast in Lebanon, would be attached to the emir by the common sentiment of christianity, and by the hatred and terror of being subjected to the government of the Turks. The only obstacle to the constitution of a new power in those countries, exists in the difference of religion between the Maronites, the Druses, and Motoualis, who people, nearly in equal numbers, the mountains under the authority of the emir. The strongest tie of nationality, is the community of religious ideas, or rather it has been so until the present time. Civilization, as it advances reduces the religious feeling to individualism, and by other common interests, is nationality formed. Those interests, however, being of less importance than that of religion, the nationalities progressively grow weaker, for what has a more powerful influence over the heart of man, than his religious feeling, his creed, or his inward faith? It is the voice of his mind: it is the thought, in which all others are concentrated: manners, laws, country, everything is to be found for a people in their religion. In this, I believe, consists the great difficulty of the East constituting itself into one sole and powerful nation, and this is also the cause of the decline of the Turkish empire. No signs of a common existence, no symptoms of a possible nationality are to be perceived, except in those parts of the empire, where the tribes professing the same worship are concentred. Amongst the Greek and Asiatic races, amongst the Armenians, the Bulgarians and Servians,

every where else we perceive a congregation of men, but no nation.

October 3rd, 1832.

I descended to day the lower declivities of Lebanon, which incline from Deir-el-kammar towards the Mediterranean, and rested for the night in a solitary khan of those mountains.

At five o'clock in the morning, we mounted our horses in the court of the emir's palace, on leaving the gate of which the descent commences by a path cut in the rock, and which winds round the hill of Dptedin. On the right and left of this path, the corners of the ground by which the artificial terraces are supported, are planted with mulberry leaves, and are most admirably cultivated. The shade of the trees and the vines covers the ground in every direction, and a number of rivulets, the channels of which have been made by the Arab husbandmen, flow from the summit of the mountain, forming in their course several trenches, and watering the roots of the trees and gardens. The gigantic shadow of the palace and the terraces of Dptedin soars above the whole of this scene, and follows the traveller even to the foot of the hill, where the ascent of another mountain commences, on the summit of which the town of Deir-el-kammar is situated, at which we arrived after a quarter of an hour's travelling.

Deir-el-kammar in the capital of the Emir Beschir and of the Druses, containing a population of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants. With the exception, however, of an ancient edifice, ornamented with Moorish sculptures, and lofty balconies, in every respect similar to the remains of one of our castles of the middle ages, Deir-el-kammar is scarcely worthy of the name of a city, still less that of a metropolis; it bears a perfect resemblance to a small town of Savoy or of Auvergne, or to a great village of a distant French province. Day was just breaking when we passed through it: droves of mares and camels were coming out of the courts of the houses, and spread themselves along the squares and unpaved streets of the town. In one of those squares larger than the rest, were pitched some black tents

of Zingari. Men, women and children, half naked, or wrapped up in the immense covering of white wool, which is their only clothing, were squatting round a fire, combing their hair, or clearing it of the insects, which devour them. A few Arabs in the service of the emir passed on horseback in their magnificent costume with superb arms in their girdle, and in their hand, a lance about twelve or fifteen feet long. Some were the bearers of despatches from the army of Ibrahim to the emir, the others were on their way to the coast to transmit the orders of the prince to the detachments commanded by his sons, and who were encamped upon the plain.

Nothing can be more striking and rich, than the costume and accoutrements of these warriors of the Druses. Their immense turbans, on which shawls of the most splendid colours wind about in graceful folds, throw over their embrowned countenances and their black eyes, a shade which contributes still more to the majesty and the savage energy of their physiognomies. Their lips are covered with long mustachios, and fall down on each side of the mouth; a kind of short tunic of a red colour is the uniform dress of all the Druses and of all the mountaineers. This tunic, is according to the rank and opulence of the wearer, made of cotton and gold, or simply of cotton and silk, and elegant designs, in which the diversity of colours forms a striking contrast with the gold or silver of the tissue, that shines upon the breast and upon the back. Immense pantaloons with a thousand folds cover the legs; the feet are fitted with short boots of red morocco, and slippers of yellow morocco over them; furred vests, with hanging sleeves, are thrown over the shoulders. A girdle of silk or morocco leather, resembling that of the Albanians, enwraps the body with its numerous folds and serves the horseman for the carriage of his arms. The hilts of two or three kangiars or yatagans (the poniards and short sabres of the orientals) are always seen projecting from this girdle, and glitter on the breast. The stocks of two or three pistols, encrusted with silver or gold, generally complete this travelling arsenal. All the Arabs are moreover

armed with a spear, the handle of which is made of a slender flexible and hard wood, similar to a long reed. This spear, which is their principal weapon, is ornamented with waving tufts and silken tassels. It is generally held in the right hand, the iron point towards the sky, and the stock nearly touching the ground, but when they put their horses to a gallop, they brandish it horizontally above their heads, and in their military pastimes, throw it to an immense distance, and pick it up again by nearly stooping to the ground. Previously to throwing it, they give it for some time an oscillating motion, which tends considerably afterwards to augment the force of the throw, and to reach the object which they have in view. We met a great number of these horsemen during the day. The Emir Beschir has himself appointed a number of them as our conductors, and to serve us as a guard of honour; we were saluted by all of them with extreme politeness, and they stopped their horses to leave the path open for us.

About two miles from Deir-el-kammar, we obtain one of the most magnificent views of the Lebanon that can be imagined. On one side, its deep ravines which we have to descend, suddenly open under our feet. On the other side, the pyramidal castle of Dptedin on the summit of its hill clothed with verdure and furrowed with foaming streams; in front of you are the mountains declining gently towards the sea, some dark, others shining with the reflections of light, develope themselves like a cataract of hills and conceal their bases either amongst the green borders of the groves of olive trees on the plains of Sidon, or on the steep banks of a brick coloured sand along the shores of Beirout. Here and there, the colour of the sides of these mountains, and the diversified lines of their immense descending horizon, are interrupted and broken by the tops of cedars, firs or larches, the former throwing the shadow of their broad crests upon the scene, whilst numerous villages shine at their feet or on their summits. This prospect is bounded by the sea, and with the eye we follow, as upon an immense map, or plain in relief

the interstices, the slopes, the undulations of the coasts, the capes, the promontories, the gulfs of its shores from the vicinity of Mount Carmel to Cape Batroun, being an extent of fifty leagues. The air is so pure, that we might fancy that we should arrive at certain points after a descent of two or three hours, when in reality it would take us three or four days to treach them. At this distance, the sea, on the first view appears so blended with the firmament which touches the horizon, that the two elements cannot be immediately distinguished, and the earth appears to swim in an immense and double ocean. It is only by fixing the look more attentively upon the sea, and seeing the little white sails shining on its blue bed, that we are able to give any correct account of what we behold. A light mist, more or less gilded, floats at the extremity of the waves, and separates the heavens from the water. At intervals, some light mists, raised from the sides of the mountains by the morning breezes, are seen detached like the white feathers, which a bird has consigned to the wind, and being carried on the sea, are absorbed by the rays of the burning sun.

We quitted this magnificent scene with regret, and began our descent by a path which in point of danger exceeded any that I had ever seen in the Alps. The declivity was nearly perpendicular, the path was not two feet broad; precipices, the bottom of which could scarcely be seen, line it on one side, and walls of rocks on the other; the bed of the path is formed of rolling rocky fragments, or of stones so smoothened by the waters, by the horses' shoes, and the feet of the camels, that these animals are obliged to choose with the greatest precaution the spot on which they are to set their feet, and as they always choose the same place, they have gradually, in the course of time made hollows in the stones, in which their hoofs are imbedded a few inches deep, and it is only owing to those hollows, presenting a point of resistance to the horses' shoes, that that animal is able to make any progress. From time to time, we meet with steps cut also in the rock about two inches high, or blocks of rounded granite, which it would be

impossible to step over; and which must be travelled round through interstices scarcely broad enough for the legs of the horse: such are almost all the roads in this part of Lebanon. At intervals, the sides of the mountains recede or they become level, and we then proceed with greater ease on beds of yellow sand, of freestone or vegetable mould. It is scarcely possible to conceive how such a country can be distinguished by such a number of beautiful horses, and that the use of them is so habitual. There is scarcely an Arab, however inaccessible his village or his house may be, who does not travel on horseback, and we constantly observed them with pipes in their mouths ascending and descending declivities, which the Chamois of the Alps would have found it difficult to climb.

After a descent of about an hour and a half, we began to obtain a glimpse of the bottom of the ravine through which we had to direct our course. A river resounded in its depths, which was concealed by the haze of its waters, and by the tops of the carob and walnut trees, plaintains, and Persian poplars which grew on the lower slopes of the ravine. Beautiful fountains issued on the right of the road from grottoes of rocks clothed with a thousand unknown climbing plants, or from the middle of smooth and verdant grass-plots covered with autumnal flowers. In a short time, we perceived a house amongst the trees, on the banks of the river or torrent, which we forded. Here we halted to rest our horses, and ourselves to enjoy for a moment one of the most extraordinary sites which we had met with on our journey.

The ravine to the bottom of which we had descended was entirely filled by the waters of the river, which foamed round some masses of rocks that had fallen into its bed. Here and there a few islets of vegetable mould afforded a place of growth to some gigantic poplars, which rose to a prodigious height, and cast their pyramidal shade against the sides of the mountain, where we were seated. The waters of the river were contracted to the left between two walls of granite, which they appear to have split, for the purpose of forcing

their way. These walls rise to the height of four or five hundred feet and coming closer to each other at the upper end, appear like an immense arcade, which time has forced to give way, and to fall upon itself. There the tops of Italian pine trees were scattered like bunches of July flowers on the ruins of decayed walls, and showed themselves prominently with their sombre green on the bright and clear blue of the heavens. On our right the ravine wound for about a quarter of a mile between banks wider and less rugged; the waters of the river spread themselves out more at liberty, embracing a multitude of little islands or verdant promontories, all of which were covered with the most rich and graceful vegetation. It was here for the first time that I met with the poplar tree, since I had left the banks of the Rhone and the Soane. It threw its pale and moving veil over the whole of the valley of the river, but as it had neither been planted nor trained by the hand of man, it grew in clusters, and spread out its branches at liberty with greater majesty, with greater diversity of form and grace than in our own country. Between the clusters of these trees and other groups of rushes and large reeds, which also covered the islands, we perceived the broken arches of an old bridge, erected by the ancient Emir of Lebanon, but which centuries ago has fallen into ruins. Beyond the arches of this dilapidated bridge, the ravine opens entirely on an immense inland scene of valleys, plains and hills, scattered with villages inhabited by the Druses, the whole envelopped, like an amphitheatre, by a circular chain of lofty mountains; the hills, were almost all green, and covered with forests of pine.

The villages suspended one over the other, appeared to the eye to touch each other, but when we had crossed some of them, we discovered that the distance from one to the other, was considerable, on account of the difficulty of the paths, and the necessity of descending the deep ravines by which they are separated. There are some of these villages, in which the voice of a man speaking in another village can be distinctly heard, and yet an hour is required to travel from one

to the other. The objects which add considerably to the effect of this beautiful landscape, were two extensive monastries erected like fortresses on the summit of two hills behind the river, and which in themselves bore a strong resemblance to two immense blocks of granite, blackened by time; one of them is inhabited by Maronites, who devote themselves to the instruction of the young Arabs who are intended for the priesthood. The other was uninhabited; it belonged formerly to the order of the Lazarites of Lebanon, and now serves as an asylum and a place of refuge to two young Jesuits, sent thither by their order, at the solicitation of the Maronite bishop, to impart to the Arab schoolmasters the requisite plans and regulations for their guidance in their useful vocation. They live there in a complete solitude, in poverty and an exemplarly holiness. I became better acquainted with them at a later period. One of them is studying the Arabic, and endeavours though without success to convert some of the Druses of the neighbouring villages. He is a man of considerable talents and learning. The other occupies himself with the study of medicine, and traverses the country, distributing medicinal drugs, gratuitously. Both of them are respected and beloved by the Druses and the Motoualis. They need not, however, expect any fruit from their residence in Syria. The Maronite clergy are much attached to the Romish church, nevertheless these clergy have their traditions, their independence, their own discipline which belong to them, and which they will not allow the spirit of Jesuitism to break in upon. The clergy are the true spiritual authority, the governors of the minds of all the people of Lebanon. They would soon find rivals in the active and stirring European corporations, and that rivalry would naturally alarm the local clergy.

After having rested half an hour on this enchanting spot, we mounted our horses, and began to ascend the steep acclivity which rose before us. The path became by degrees more and more rugged on approaching the east chain of the Lebanon, which separated us from the coast of Syria. In proportion, however, as we ascended the view of the immense

basin which we left on our right became more striking and imposing.

The river which we had quitted at the place where we halted, flowed in a serpentine direction in the middle of this plain, slightly undulated with hills, and sometimes spreading itself out in blue and brilliant sheets of water, like the lakes of Switzerland. The dark hills, their summits crowned with clusters of fir trees, at every instant interrupted its progress, and appeared to us to divide it into a thousand luminous branches. By degrees, the hills receding from the plain, increased their altitude, appeared to accumulate and to lean against one another, all covered with heath in blossom, and bearing here and there at considerable intervals trees with a widely extended foliage, which cast a dark shade over their sides. Large forests of cedars and firs stretched downwards from more elevated summits, and were lost in clusters and glades around the ruinous Druse villages, of which we beheld the rising terraces, the balconies, and ogive windows project from the middle of the verdant pines. The inhabitants chiefly dressed in their handsome scarlet mantles, and their foreheads covered with their turbans composed of broad red folds, ascended their terraces to see us pass, themselves contributing not a little by the splendour of their costume, and by the majesty of their attitudes, to the grand, singular and picturesque effect of the landscape. Handsome Turkish fountains were flowing, at the entrance of every one of these villages. The women and girls, who came to fill their long and narrow pitchers with water, were assembled round the basins, and threw aside a corner of their veil to catch a glimpse of us. The people appeared to belong to a noble race. Men, women and children, all had the appearance of strength and health. The women were extremely handsome, the features of the countenance bearing in general the impress of haughtiness and nobility without any expression of ferocity.

We were everywhere saluted with politeness and grace, offering us at the same time all the hospitality which their village

could afford. We, however, forbore to accept of it, but continued to ascend for about three hours the steep acclivities, shaded by groves of fir trees. We finally arrived at the last and naked summit of the mountains, and the immense horizon of the coast of Syria unfolded itself, on a sudden, to our view. It was a scene wholly different from that to which we had been accustomed for some days; it was the horizon of Naples, seen from the summit of Vesuvius, or the heights of Castellamare. The immense ocean was at our feet, without any bounds, or with simply a few clouds heaped upon each other at the furthest extremity of its waves. Under these clouds the imagination might have fancied that land could be perceived, the Island of Cyprus, which, however, is thirty leagues distant. On our left was Mount Carmel, and on the right as far as the eye could reach, the interminable chain of the coasts of Beirout, Tripoli, Syria, Latakia, and Alexandretta; lastly, but confused and indistinct, and under the gilded mists of the night, were some splendid spires of the mountains of Taurus; all, however, might have been an illusion, for the distance is enormous. Immediately under our feet, the descent commenced, and after gliding over the rocks and dry heath of the summit, where we now stood, it became rather less abrupt, and unfolded itself from summit to summit, first by the grey tops of rocky hills, afterwards by the dark green heads of pines, carob oak and cedar trees; then by gentler slopes with the paler and more yellow verdure of the plaintains and sycamores, and finally, grey hills covered with the foliage of olive trees. The whole appeared to mingle and die away in the narrow plain which divides Lebanon from the sea.

There, on the promontories were seen some old Moorish towers which protect the coast; at the bottom of the bays some towns or large villages, with their walls glittering in the sun, with their creeks hollowed in the sand, their boats hauled up on shore, or sailing in or out of the harbour. Saida and Beirout in particular, surrounded by their rich plains of olive, lemon, and mulberry trees, with their minarets, the

domes of their mosques, their castles and their embattled walls rose out of this ocean of colours and lines, and fixed the eye of the observer to two points projecting on the waves. Beyond the plain of Beirout, the Great Lebanon, interrupted by the course of the river, begins to raise itself, at first of a yellow or golden colour, like the columns of Pæstum, then assuming a grey, dull, sombre colour, then becoming green and black, in the region of the forests; next raising up its spires of snow, which appeared to dissolve in the transparency of the firmament, and at a height where the white beams of day slept in an eternal serenity, on beds of everlasting whiteness. Neither Naples, nor Sorrentum, neither Rome nor Albano, can boast of such an horizon.

After descending for about two hours, we arrived at a lonely khan, situated under magnificent plaintains, on the edge of a fountain. I will decribe once for all, what is called a khan in Syria, and in general in all the countries of the East. It is a hut, the walls of which are of ill connected, uncemented stones, and completely pervious to the wind and rain: these stones are generally blackened by the smoke of the hearth, which is constantly making its way through the interstices. The walls are nearly seven or eight feet high, and covered over with some pieces of rough wood having the bark on, and the principal branches of the tree; the whole is shaded with dry fagots, which serve the purpose of a roof. The interior is not paved, and according to the season, it is either a bed of dust or mud. One or two posts support this roof of branches, to which are suspended the cloaks and arms of the travellers. In the corner is a small fire-place raised on some unhewn stones. In this fire-place a charcoal fire is continually burning, and one or two copper coffee pots are always full of thick, farinaceous coffee, the customary refreshment, and apparently the only necessity of the Turks and Arabs. There are generally two rooms, similar to that which has been just described. One or two Arabs are authorized, in return for a tax they pay to the pacha, to do the honours of this hostelry, and to sell coffee

and barley-flour cakes to the caravans. When a traveller arrives at the door of these khans, he dismounts from his horse or camel, which is immediately unloaded of the straw mats or the Damascus carpets, which are to serve him for a bed. These are spread in a corner of the well-smoked house; he then seats himself, asks for coffee, lights his pipe or his *narguilé*, and he waits, whilst the slaves have collected some dry wood wherewith to prepare his repast, which generally consists of two or three cakes half-baked on a heated stone, and of a few slices of hashed mutton, which is boiled with rice in a copper saucepan. It frequently happens, however, that there is neither mutton nor rice to be purchased in the khan, and the traveller must then content himself with the cakes and some excellent fresh water, of which there is never a deficiency in the vicinity of the khans. The servants, the slaves, the moukres, (camel drivers) and the horses remain in the open air about the khan. There is generally in the immediate neighbourhood an old well known tree, which at a distance serves as a land-mark to the caravans. It is most frequently a large sycamore fig tree, a species which I have never seen in Europe; it is of the size of the largest oak, and attains a greater age. Its trunk sometimes reaches thirty or forty feet in circumference, and frequently much larger. Its branches begin to spread at an elevation of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, extending at first horizontally to an immense distance; the upper branches then group themselves into more conical forms, and at a distance resemble our beech trees. The shade of these trees, which Providence appears to have scattered here and there like a hospitable cloud over the burning soil of the desert, extends to a great distance from the trunks, and it is by no means an uncommon sight to see sixty camels, horses and Arabs encamp during the heat of the day under the shadow of one of these trees. In this, however, as in all other cases, it is deplorable to observe the apathy and indifference of the orientals and their government. These plaintains which ought to be preserved with the greatest care, as a kind of

natural inn for the wants and necessities of the caravans are abandoned to the stupid improvidence of those who benefit by their shade. The Arabs light their fire at the foot of the sycamore, and the greater part of these majestic trees have the trunk all blackened and hollowed by the flame of those fire places. Our little caravan halted under one of these majestic sycamores, and we spent the night wrapped up in our cloaks, reposing on a mat of straw in a corner of the khan.

4th October, 1832.

We took our departure from the khan this morning, and after travelling for some hours over the abrupt declivities of the Lebanon, we arrived at the handsome villages which are situate about half way. There, all the ruggedness of the mountain disappears, and we travel during two hours amongst the most smiling and highly cultivated hills, which can possibly be imagined, little inferior to those of Tuscany. Terraces of mould are supported by parapet walls, in which the vines interlace their tendrils with other trees, casting their shadows over every kind of crop, without in the least degree impeding their blossoming. Villages in which everything announces order, peace, labour and riches are scattered over these hills; the houses, or rather the castles of the sheiks, lord it over them in the same manner as our gothic castles formerly commanded our villages. Immense monasteries of Maronite monks occupy the summits of these hills like so many fortresses. The monks are seen entering and leaving the building, some dragging the plough to the fields, whilst others go in search of mulberry leaves. The Arabs, without any distinction of sex, are working peaceably in the fields, and cast their looks upon us as we pass, smiling at the singularity of our European costume The sheik and his principal attendants are generally seated on a carpet at the gate of his castle, or under a great sycamore in the middle of the road. With his pipe in one hand, he salutes us with the other, placing it on his heart, and saying, *Sala el Kaer*, "Blessed be this day to you, travellers."

ture of this humble dwelling, where a deserted family, for a salary of one thousand piastres, about twelve pounds sterling a year, represents one of the greatest powers of Europe.

We were received by Madame Malagamba with the usual ceremonies of the country. She presented us with perfumes and scented waters, and we had scarcely seated ourselves on the sofa, wiping the perspiration from our foreheads, than her daughters, like two heavenly apparitions, came out of the adjoining chamber, and presented us with orange flower water and sweetmeats on plates of China porcelain. The empire of beauty was such upon our souls, that although overcome with thirst and fatigued with a journey of twelve hours, we should have remained in a kind of dumb contemplation before these two beautiful girls, if the mother had not importuned us by her entreaties to accept what her daughters offered us. All the East was before me, such as I had dreamt it in the brightest days of my imagination, when my mind was filled with the enchanting images of its poets, and the tellers of its wonderful stories. One of these interesting beings was but yet in her adolescence, and may be said to have been only the graceful accompaniment of her sister, like an image which reflects the beauty of another. Having offered to us all the attentions of the most simple, and at the same time the most poetical hospitality, the two girls seated themselves by the side of their mother on the sofa, immediately in front of us. This was a picture which I wish I had words to describe, that it might be preserved in language such as I beheld it; but although we have in us something which makes us feel what beauty is in all its shades, in all its delicacy and mystery, yet we have but one indefinite and abstract word to tell us what beauty is. In this lies the triumph of the painter; he decides with a single trait; he preserves for ages that ravishing impression of the female face, of which the poet can only say, *It is beautiful*, and he must be believed upon his word, but his word after all is not the picture.

The beautiful girl was seated on the carpet, her legs folded

under her, her face inclined a little backwards, her elbow resting on the knees of her mother; at one moment she raised her blue eyes to express to her mother her *naïvé* and artless astonishment at our appearance and language, at another she fixed them upon us with a graceful curiosity, then directing them to the ground, and concealing them under the long silk of her black eyelashes, whilst a new-born blush tinged her cheeks, or a slight, half suppressed smile played upon her lips. Our singular costume was to her an entire novelty, and the singularity of our habits and manners excited in her an astonishment so great, that in vain did her mother indicate to her by signs to repress her surprise, from a fear that it might offend us. The simplicity and the artlessness of her emotions displayed themselves in spite of herself on that lovely countenance which had yet but seen sixteen years, and her soul was depicted in every expression of her features with so much grace, with so much transparency that her thought might be seen beneath her skin, before she herself was even conscious of it. The sport of the sun beams, which glide across the shade over a limpid lake, is less inconstant and transparent than was her physiognomy. We could not withdraw our look from it, and we already felt ourselves refreshed by the sole contemplation of this figure, which not one of us will ever forget.

Mademoiselle Malagamba is of that order of beauty, which is no where to be found but in the East; a form as full and perfect, as is exhibited in the Grecian statue; a soul which shines forth in the look as in the natives of the south, with a simplicity of expression which exists only amongst a primitive people. When these three requisites of beauty coalesce in one individual female figure, and harmonize in a countenance, on which blooms the first flower of adolescence: when the pensive thought, wandering in the look, mildly illumines with its humid beams those eyes, the expression of which can be read to the very bottom of the soul, because innocence does not suspect that it has any thing to conceal; when the delicacy of the contour, that virginal purity of

outline, the elegance and suppleness of the shape, reveal to the eye that voluptuous sensibility of a being who is born to love, and so intermingle the soul with the senses, that on looking at it, we know not whether we love or admire the most;—then is beauty complete, and we feel at the sight of it, that complete satisfaction of the senses and the heart; that harmony of enjoyment, which is not what we designate love, but it is the love of intelligence, the love of the artist, the love of genius for a perfect work. We might say to ourselves—"we are happy here," and we could scarcely withdraw from the place where we had just seated ourselves with indifference; so much is beauty the light of the mind, and the invincible attraction of the heart.

Her oriental costume contributed much to the charms of her person. Her long flaxen hair, of a light golden hue, was plaited on her head in a thousand tresses, which fell on each side of her naked shoulders; a confused mixture of pearls, and of threaded golden sequins, of white and red flowers, were strewed over these locks, as if a handfull of the jewels, which it had taken from a casket, had opened itself by chance over this head, and had showered upon it indiscriminately this profusion of flowers and jewels. Every thing appeared to become her; nothing could disfigure her beautiful head of sixteen; her bosom was uncovered, according to the custom of the Arabian women; a muslin tunic embroidered with flowers of silver, was fastened by a shawl round her waist; her arms projected as high as the elbow through the flowing sleeves of a vest of green cloth, the two skirts of which hung gracefully on her hips; large pantaloons with innumerable folds completed this costume, and her naked feet were encircled above the ankles by two bracelets of chased silver. One of these bracelets was ornamented with little silver bells, the musical sound of which accompanied every movement of her feet. No poet has ever painted such a ravishing apparition. The Haidee of Lord Byron in Don Juan in some respects resemble Mademoiselle Malagamba, but the former falls far short of that perfection of grace and

innocence, of that sweet confusion, that voluptuous languor, and that brilliant serenity which were blended with her youthful features. I engraved her image on my memory to paint it on a future day, as the type of beauty and of the purest love in a poem in which I wish to embody my ideas of her.

If there were a painter amongst us, this scene of our travels, would have made a most beautiful subject for his pencil. Our Turkish costumes, rich and picturesque, our various kinds of arms scattered on the ground around us, our greyhounds crouching at our feet; the three female figures seated in front of us on an Aleppo carpet; their attitudes full of simplicity and surprise; their air *degagé;* the expression of their countenances, whilst I recited to them my travels, or that we were comparing our European customs with the kind of hospitality which we were then receiving, the vessels filled with perfumes which burned in a corner of the room, embalming the evening air; the antique forms of the vases, in which they offered us the sherbet, or the aromatised beverages; and all this in the midst of a dilapidated chamber, opening upon the sea, and in which the branches of a palm tree growing in the court introduced themselves through the large openings without sashes. I much regret my inability to convey to my friends such a description of this scene, as it exists in my own imagination.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, is of Grecian birth, and was born in the Island of Cyprus. At the age of fourteen she married Monsieur Malagamba, a rich French merchant, who at the same time was consul at Larnarca. A series of misfortunes and reverses decreased the fortune of M. Malagamba, on which he was appointed to the subordinate office of consular agent at Acre, where he died, leaving his wife and four children in a state of absolute want. His son, a young man of integrity and intellect, was employed by several consuls, and finally obtained the place of consular agent of Sardinia at Caiphas. It was from the slender income of this precarious appointment that he supported his mother and his sisters. We were informed that the oldest sister of Made-

ment on leaving France to visit the East arose solely upon my memory.

> I have not heard amongst the cedars old,
> Ascend and echo back a nations cries;
> Nor on the heights of Lebanon have I seen
> The birds prophetic, from the hand of God,
> Descend in wrath on Tyre's proud palaces.

I have now before me that Lebanon, but I said to myself. My imagination deceives me; I see neither the eagles, nor the vultures, which according to the prophecies were incessantly to descend from the mountains, to be continually feeding on the cadaverous bodies of the renowned city, accursed of God and the enemy of his people. At the moment when I made these reflections some thing great, grotesque and immovable appeared on our left, on the summit of a pointed rock, which in this particular place projected into the plain, as far as the route of the caravans. The objects which had thus attracted my attention, resembled five statues of black stone, placed upon the rock as on a pedestal, but from some motions almost imperceptible of those colossal figures, we believed, on approaching them that they were five Bedouin Arabs covered with their sacks of black goats' hair, who from the summit of this hillock, were observing us as we passed. At last when we were only about fifty paces from the hillock, we beheld one of these five figures extend a pair of immense wings, and flap them against its sides with a noise similar to that which a sail makes when it is unfurled to the wind. We now perceived that these five grotesque objects were five eagles of the very largest species which I had ever seen on the Alps, or chained in the menageries of our cities. They attempted not to fly, nor did they seem in the least alarmed at our approach; perched like the kings of the desert on the edges of the rocks, they looked down upon Tyre as a field of carnage which belonged to them, and to which they were about to return. They seemed to possess it by virtue of a divine right; the instruments of a command which was to be put in execution, or of a prophetic vengeance which

they had the mission to accomplish against man in spite of man.

I could not desist from contemplating this prophecy in actual fulfilment, this marvellous accomplishment of the divine menaces, of which chance had rendered us the witnesses. Never did anything that was supernatural have such a powerful effect on my vision and my mind, and it required a powerful effort of my reason, not to see behind those five gigantic eagles, the great and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance, Ezekiel, rising above them, and pointing with his eye and his finger to the city, which God had given them for their prey, whilst the wind of the divine wrath agitated the locks of his white beard, and the fire of the divine wrath inflamed the look of the prophet. We stopped at the distance of about forty paces, the eagles merely turned their heads disdainfully, as if to take a look at us; at last two of our party left the caravan, and galloped with their guns in their hands to the foot of the rock; they still, however, would not take to their wings. A few discharges from the guns which were loaded with ball, made them fly heavily away, but they returned with their own free will to the fire, and hovered for some time over our heads, without being wounded by our balls, as if they had said to us, "your efforts are powerless, we are the eagles of God."

I then discovered that the poetical imagination had revealed to me the eagles of Tyre less truly, less beautifully, and less supernaturally than they in reality were, and that there is in the *mens divinio* of poets, even the most obscure, something of that divining and prophetic instinct which speaks the truth without knowing it.

After travelling seven hours, we arrived at noon in the middle of the plain of Tyre, at a place called the Wells of Solomon, which have been described by all travellers; they consist of three reservoirs of limpid flowing water, which issues, as it were, by enchantment out of a low, dry and arid ground about two miles from Tyre; each of these reservoirs raised artificially about twenty feet above the level of the

plain, is full to the brim, and is continually running over; the stream of water being sufficient to turn the wheels of a mill. The water is conveyed to Tyre by aqueducts partly ancient, and partly modern, which have a very handsome effect, when seen in the perspective. It is said that Solomon constructed these three wells as a reward to Tyre and its King Hiram for the services which the Syrian marine and the artists rendering him in the building of his temple. Hiram brought the marble and the cedars from Lebanon.

These enormous wells are each from sixty to eighty feet in circumference; the depth of them is not known, and one of them has no bottom at all; no person has yet been able to discover by what mysterious conduit the waters of the mountains are carried to the wells. On examining them, there is every reason to believe that they are vast artesian wells, constructed long before their re-discovery by the moderns.

We took our departure from the wells at five o'clock, and having travelled two hours over the plain of Tyre, we arrived at the close of day at the foot of a high mountain rising perpendicularly from the sea, and which forms the cape, or Ras-el, Abiad. On our left the moon rose above the black summit of Lebanon, but not sufficiently high to illuminate its sides; she sank, whilst leaving us in the shade, amongst immense fragments of white rock, where its light shone like a flame on marble; those rocks, thrown into the middle of the waves, break their sparkling foam, which is dashed almost to the spot where we are. The heavy and periodical noise of the waves against the cape, was the only sound that was heard, shaking with every dash of the wave the narrow ledge on which we travelled, suspended over the precipice. At a distance, the sea shone like an immense lake of silver, and here and there a sombre cape projected into the bosom of the sea, or some deep cave penetrated into the shattered sides of the mountains. The plain of Tyre stretched itself far behind us, and it could still be distinguished, although confusedly, by the yellow and gilded fringes of sand which mark its extent between the sea and the land. The shadow of what once

was Tyre showed itself at the extremity of a promontory, and by chance, no doubt, had alone thrown a light upon its ruins, which at a distance might have been taken for a light-house, but it was the pharos of its solitude and its desolation, not acting as a beacon to the mariner, but simply sparkling in our eyes, and exciting only a look of pity upon its ruins. This route on the precipice, with all the varied, solemn and sublime circumstances of the night, of the moon, the sea and its abysses, lasted for about an hour, one of those hours that has made the deepest impression on my memory of all, which God has permitted me to enjoy upon the earth—what a sublime gate, through which on the following day I shall enter upon the land of miracles, that land of the testimony, on which are still imprinted the traces of the old and new covenant made between God and man.

On descending from the summit of this cape, we had the same prospect which struck us so forcibly on our ascent; precipices as profound and sonorous, and as white with foam; strewed also with vast fragments of whitened rocks not wholly destitute of vegetation, all these opened under our feet, and attracted our constant observation; the sea broke upon it with the same roar which has accompanied us during the whole length of the stormy coast of Syria, according to the appellation of the ancient Hebrew poets; the moon, further advanced in her course, threw an additional splendour over this scene, at once tumultuous and solitary, and at length the vast plains of Ptolemais stretched themselves before us. It was nine o'clock at night in the month of October; our horses, exhausted by a journey of thirteen hours placed slowly their iron-shod feet on the sharp and polished stones, of which alone the roads of Syria are made; a kind of irregular steps of stone, over which no horseman in Europe would venture to ride. As to ourselves, worn out with fatigue, but impressed at the same time with the grandeur of the spectacle, and the hasty recollections which it inspired, we travelled in silence on foot, leading our horses by the bridle, casting our look at one moment on that ocean that we should

have to cross before we could again see our own rivers and our own mountains, and at another moment on the long, black and even summit of Mount Carmel, which began to show itself at the very further limits of the horizon. We arrived at a kind of khan, that is, a low, paltry house, half of which was in ruins, where a poor Arab cultivates a few fig-trees, and some gourds between the fissures of the rocks by the side of the fountain. This wretched building was occupied by the camel drivers of Naplousia, carrying corn into Syria, for the army of Ibrahim. The fountain was dried up by the autumnal heat, but we nevertheless pitched our tents on a soil covered with round and rolling stones. We fastened our horses to the posts, and we drank, with the true spirit of economy, a few drops of fresh water which still remained in our pitchers, which we had filled at the Wells of Solomon.

A scarcity of water begins to be felt as soon as we leave the plains of Tyre, and the mountains begin to decrease. The fountains are five or six hours' journey from each other, and frequently, when you do arrive at them, nothing more is found in the bed of the stream but a dry and burning mud, which has retained the imprint of the feet of the camels and goats which were the last to quench their thirst.

On the 11th, we struck our tents by the light of a thousand stars, which were reflected in the waves, extended at our feet; we descended in about an hour the last hills, which form what is called the White Cape, or Raz-el-Abiad, and we then entered the plain of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais.

The siege of Acre by Ibrahim Pacha, had recently reduced the city to a heap of ruins, under which ten or twelve thousand bodies were buried, with some thousands of camels. Ibrahim, the conqueror, being most anxious to re-establish his important conquest beyond the power of a re-action of fortune, was at this time incessantly occupied in rebuilding the walls and houses of Acre. Every day hundreds of corpses were dug out of the rubbish in a state of partial decomposition. The air of the whole of the plain had become corrupted by the putrid exhalations arising from the cadaverous

heaps which were strewed upon it; we passed at the greatest possible distance from the walls, and at noon we halted at an Arab village called the Waters of Acre, in an orchard of pomegranates, fig-trees, and mulberry trees, and in the immediate vicinity of the wells belonging to the pacha. At five o'clock we proceeded on our journey for the purpose of encamping for the night on the top of the first hills of Galilee.

On the 12th, we pursued our journey with the first light of day. We at first crossed a hill, planted with olive trees and a few green oaks, dispersed in groups, or growing in thickets, exposed to the browsing teeth of the goats and camels. On our arriving at the opposite side of the hill, the Holy Land, the Land of Canaan, showed itself before us in its full extent. The impression was grand, delightful and profound. We did not there behold that land, naked, rocky and barren, nor that crowd of low and sterile mountains which had been represented to us as the Holy Land, on the faith of a few prejudiced travellers, smitten with the love of writing; men who never saw the immense and diversified domains of the twelve tribes, but only the rocky path which leads between the rising and the setting of the sun, from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Deceived by these writers, I expected to find nothing more than what they had described, that is, a country circumscribed in its limits, without any horizon, without plains or trees, and without water; a land dotted with grey or white hillocks, where the Arab bandit conceals himself in the shade of the ravines, to plunder the traveller—Such is perhaps the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem; but such is not the picture of Judea, as we saw it on the first day from the summit of the hills, which border the plain of Ptolemais; nor such as we found it on the other side of the hills of Zebulon and those of Nazareth; at the foot of Mount Hermon or Mount Carmel; nor such as we traversed it in all its breadth and all its variety, from the heights which command Tyre and Sidon to the Lake of Tiberias, and from Mount Tabor to the mountains of Samaria and Naplousia, and from thence to the walls of Zion.

We have now immediately before us the plain of Zebulon, and we are placed between two slight undulations of sand, scarcely worthy of the name of hills. The bed which is formed between them, as it winds before us, forms the road on which we travel, that has been traced out by the feet of the camel, which have pounded the dust of it for four thousand years, or by the large and deep holes which the weight of their feet, always planted in the same place, has hollowed out in a white and friable rock, which is of the same species from the Cape of Tyre to the first sand of the Lybian desert. On our right and left, the rounded sides of the two hills are shaded here and there at about every twenty paces by tufts of different evergreen shrubs; at a somewhat greater distance appear some trees with knotty trunks, strong and enterlaced branches, and a gloomy and motionless foliage. These trees are principally evergreen oaks of a particular species; the trunk of which is more light and slender than that of the oaks of Europe, and the leaves more round and smooth, without the jagging of the leaf of the common oak. The clothing of the hills is completed by the carob tree, the mastic, and less frequently by the plaintain and the sycamore. I am not acquainted with the names of the other trees, some of which have the foliage of the firs and cedars, others, and which may be considered as the handsomest, resemble immense willows on account of the colour of their bark, the gracefulness of their foliage, combined with its delicate and yellow colour, but in their general proportions, they far exceed the willow, whether in extent, size, or height. The most numerous caravans are able to assemble round their colossal trunks, and form one encampment under their shade, with their camels and their baggage. Between the large and frequent spaces left bare by these different trees on the declivities of these hills, some masses of a whitish, and more frequently of a greyish blue rock project from the earth, and appear to the view like the vigorous muscles of a strong human form, which exhibit themselves more prominently in old age, and seem ready to pierce the skin that covers them. But between these

banks, or blocks of rock, is found a black, light, and deep soil, which would with a very little cultivation produce incessantly, wheat, barley, and maize, instead of those forests of prickly brambles, wild pomegranates, rose trees of Jericho, and enormous thistles, the stem of which rises to the height of a camel's head. The description of one of these hills, as far as regards their form, is nearly sufficient for all, and the imagination may well conceive their effect, accordingly as they are mentioned in delineating the landscape of the Holy Land. We continued our route between two of those hills, and began our descent with a slight declination, leaving the sea and the plain of Ptolemais behind us, when on a sudden we came in sight of the first plain of the Land of Canaan. It was the plain of Zebulon, the garden of the tribe of that name.

To the right and left of us, the two hills which we had just crossed, opened gracefully and by a parallel bend, similar to two subsiding waves, which fall gently, and recede harmoniously before the prow of a vessel, the space which they leave between them, and which enlarges itself by degrees, was like a little bay not deep, which is formed by the plain between the mountains. This bay or gulf of land, smooth and fertile, soon forms a much larger valley, and at the place where the two hills which still surround it, entirely subside, there it sinks, and is lost in a slightly oval plain, the two sharp extremities of which extend a great way under the shade of two other ranges of hills. This plain to the eye appears about a league and a half in breadth, and three or four leagues in length. From the elevation at which we were, emerging from the hills of Acre, our look was naturally directed downwards, following involuntarily the flexible sinuosities, and lost itself in the narrow creek, which they formed until it was lost altogether amidst the bases of the mountains by which it was terminated. On the left, the lofty, gilded and rugged summits of Lebanon, threw out boldly their pyramids into the dark blue of the morning sky; on our right the hill on which we were travelling rose insensibly, on receding from us, and uniting

itself, as it were with other hills, forming groups of different elevation, some dry and sterile, others clothed with olive and fig trees, and bearing on their summit a Turkish village, the white minaret of which formed a striking contrast with a gloomy colonnade of cypresses, which almost entirely surrounded the mosque. In our front, however, the horizon which terminated the plain of Zebulon, extending itself before us for three or fuor leagues, formed a perspective of hills, of mountains and valleys of sky and light, of vapours and shadows, all adjusted with such a harmony of colours and lines, blended with such a happiness of composition, connected by such a graceful symmetry, and distinguished by effects so diversified, that I could not withdraw my look from them, and not finding anything in my recollections of the Alps of Italy, or Greece, to which I could compare this magic scene, I exclaimed, "It is Poussin or Claude Lorraine." Nothing in fact could equal the bland majesty of this horizon of Canaan, but the pencils of those two painters to whom the divine genius of nature has revealed her beauty. No where else is to be found that harmony of the grand and simple, of the strong and graceful, of the picturesque and the fertile, than in the imagined landscapes of those two great men, or in the immutable nature of the beautiful country, which we have before us, and which the hand of the Supreme Painter himself has designed and coloured for the habitation of a people, still pastoral and innocent. Immediately, at the very foot of the mountains, and at the distance of half a league on the plain, a mount, entirely detached from all the surrounding hills, rises as it were from the ground, like a natural pedestal, destined exclusively by nature to be the site of a strong city. Its sides rise almost perpendicularly, from the level of the plain to the summit of that kind of terrestial altar resembling exactly the ramparts of a fortified place, traced out and erected by the hand of man.

The summit itself, instead of being unequal and rounded like all the other summits of the hills, and mountains, is quite flat and level, as if to carry something by which it was

to be crowned, when that people shall arrive, for whose residence it was destined. Amidst all the charming plains of the Land of Canaan, I have since remarked the same mounts in the shape of quadrangular or oblong altars, which are evidently destined to protect the first habitations of a weak and timid nation; and this destination is so well written in their isolated and grotesque shapes, that this mass alone prevents us being deceived, or led to believe, that they have been made by the people, who covered them with their cities. But can so circumscribed a people ever have been able to erect so many terrestial citadels, and so enormous that the armies of Xerxes could not have constructed them? To whatever faith we may belong, we must be blind indeed not to discover a special and providential destination in these fortresses, elevated at the opening and the end, of almost all the plains of Galilee and Judea. At the back of this mount where the imagination without any great exertion might reconstruct an ancient city, with its walls, its bastions, and its towers, the first hills gradually ascend from the plains, bearing on their sides bowers of olive trees, and green oaks like spots of a grey or blackish colour. Between these hills, and the more elevated and gloomy mountains to which they serve as bases, and which command them majestically, some torrent doubtless rolled its foaming waves, or some deep lake was evaporated by the first heats of the morning sun, for a white and blueish vapour spreads itself in this empty space, and lightly conceals and as it were to make it appear better at a distance, the second plane of mountains, beneath this transparent veil which is pierced here and there by the concentrated rays of the sun. At a greater distance and at a still higher elevation, a third chain of mountains, entirely dark, rises in rounded and unequal groups, and imparts to all the pleasing landscape, that tint of majesty, force and gravity, which ought to be found in everything that is beautiful, whether it be an element or in contrast. At intervals this third chain is broken, and allows the eye to wander over a vast extent bounded by a pale silvery sky, strewed with some clouds of a light roseate hue. Finally

at the back of this magnificent amphitheatre, two or three peaks of the distant Lebanon, rise like promontories, stretching into the sky, and primarily receiving the luminous shower of the first rays of the sun suspended above them. They appear so transparent, that we might fancy to see trembling through them that light of heaven, which they conceal from us. Add to this spectacle, the serene and fiery vault of the firmament, the limpid colour of the light, and the depths of the shadows which characterise an atmosphere of Asia; fancy in the plain a khan in ruins, immense herds of red-haired cows, white camels, and black goats, proceeding at a slow pace in search of some scarce water, though limpid and well tasted; imagine to yourselves some Arab horsemen, mounted on their fleet coursers, traversing the valley, all glittering with their silvery arms, and their scarlet dresses, together with some women of the neighbouring villages clad in their long sky-blue tunics, with a large white sash, the ends of which trail upon the ground, and a blue turban ornamented with little fillets strung with Venetian sequins, to all of which add here and there on the sides of the hills some Turkish or Arabian hamlets, the walls of which, of the colour of the rocks, and the houses without roofs, are blended with the rocks of the hill itself; let a cloud of azure smoke rise at intervals between the olive trees and the cypresses which surround those villages: let a few stones, hollowed out like troughs, the tombs of the patriarchs; some shafts of columns of granite, some sculptured capitals, scattered here and there, about the fountains, under the feet of your horse, and you have the most exact and faithful picture of the delightful plain of Zebulon, of Nazareth, of Saphora and Tabor. Such a country re-peopled by a new Jewish nation, cultivated and irrigated by intelligent hands, fecundated by a tropical sun, producing spontaneously every plant necessary or delicious for man, from the sugar cane and the banana to the vine and the corn of the temperate zone, or to the cedar and pine of the Alps—such a country, I repeat, would again become at this day the Land of Promise, if Providence restored to it

people, bestowing upon them at the same time the political advantages of tranquillity and liberty.

From the plain of Zebulon, after ascending some little hillocks, more sterile and barren than the former, we proceeded to the village of Saphora, the ancient Saphora of the holy scriptures, the ancient Diocesan of the Romans, the largest city in the time of Herod Agrippa, after Jerusalem.

A great number of blocks of stone hollowed out for tombs marked out the route for us, to the summit of the mount on which Saphora is situated. On our arrival at the last eminence we observed an isolated column of granite, still standing upright, and pointing out the site of a temple. Some beautiful sculptured capitals were strewn on the ground at the foot of the column; and immense fragments of hewn stone, removed from some great Roman monuments, were scattered thickly around, and served as boundary marks to the fields of the Arabs, extending about a mile round Saphora. Here we made a halt in the middle of the day. An inexhaustible fountain of excellent water flows from it for the inhabitants of two or three valleys. It is surrounded by some orchards of fig and pomegranate trees ; we seated ourselves under their shade, and waited more than an hour before we were able to water our caravan, so great were the number of herds of cows and camels, that the Arab shepherds had led thither from all parts of the valley. Innumerable files of black goats and cattle wound along the plain and the sides of the hills, which rise towards Nazareth.

Wrapped in my mantle, I laid myself to sleep under the shade of a fig tree, at a small distance from the fountain, and for a long time I contemplated this scene of other days. Our horses were dispersed around us ; their legs fastened by fetters; the Turkish saddles on their back; the long pendent mane, the head hung down, and seeking the shade of their own mane. Our arms, sabres and pistols, were suspended above our heads on the branches of the pomegranate and fig trees. Some Bedouin Arabs, covered with a piece of striped black and white stuff, made of goat's hair, were seated in a circle,

at no great distance from us, and regarded us with the eye of the vulture. Some women of Saphora, clad exactly like the women of Abraham and Isaac, with a blue tunic tied round the waist, and the puffed-out folds of another white tunic falling gracefully over the blue one, carried on their heads, dressed with a blue turban, some empty urns lying lengthwise, or having filled them, they carried them away upright on their heads, supporting them with their two hands like the caryatides of the Acropolis; other girls, in the same costume were washing at the fountain, and laughing amongst themselves as they directed their look upon us. Others again dressed in richer robes, and the head covered with small fillets of piastres or gold sequins, were dancing at some distance from the fountain, under the shade of a large pomegranate tree. Their dance, which was slow and inactive, was nothing more than a monotonous round, accompanied at intervals with a few steps destitute of all art, but not wholly without grace. Woman was born a creature of grace; neither manners nor costumes are able to change in her that charm of beauty and of love, which encircles and betrays her in every relation of life. These Arabian women were not veiled like all those, whom we had hitherto seen in the East, and their features, although slightly tatooed, possessed a delicacy and a regularity, which distinguish them from the Turkish race. They continued to dance and sing during the whole of the time that we halted, and appeared not to take any offence at the attention which we paid to their dance, to their songs, and their costumes. We were informed that the cause of their assemblage there, was to wait for the bridal presents which a young Arab was gone to purchase at Nazareth, for one of the girls of Saphora, his betrothed. In fact, on the same day we met these presents on the road, consisting of a sieve to sift the flour from the bran, a piece of calico, and a piece of stuff of a richer kind to make a dress for the betrothed.

On this day some new impressions, wholly different from those with which my travels had hitherto inspired me, began

to spring up in my mind: I had hitherto travelled with the eyes, the thoughts, and the mind. I had not travelled with the soul and the heart, which should become me, on setting my foot on the land of prodigies; the land of Jehovah and of Christ; the land, all the names of which had been a thousand times lisped by my infantine lips; all the images of which had been the first to colour my young and tender imagination; the land from which had flowed to me at a later period, the lessons and sweets of a religion, that second soul of our soul. I felt within me as if something that was cold and dead had just sprung into life again. I felt what those feelings are, when amidst a thousand strange and unknown figures, we recognize that of a mother, of a sister, or a beloved female, or what we feel when we leave the street to enter a temple; something that is meditative, sweet, confidential, tender and consoling, and such as we are not apt to experience elsewhere.

That temple for me is this land of the Bible and of the gospel, on which I have now imprinted my first steps. I prayed to God in silence, and in the solitude of my thoughts; I rendered thanks to him for having permitted me to live so long as to behold this sanctuary of the Holy Land; and from this day, during the whole of the remainder of my travels in Judea, in Galilee, in Palestine, the material, poetical impressions, which I received from the view and the name of places were with me intermingled with a sentiment, more redolent of respect, and tenderness, than of memory. My travels now frequently became a prayer, and the two enthusiasms, the most natural to my soul, the enthusiasm of nature, and that of its Creator, arose within me every morning, as fresh and as lively, as if as many years of grief and sorrow had made them to flow and ebb in my soul. I felt that I was still a man, on appearing before the shadow of the God of my youth. On visiting the places consecrated by one of those mysterious events, which have changed the face of the globe, our feelings are somewhat similar to those, which the traveller experiences, who ascends with fatigue and danger the course

of a mighty river such as the Nile, and the Ganges, in order to discover and contemplate it at its hidden and unknown source; it also appeared to me on ascending the last hills which separated me from Nazareth, as if from the summit of the mountains of Galilee, I were about to contemplate at its source that all comprehensive and fruitful religion, which for nearly two thousand years has established and is establishing itself in the universe, and which has refreshed so many generations, by its clear and vivifying waters. Here was the source in the hollow of the rock, which I here tread under my feet, and the hill of which I have ascended the last heights, has borne on its sides the salvation, the life of the light, the hope of the world. It was here a few paces from me, that he, the model of man was born amongst men, to withdraw them by his word and his example from the sea of error and corruption in which the human race had been for some time immerged. If I reflected on these important subjects in the character of a philosopher, it was the period at which took place the greatest event, which ever effected the moral or political world, an event the repercussion of which still impresses at the present time, a principle of motion and life upon the whole intellectual world. It is here that the greatest, the most just, the most wise, the most virtuous of all men emerged from obscurity, from ignorance and misery; here was his cradle, here was the theatre of his actions, and his affecting discourses; thence he departed, whilst yet in his youth, with a few obscure and illiterate men, whom he had inspired with confidence in his genius, and with courage for the accomplishment of their mission, which was knowingly to contend against an order of ideas and things not strong enough to resist him, but still strong enough to cause his death. Thence I repeat, he went forth with confidence to conquer death, and the universal empire of posterity; thence has flowed christianity, its source obscure; a drop of water unperceived in the hollow of the rock of Nazareth, from which two sparrows could scarcely allay their thirst, which a single beam of the sun could have absorbed, and which at the present day, like the vast ocean of

mind has filled every abyss of human wisdom, and bathed with its inexhaustible waves the past, the present and the future. Did I entertain a doubt of the divinity of that event, still would my soul have been strongly affected on approaching the first theatre on which the glorious deed was enacted, and I should have uncovered my head, and bent my forehead in reverence of that occult and governing will, which has made such mighty and important things flow from so weak, and so imperceptible a commencement.

But on considering the mysteries of christianity as a christian, it was here under this small portion of the blue firmament, at the bottom of this narrow and sombre valley, under the shadow of this little hill, the old rocks of which appear even at the present day to be all split with the trembling of joy, which they experienced in giving birth to and in bearing the infant WORD, or with the shivering of grief which they felt in entombing the WORD crucified; here was the fatal and holy spot of the world, which God selected from all eternity, on which his truth, his justice and his incarnate love in an infant God was to descend upon the earth; it was here that the divine breath descended at its proper time in a poor cottage, the abode of humble labour, of simplicity of mind and misfortune; it was here, that within the bosom of a pure and innocent virgin, he gave life to something like herself, sweet, tender, and compassionate—as a man it was full of suffering, patience, and lamentation; as a God it was powerful, supernatural, wise and strong; it was here that the God-man submitted to our ignorance, our weakness, our labour, and our misery, during the obscure years of his retired life, and in some measure entered into the exercises of it, and practised the ways of the world, before he edified it by his word, healed it by his prodigies, and regenerated it by his death; it was here that the Heavens opened, from which burst forth on the world his incarnate spirit, his fulminating word, which was to consume till the end of time all error and iniquity, to try, as in the fire of the crucible our virtues and our vices, and to kindle before the only holy God,

that incense which was never afterwards to be extinguished the incense of the renovated altar, the perfume of universal charity and truth.

In the midst of these reflections, with my head in reverence bent, and my mind occupied with a thousand other thoughts of a still more weighty kind, I perceived at my feet at the bottom of a valley, hollowed in the form of a basin or a terrestrial lake, the white and gracefully grouped houses of Nazareth, on the two edges and at the bottom of the basin. The Grecian church, the lofty minaret of the Turkish mosque, and the long and broad walls of the convent of the Latin Fathers, immediately displayed themselves; a few streets formed by houses of smaller dimensions but of an elegant oriental shape, were scattered about these larger edifices, and were animated with the noise and movements of life. All around the valley or basin of Nazareth some clumps of lofty thorny napal, of fig trees divested of their autumnal foliage, and pomegranate trees with their light and tender green and yellow leaves, were here and there planted by chance, imparting freshness and grace to the landscape, like the flowers of the field round a village altar. God alone knows what at that time was passing in my heart, but with a spontaneous motion, and as it might be called an involuntary one, I found myself at the feet of my horse, on my knees in the dust, on one of those blue and powdery rocks of the precipitous road which we were descending. I remained for some minutes in silent contemplation, in which all the sceptical and christian thoughts of my life as a man, rushed so powerfully upon my mind, that it was impossible for me to individualize any one in particular. The following were the only words, which escaped my lips. *Et verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis* (and the word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.) I pronounced them with that profound, sublime, and grateful sentiment, which they are so well calculated to inspire, and the spot itself so naturally causes them, that I was struck on my arrival in the evening at the sanctuary of the Latin church, to find them engraven in letters of gold on the

marble table of the subterranean altar in the house of Mary and Joseph. With an emotion of the purest religion, I bent my head towards that ground from which a Christ had sprung, I kissed it in silence, and moistened it with a few tears of repentance, love and hope—that ground, which has seen the shedding of so many—that ground which has dried up so many on asking from it a little truth and love

We arrived at the monastery of the Latin Fathers of Nazareth, at the moment when the last beams of evening still faintly gilded the high yellow wall of the church and the monastery. A large iron gate was opened before us, and our horses entered, sliding over the polished and sounding slabs of the fore court of the monastery, making them echo beneath the iron of their hoofs. The gate was closed behind us, and we dismounted before the very gate of the church where formerly stood the humble dwelling of that mother, who tendered her bosom to the immortal Host, which gave its milk to a God.

The Superior and the Father Guardian were both absent. Some Neapolitan and Spanish brethren were occupied in winnowing the corn of the convent under the gate ; they received us very coldly, and conducted us to a vast corridor, into which opened the cells of the brethren, and the chambers appropriated for the accommodation of strangers. We waited a long time for the arrival of the minister of Nazareth, who overwhelmed us with politeness, and ordered a chamber and a bed to be prepared for each of us. Fatigued with the journey and the reflections of the day, we threw ourselves on our bed, deferring until the morning our visit to the consecrated places, and being at the same time unwilling to injure the *ensemble* of our impressions, by a cursory glance cast hastily in those holy places, of which we already inhabited the vestibule.

I rose several times during the night to elevate my soul and my voice to God, who in this spot had chosen Him, from whom his word was to go forth to all the universe.

On the following day, an Italian father came to conduct us

to the church and the subterranean sanctuary which was formerly the house of the Holy Virgin and of Joseph. The church consists of a broad and lofty nave of three stories, the upper one of which is occupied by the choir of the Fathers of the Holy Land, and which communicates with the convent by a back door; the lower story is occupied by the Faithful, communicating with the choir and the great altar by a handsome double flight of stairs, and gilded balustrades. From this part of the church, and under the grand altar, a staircase composed of a few steps, leads to a small chapel and to an altar of marble, lighted with silver lamps placed on the very spot, where tradition reports the Annunciation to have taken place. This altar is raised under the vault of a rock, half natural, half artificial, against which the holy dwelling was doubtlessly built. At the back of this first vault, two subterranean vaults still more obscure, served, according to tradition, as the kitchen and the cellar of the Holy Family. These traditions are more or less accurate, or more or less altered by the pious necessity of popular credulity, or by the desire natural in all these monks, being the possessors of so precious a relic, to augment the interest of it, and to multiply its details by adding perhaps some benevolent fictions to the powerful reminiscences of the place; but it is by no means a matter of doubt, that the convent, and especially the church were originally erected in the very place where stood the dwelling of the divine heir of earth and heaven. At the time when his name was spread abroad like the light of a new aurora, a short time after his death; whilst his mother and his disciples still lived, it is certain that they continued to transmit to one another the worship of love and suffering, which the absence of the divine master had left them, and often went themselves to conduct the new christians to the places where they had seen Him, whom they then adored, live, speak, act, and die. There is no human piety which could preserve so faithfully the tradition of a place so dear to its memory, as was accomplished by the piety of the faithful and the martyrs. We may, therefore, place the greatest reliance on the exactness

of the principal sites of the Redemption, in the fervour of a primitive worship, and the vigilance of an immortal one. We fell on our knees on those stones, under that vault which were the witnesses of the most incomprehensible mystery of the divine charity for man, and we prayed. The enthusiasm of prayer is also a mystery between God and man; like modesty, it throws a veil over the mind, and conceals from man, that which belongs solely to Heaven.

We also visited the monastery, vast and commodious, an edifice resembling in almost every respect, the monasteries of France and Italy, and where the Latin Fathers exercise as freely, and with as much security and publicity the ceremonies of their worship, as they could do in a street of Rome, the capital of christianity. In this respect the mussulmans have been much calumniated. Religious toleration, and I will go further and say, religious awe, is deeply impressed on their manners. They are themselves so religious, and look with such a jealous eye upon the freedom of their religious exercise, that the religion of other men is the last thing which they would allow themselves to make an attempt upon. They frequently entertain a kind of horror for a religion, the symbol of which is offensive to their own, but they feel contempt and hatred only for that man, who in some language or another does not offer up his prayers to God; it is such men, that they cannot comprehend, because the pure thought of God is always present to their mind, and constantly prepossesses their soul.

Fifteen or twenty Spanish and Italian fathers reside in this convent, occupied in singing the praises of the infant God, and the glories of his mother in the very temple where they lived poor and unknown. One of them, who is called the priest of Nazareth is specially charged with the superintendence of the religious interests of the christian community of the city, which contains about seven or eight hundred christian catholics, two thousand schismatic Greeks, some Maronites, and only one thousand mussulmans. In the course of the day, the fathers conducted us to the Maronite

churches, and to the ancient synagogue, whither the infant Jesus went, as a man, for instruction in the law which he was one day to purify, and to the workshop where Joseph carried on his humble trade of a carpenter. We observed with surprise and pleasure, the marks of deference and respect, which the inhabitants of Nazareth, and even the Turks, every where paid to these fathers of the Holy Land. A bishop in the streets of a catholic city, could not be more honoured, nor more affectionately saluted, than these pious fathers are here. Persecution is further removed from the priest in the manners of the East, than in the manners of Europe, and if martyrdom be what he desires, he must not come here with the expectation of finding it.

14th October, 1832.

We departed at four in the morning for Mount Tabor, the spot assigned to the Transfiguration, a thing improbable, because at that juncture the summit of Mount Tabor was a Roman citadel. The isolated position, and the elevation of this charming mountain, which rises like a tuft of verdure from the plain of Esdraelon, caused it to be chosen in the time of St. Jerome, as the site of this sacred scene. A chapel is erected on the summit, whither the pilgrims go to hear mass. It is not the permanent residence of a priest but it is visited by the priests of Nazareth. On our arrival at the foot of Mount Tabor, a superb cone, covered everywhere with vegetation and green oaks, we found that the guide had misled us. I seated myself alone at the foot of a beautiful oak, near the spot, where Raphael in his painting, places the disciples, dazzled with the light from above, and I waited until the father celebrated mass. The commencement of the ceremony was announced to us from above by the firing of a pistol, in order that we might kneel on the natural steps of this gigantic altar before him who raised the altar, and stretched forth the starry vault which covers it.

At mid-day we departed for Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, and at one o'clock, we crossed the low and well-shaded hills

which rise at the foot of Mount Tabor. We entered a plain of vast extent, about eight miles in length, and at least, the same in breadth, on which was a ruined khan in the middle, of the architecture of the middle age. We then crossed a few villages inhabited by poor Arabs, whose principal employment is the cultivation of the plain. Every village has a well, situated at a little distance from it, with a few fig and pomegranate trees near it, the only traces of comfort or prosperity that are to be seen. The houses could not be discerned, until we were close to them, being huts of six or eight feet in height, a kind of cubes of mud kneaded with chopped straw, forming a terraced roof. These terraces serve as a court, for they contain all their furniture, which may be said to consist of a covering and a mat, and are the general resort of the women and children; the former are not veiled; their lips and eyelids are painted blue, and a slight tattooing painted round the lips and cheeks. They are dressed in a single blue chemise fastened with a white sash above the hips, all of them having the appearance of misery and suffering. The men are covered with a cloak without any seam, made of a heavy kind of stuff woven in black and white stripes without any particular form; the feet, arms and breast are naked. After having travelled for six hours over this yellow, rocky, but fertile plain, we perceived the land to slope suddenly before us, and discovered the immense valley of Jordan, and the first azure glimmerings of the beautiful lake of Genesareth, or the Sea of Galilee, as it was styled by the ancients and in the gospel. It soon developed itself entirely before our eyes, surrounded on all sides, except to the south, by an amphitheatre of black and grey, lofty mountains. At its southern extremity, and immediately at our feet, it contracted and left an opening for the efflux of the river of the prophets and the river of the gospel—the Jordan.

The Jordan issues in a serpentine form from the lake, glides along the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, at about fifty paces from the lake; it flows slowly bubbling a little

and emitting the sound of its murmur under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture. It was to that spot that we directed our steps by a steep and stony descent, and where it was our fervent desire to salute the waters consecrated by the reminiscences of two religions. In a few minutes we were on its banks, and having dismounted, we bathed our heads, our feet and our hands in its soft and tepid waters, and blue as those of the Rhone, when they issue from the lake of Geneva. The Jordan, on this particular spot, which may be reckoned to be about the middle of its course, would not be worthy of the name of a river in a country of larger dimensions, but it nevertheless far surpasses the Eurotas, the Cephisus, and all those rivers, the fabulous or historical names of which are at an early age imprinted on our memory, and which convey to us the idea of force, rapidity and abundance, but which is destroyed, when they are viewed in reality. The Jordan is, even here, more than a torrent, although at the close of autumn, which has not been rainy, it flows gently on a bed of about a hundred feet broad, presenting a lake of water of two or three feet deep, clear, limpid and so transparent, that the pebbles may be counted at the bottom, and exhibiting those beautiful colours of the water, in which is reflected the dark tint of an Asiatic sky of a deeper blue than the sky itself, like an image, which is more beautiful than the object itself, or a mirror which colours that which it reflects.

About twenty or thirty paces from the water, the shore, which it has at present left dry, is strewed with rounded stones, rushes, and a few tufts of oleander, still in flower. This shore is about five or six feet deep below the level of the plain, and demonstrates the dimensions of the river at the season when the waters are at their height. These dimensions according to a calculation which I then made, were about from eight to ten feet in depth by a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet in breadth. It is narrower both higher up and lower down on the plain, but then being more confined, the depth is consequently greater, and the spot on

which we contemplated it, is one of the four fords, which are to be met with in its course.

I drank of the waters of Jordan from the hollow of my hand—of that water of which so many divine poets have drank before me—of that water which flowed upon the innocent head of the voluntary victim. I found it perfectly sweet, of an agreeable taste, and an extraordinary limpidity. The habit which is contracted in the East of drinking nothing but water, and that frequently, renders the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of a new water. The water of the Jordan was deficient in only one quality, and that was coolness; it was tepid, and although my lips and my hands were inflamed by a journey of eleven hours without any shade, exposed to a broiling sun, yet they and my forehead experienced a sensation of warmth on touching the water of this river.

According to the custom of all travellers, who come in defiance of so much fatigue, of so many perils and dangers, and from so great a distance to visit in its now deserted state, this once royal river, I filled several bottles with its waters to carry them to my friends, less fortunate than myself, and I filled the holsters of my pistols with the pebbles which I collected on the banks of the stream. Oh! that I could also bring away with me the holy and prophetic inspiration with which it formerly refreshed the bards of its holy banks, and especially a little of that holiness and purity of mind and heart which no doubt it contracted, after having bathed the most pure and the most holy of the children of men.

I afterwards mounted my horse. I wandered amongst the ruined pillars which supported the bridge or the aqueduct of which I have already spoken. I beheld nothing but the degraded masonry of all the Roman buildings of that time. Their was neither marble, sculpture, nor inscription; not a single arch remaining, but ten pillars were still standing upright, and the foundation of four or five others might be distinguished, each arch having a span of about ten feet, which agrees pretty well with the dimensions of one hundred and

twenty feet, which by the calculation of my eye only, I believe I was justified in assigning to the Jordan.

Finally, that which I have here promulgated respecting the breadth of the Jordan, has no other object than to satisfy the curiosity of individuals, who wish to form a just and exact measurement of the images, even of their thoughts, and not to place a weapon in the hands of either the enemies or the defenders of the christian faith—at best but pitiful weapons on either side. Of what import is it, whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river, or whether Judea be a heap of sterile rocks or a delightful garden, whether this mountain be only a hill, or such a kingdom merely a province? Those men, who irritate themselves and quarrel about similar questions are equally as foolish as those, who believe that they overthrow a faith which has existed for two thousand years, because they have incessantly laboured to prove the falsity of the Bible, or raised a doubt of the validity of the prophecies. Might we not be inclined to believe, on seeing those great contests about a word misunderstood, or misinterpreted on both sides, that religions were a mere matter of geometry, which could be demonstrated by a figure, or which could be refuted by an argument, and that the generations of believers and infidels are all waiting in expectation of the end of a discussion, to espouse immediately the side of the best logician, or the most erudite and ingenious antiquary; mere barren and futile disputes, which will neither pervert nor convert any one. Religions are not be proved, not to be demonstrated, they are not to be established nor destroyed by the mere force of logic; they are, of all the my steries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and inexplicable; they are the effect of instinct and not of ratiocination; they are not like the winds which blow from the east and the west, of which no one knows the cause, nor the point of their departure. They blow, God only knows whence—God only knows why —God only knows for how many centuries, and on what quarters of the globe. They exist, because they do exist; they are not adopted, nor thrown of at will, on the word of

such or such a mouth; they form a portion of the heart itself more than of the mind of man. Where is the man, who will say, I am a christian, because I have read such a peremptory answer in such a book, or such an insoluble objection in another book? Every sensible man of whom we might demand an account of his faith, will without hesitation reply, I am a christian, because every fibre of my heart is christian; because my mother suckled me from a christian bosom; because the sympathies of my soul and my mind are in accordance with that doctrine, because I live from the air of my own times, without foreseeing of what the future will live.

Two villages are seen suspended, as it were, on the steep banks of the Lake of Genesareth, one of them about a quarter of an hour's journey in front of us, on the opposite side of the Jordan; the other a few hundred yards on our left, and on the same side of the river. We could not tell by what race of Arabs these villages were inhabited, and we had been warned to keep ourselves on our guard, from the apprehension of a surprise on the part of the Arabs of the Jordan, who will scarcely suffer any one to cross their plains or river with impunity. We were well mounted, well armed, and the rapid and unexpected conquest of Syria by Mehemet Ali had struck all the Arabs with such a dazzling of fear and astonishment, that the present was the most opportune time to make an excursion into their territory. They were ignorant who we were, and for what reason we travelled with so much confidence amongst them, they might also naturally conjecture that we were followed closely by forces superior to those which they could march against us. The fear, therefore, of what might take place the following day, and the apprehension of a speedy vengeance, were our best security on the road. Consistently with these ideas, I encamped boldly in the very midst of the last Arab village, of which I have spoken, but of which I do not know the name. It is built, if the term houses, can be applied to a shapeless mass of stone and mud, on the very extremity of the elevated beach which commands the Sea of Galilee. Whilst the Arabs were employed in pitch-

ing our tents, I descended alone the steep declivity that leads to the lake, which murmuring, bathed the shore and bordered it with a fringe of light foam, which died away and re-appeared on every return of its short and rapid waves, similar to those of a quiet and deep sea, which die away on the sand at the bottom of a narrow gulf. I had scarcely time to bathe myself in its waters, the theatre of so many actions of the great modern moral poem, the gospel, and to collect for my friends in Europe a few of its shells; the sun had already descended behind the lofty black and volcanic summits of the table land of Tiberias, and some Arabs who had seen me descend alone, and who were wandering on the strand, might I thought be tempted by the opportunity, but with my gun in my hand, I marched straight towards them; they looked at me firmly, and saluted me by placing the hand upon their heart. I returned to the tents, and we stretched ourselves on our mats, exhausted with fatigue, but our hands upon our arms, to start up in an instant in case of a surprise. Nothing, however, disturbed the silence and the slumber of this beautiful night, in which we were cradled by the gentle and soothing noise of the waves of the sea of Jesus Christ against its banks, or by the wind which blew in harmonious gusts amongst the tightened cords of our tents, and by the pious thoughts and holy remembrances, which each of those noises awakened in us. On the following day with the rising of the sun, on leaving our tents to go and bathe once more in the lake, we saw only the Arab women, combing their long black hair on the terraces of their cottages, a few shepherds were employed in milking for us the cows and goats, and the naked children of the village, who were playing familiarly with our horses and dogs. The cock crowed, the infant cried, the mother cradled or suckled it, as in any peaceful hamlet in France or Switzerland. We congratulated ourselves in having risked a journey, in a part of Galilee so much feared, and so little known, and we entertained no doubt that we should meet with the same favourable and pacific reception in our progress, if we should be willing to penetrate still further into Arabia. We were in possession

of all the means requisite for crossing with security Samaria and the country of Naplous, the ancient Sichem, and which had been furnished us by M. Cattafago, who is all powerful in this country, and who offered to have us announced by all his Arab friends, and to be accompanied by his own brother.

Some personal disquietude compelled me to renounce that route, and return by that of Nazareth, and Mount Carmel, where I hoped to find despatches and letters from Beirout.

We, however, mounted our horses to ramble along the sacred borders of the beautiful lake of Genesareth, as far as the end of the sea of Tiberias. The caravan departed in silence from the village where we had slept, and travelled on the western bank of the lake, a few paces from its waves, on a sandy and flinty shore, strewed here and there with a few tufts of oleander, and some shrubs with light-coloured and indented leaves, bearing a flower similar to our lilac. On our left a chain of perpendicular hills, black, barren, hollowed with profound ravines, and dotted at intervals with immense isolated volcanic stones extended the whole length of the shore which we were about to coast along, and advancing in a dark and naked promontory nearly to the middle sea, concealed from us the city of Tiberias, at the extremity of the lake on the side of Lebanon. Not one of us spoke a word; all our thoughts were of the heart, solemn and profound, so powerfully did the sacred reminiscences speak in the soul of all of us. In regard to myself, no place upon the earth ever spoke in stronger or more delicious accents to my heart. I have always taken great delight in traversing the physical senes of the places inhabited by men, whom I have known, admired, loved, and revered amongst the living, as well as the dead. The country, which an illustrious man has chosen and preferred during his sojourn on the earth, has always appeared to me the most certain and elegant relic of himself; a kind of a material manifestation of his genius; a dumb revelation of a portion of his soul, a living and sensible commentary of his life, of his actions, and thoughts.

When young, I passed many solitary and contemplative hours reclined under the olive trees, which threw their shade over the gardens of Horace, in sight of the sparkling cascades of the Tiber; I have often laid me down in the evening, soothed by the noise of the beautiful sea of Naples, under the pendent branches of the vines, and near the spot, where it was the wish of Virgil that his ashes should repose, because it was the most beautiful and the most pleasant site on which his eye had rested. How often at a later period have I passed the mornings and the evenings seated at the foot of the beautiful chestnut trees, in the little valley of Charmelles, whither the remembrance of Jean Jaques Rousseau had attracted and rivetted me by the sympathy of his impressions, his reveries, his misfortunes and his genius, as well as of other authors or illustrious men, whose names or whose writings had made a deep impression upon me. It was my wish to contemplate them; to become acquainted with them on the spot, that had given them birth, or where the inspiration had come upon them, and it almost always happens that an intelligent glance discovers a secret and profound analogy between the country and the illustrous man, between the scene and the author, between nature and the genius which was formed and inspired by it; but it was neither a great man, nor a great poet, whose favourite residence here below I was visiting. It was the man of men, the divine man; it was nature, genius, and virtue made flesh, the incarnate divinity, the traces of which I had come to adore on the very shores on which he had made the deepest impression of it, on the very waves which had borne him, on the hills on which he had seated himself; on the stones on which he had reposed his head. With his mortal eyes, he had seen this sea, these waves, these hills and stones, or much rather this sea, these waves, these hills and stones had seen him. He had a hundred times trodden that path, on which I now walked in respectful adoration; with his feet he had raised the dust, which now rose under my own; during the three years of his divine mission, he came and went incessantly from Nazareth to

Tiberias, and from Jerusalem to Tiberias; he sailed in the barks of the fishermen, on the Sea of Galilee, the tempests of which he calmed; he walked on its waves, tendering his hand to his apostle, like myself, of little faith; a heavenly hand, of which I stand in greater need than he did in the still more terrible tempests of thoughts and opinions.

The great and mysterious scene of the gospel took place almost entirely on this lake, on the borders of it and on the mountains, which surround and overlook it. Here is Emmaus, where he chose, by chance, his disciples amongst the most insignificant of mankind, in order to testify that the strength of his doctrine lay in the doctrine itself, and not in his impotent instruments. Here is Tiberias, where he appeared to St. Peter, and with three words laid the foundation of the eternal hierarchy of his church. Behold Capernaum;—behold the mountain on which he delivered his beautiful Sermon of the Mount; behold that, on which, according to God, he announced new blessings and beatitudes; behold that, on which he exclaimed, *Miserèor super turbam* (I have compassion on the people) and multiplied the loaves and fishes, in the same manner as his word creates and multiplies the life and the soul. Behold the gulf of the miraculous draught of fishes; in fine, behold the whole of the gospel with its affecting parables; with its tender and delicious images which appear to us such as they appeared to the auditors of the divine master, when he pointed to them with his finger, the lamb, the fold, the good shepherd, and the lily of the valley. Behold at last, the country to which Christ gave the preference on this world; that which he has chosen as the exordium of his mysterious drama; that where during his obscure life of thirty years, he had his relations and friends according to the flesh; that on which that very nature of which he had the key appeared to him with the greatest number of charms. Behold those mountains on which he saw, like ourselves, the sun rise and set which measured so rapidly his mortal days; it was there that he came to repose himself, to meditate, to pray, and to love men and God.

SYRIA AND GALILEE.

13th October, 1832.

The Sea of Galilee is about three miles broad at the southern extremity, where we pitched our tents, and then afterwards widens imperceptibly as far as the rising ground of Emmaus which is at the end of the promontory, concealing from our view the city of Tiberias: then on a sudden the mountains by which it had been so far confined, open on a sudden in large bays on both sides, and form a vast basin almost circular, from which it extends and expands itself on a bed of about twelve or fifteen leagues in circumference. This basin is not regular in its form, as the mountains do not in every place descend as far as its waters; at one place they recede to some distance from the shore, and leave between them and the sea a small low plain, as fertile and as green as the plains of Gensareth; at another place they separate and open, in order to let the blue waves penetrate into the bays, hollowed at their feet and shaded by their shadow. The hand of the most graceful painter could not have delineated the contours, more rounded more distinct and varied than those which a creative hand has given to these waters and mountains; it appears to have prepared this evangelical scene for the work of grace, of peace, of reconciliation and love, which was one day to be accomplished on it. To the eastward, the mountains, from the summits of Jeboa, a glimpse of which is caught to the southward, as far as the summits of Lebanon, which appear to the northward, form a compact but undulating and waving chain, the dark rings of which appear at intervals ready to unbend, and to break here and there for the purpose of admitting a small portion of the sky. These mountains are not terminated at their summits by those acute pinnacles, nor by those rocks sharpened by the tempests, which present their cloud-capped points to the thunder and the winds, and which always impart to the aspect of the high chains of mountains, something of an ancient, terrible, and ruinated character, which, whilst it afflicts the heart, elevates the mind. They

decline gently in magnitude, in declivities larger and smaller and more or less steep, some of them clothed with some self-planted oaks; others with green bushes and briars; others of a naked aspect, but fertile, and which still present some traces of a diversified cultivation; others, finally, are distinguished by the sole light of the morning and evening sun which glides upon their surface, and imparts to them a colour of a pale yellow, or a blue and violet tint, richer than ever sparkled on the pallet of the painter. Their sides, although they do not allow of a passage to any real valley, do not form a rampart always equal; they are hollowed out at intervals in deep and broad ravines, as if the mountains had burst under their own weight, and the natural accidents of light and shade transform those ravines into luminous spots, or more frequently obscure ones, which attract the eye and break the uniformity of the contours and the colour. A little further off they sink down, as it were, upon themselves, and throw out here and there upon the lake, some mounds or rounded hillocks, forming a sweet and graceful contrast between their summits, and the waters, in which they are reflected. Scarcely in any part of the eastern side do the rocks pierce through the vegetable mould with which they are plentifully covered, and this arcadia of Judea, thus always combines with the majesty and gravity of mountainous countries, the diversified image of the fertility and the abundance of the plains. Oh! that the dews of Hermon may always fall upon its brow.

At the end of the lake towards the north, this chain of mountains declines in elevation as they recede; at a distance a plain is distinguished which loses itself in the waves of the lake, and at the extremity of which, a white mass of foam is perceived, which appears to roll from a height into the sea. It is the river Jordan, which is thence precipitated into the lake, through which it flows without intermingling its waters, and issues from it tranquilly, silently and transparently, at the spot where we have described it. The whole of this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is bordered by a line of fields, which appear to be in a state of cultivation. We

can perceive the yellowish stubble of the last harvest, and vast fields of rushes which the Arabs cultivate everywhere where they can find a spring to water the roots. I have already depicted on the western side, the chain of volcanic hills, along which we have travelled from the rising sun. They extend uniformly and without interruption as far as Tiberias. Avalanches of black stones vomited from the craters, still open, of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, cross at every instant the difficult declivities of this sombre and gloomy coast. Our route was diversified only by the grotesque form and the strange colours of the lofty masses of hardened lava which were scattered around us, and by the fragments of walls, of gates, of ruined cities, and of columns prostrate on the ground, on which our horses trod at every step. The borders of the Sea of Galilee on the side of Judea, exhibited as it were, but one continuous city. These ruins multiplied around us, and the number of towns, and the magnificence of their construction, which was proved by their mutilated fragments, recalled to my memory the road which runs along the foot of Vesuvius, from Castellamare to Portici. There, as was at present the case, the borders of the lake of Genasareth appeared to have borne cities, instead of harvests and forests. After travelling for about five hours, we arrived at the extremity of a promontory which stretches into the lake, and the city of Tiberias showed itself suddenly before us, like the living and sparkling apparition of a city of two thousand years. It covers the slope of a black and naked hill, which inclines abruptly towards the lake. It is surrounded by a high-square shaped wall, flanked by fifteen or twenty embattled towers. The points of two white minarets are alone to be seen above those walls and towers, and the entire remainder of the city appears to conceal itself from the Arab of the desert under the shelter of those high walls, and to present to the eye nothing more than the low and uniform vault of its grey roofs, similarly to the parted scales of a tortoise.

On our arrival at Tiberias, we visited the Turkish mineral bath of Emmaus, displaying its isolated cupola, and sur-

rounded by fragments of Roman or Hebrew baths. We took up our abode in the very hall of the bath, which was a basin of running water of a hundred degrees of heat of Fahrenheit. I took a bath, and then slept for an hour; after which I mounted my horse and witnessed a tempest on the lake, which I had a great desire to see; the water was as green as the rushes which grow on its banks, with a livid and dazzling foam, and the waves high and crowding on each other. A great noise was occasioned by the waves breaking on the volcanic stones, which they rolled along, but fortunately there were no boats in danger, in fact, we did not see one upon the lake. We entered Tiberias at noon in the midst of a tempest of rain, and took shelter in the Latin church, where we had a fire lighted in the middle of the deserted church, which may be considered the primitive church of christianity.

The interior of Tiberias does not deserve even the hasty sketch which I have given of it; it is a confused and dirty assemblage of a few hundred houses, similar to the mud and straw huts of the Arabs. We were saluted in Italian and German by several Polish and German Jews, who at the close of their life, when they have nothing further to expect than the uncertain hour of their death, have resolved to past their last moments at Tiberias, on the shores of their sea in the heart of their dear country, and finally to die under their sun, and to be buried in their own fatherland, like Abraham and Jacob. To sleep in the tomb of our fathers! what stronger proof can be given of the inextinguishable love of our country. It is in vain to deny it, but there is a sympathy, an affinity between man and the earth of which he was formed, and from which he has emanated. It is good, it is sweet to restore to its place the little portion of dust which has been borrowed for a few days. Grant, O God, that I may also sleep in the land and by the side of the dust of my fathers.

After travelling nine hours without halting, we arrived at Nazareth by the road of Cana, the place of the first miracle of our Saviour. It is a pretty Turkish village, gracefully situated on the two borders of a valley of fertile soil, sur-

rounded by hills covered with napals, oaks and olive trees, and everywhere pomegranate and fig trees, whilst three palms, the symbols of the trinity, crown the scene. Several women with their flocks were assembled round the troughs of the fountain. The house of St. Bartholomew the apostle, stands in this village, and by the side of it is the house in which the miracle of changing the water into wine was performed; it is now in ruins and without a roof. The monks still show the jars which contained the wine of the miracle; mere monkish fictions, which disfigure every where the simple texture of religious traditions.

After having rested for a while, and quenched our thirst with the waters of the fountain of Cana, we continued our journey by the light of the moon towards Nazareth. We travelled over some plains which appeared to be well cultivated, and afterwards over a range of wooded hills, which increased in height in proportion as they approached Nazareth. After a journey of three hours and a half, we arrived at the gates of the Latin convent, and were once more the inmates of the walls of Nazareth.

On my awakening, in the morning I was surprised to hear a voice, which saluted me in Italian; it was that of a former vice consul of France at St. Jean d'Acre, M. Cattafago, a person well known and of great importance throughout all Syria, where his title of agent to the Europeans, his friendship with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, his commercial relations and his riches have rendered him celebrated and powerful. He is still the Austrian consul at St. Jean d'Acre. His costume corresponded with his double character of Arab and European. He was dressed in a red pelisse trimmed with ermine, and on his head he wore an immense three cornered cocked hat, the distinctive sign of the French agents in the East. This hat may be said to take its origin from the time of the war in Egypt. It is the cast off article, religiously preserved of some brigade general of Buonaparte; it is only worn on official occasions, at an audience with the pacha, or when a European passes through the country, whom it is

supposed by the sight of it, would be reminded of his household gods. M. Cattafago is a diminutive old man, with the intellectual, strong and piercing physiognomy of the Arabs; his eyes, full of fire, modified and chastened by benevolence and politeness, enlightened his figure with a ray of superior intelligence. With the first glance, the ascendency may be conceived which such a man must have acquired over the Arabs and Turks, who are in general deficient of that principal of activity which sparkles in the eyes, and betrays itself in the motions and gestures of M. Cattafago. He held in his hand a packet of letters for me, which he had just received from the coast of Syria, by a courier of Ibrahim Pacha, and a series of French journals belonging to himself. He rightly thought that it would impart pleasure and surprise to a French traveller, thus to receive, as it were, in the middle of a desert, and three thousand miles from his country, some fresh intelligence from Europe. I perused the letters, and felt great uneasiness about the health of Julia. M. Cattafago on leaving me, invited me to breakfast with him in a pavilion which he had constructed at Nazareth, and where he spent alone the sultry days of summer. I opened the journals, and my own name was the first that struck me. It was that number of the *Journal des Debats* in which the verses were quoted, which on my departure from France, I had addressed to Sir Walter Scott. I fell upon the following, the mournful and gloomy sense of which accorded so well with the scene in which chance had exposed them to my inspection—the scene of the greatest revolutions of the human mind—the scene in which the spirit of God had so powerfully affected mankind, and from which the renovating idea of christianity had taken its flight over the world, in the same way, as an idea, still the daughter of christianity had moved the opposite coast of those seas, from which my accents were returned to me.

Spectator! thou, who 'midst a stormy sky,
With heart depress'd and ever restless eye,

Lookest with pity on the human race,
Tir'd with their woes, their mis'ry and disgrace;
Thou view'st us on a path rugged and low,
Nor bard nor prophet have the nations now,
To throw a charm o'er all their arduous way,
Or lead them on with proud and sov'reign sway
Thrones have trembled, and their kings are fled;
Chiefs rule a day, and reigns, in months are dead.
The human thought, with its impetuous breath
The soul o'erthrowing by a fiery death,
Alloweth none, deprived of hope's fair flower.
To stand upright upon the height of power,
By turns the strongest to the summit rise,
Their heads grow giddy with their bold emprise;
The morning sees them in their pomp and pride,
Th' abyss receives them ere th' ev'ning tide.
In vain the world invokes a saving power,
Time drags us on, struggling, from hour to hour:
When the sea 's calm, a child can mock its rage,
But man is little when the tempests wage.
Behold; burgess or king, chief or tribune,
God puts his hand on all—but chooseth none;
And power, that meteor fleet, though dazzling bright,
Tries and consumes us with its daring might,
'Tis done—the word has breathed upon the sea,
O'er all shines forth the blest, divine decree;
Another world springs from chaotic night,
And casts on suff'ring man its cheering light,
Salvation's blessings are bestow'd on all,
Nor are restricted to the individual;
By the huge billows of a new-born sea,
Which rolls its waters uncontroll'd and free,
By waving motions of a turbid sky,
By storms, which fall on mortals from on high,
'Tis known that man is struggling with his fate,
The prey to discord, tyranny and hate,
Passes midst thunder and in darkness hurl'd,
The stormy tropic of another world.

I read these verses, as if they had been composed by another, so completely were they effaced from my memory. I was struck a-fresh by that sentiment which had inspired them in another place; by that sentiment of a general convulsion of all things, of the giddiness, the universal mystification of the human mind, which marches with too great a rapidity to give an account of its own progress, but which possesses the instinct of a new and unknown aim, whither it is conducted by God on the rough and precipitous path of social catastrophes. I also admired that wonderful power of the locomotion of the human mind by means of the press and the public journals, by which an idea, which came into my head six months previously in a wood of Saint Point, had just found me again, like a daughter in search of her father, and animated the old echoes of the rocks of Nazareth, with the sounds of a young and already a universal language.

20th October, 1832.

I breakfasted at the pavilion of M. Cattafago, with one of his brothers and a few Arabs. I traversed once more the environs of Nazareth, and visited the stone in the mountain, where, according to tradition, Jesus repaired to take his meals with his first disciples. M. Cattafago confided to me some letters for St. Jean d'Acre, and for the Mutzelin of Jerusalem.

On the 21st, at six o'clock in the morning we took our departure from Nazareth. All the Spanish and Italian fathers of the convent assembled in the court, crowded round our horses, and whilst some of them offered us their wishes and their prayers for our safety during our journey, others presented to us some fresh provisions, some excellent bread baked in the night, some olives, and Spanish chocolate. I presented five hundred piastres to the Superior in return for his hospitality. This, however, did not prevent some of the young Spanish fathers from whispering their request in a very low tone in my ear, and receiving by stealth a few handfuls of piasters wherewith to buy some snuff and other monasterial com-

forts to amuse them in their solitude. Travellers have drawn a romantic and false sketch of these monasteries of the Holy Land, which when viewed in their immediate relations have littlea bout them that is either poetical or religious. The idea of them is in itself grand and beautiful; of men detaching and weaning themselves from the comforts and delights of the civilization of the west, for the purpose of exposing their life to peril, leading an existence of privation and martyrdom, amongst the persecutors of their faith, on the very places where the mysteries of their religion have consecrated the earth. They fast, and watch and pray in the midst of the blasphemies of the Turks and Arabs, in order that a little christian incense may still throw up its wreaths of smoke on every site where christianity was born. They are the guardians of the cradle and of the sepulchre, and the angel of judgment will find them alone on this place, like the holy women who watched and wept near the sepulchre that had been abandoned. All this is beautiful and grand in the abstract, but generally considered, much of the beauty and grandeur of the picture must be effaced. Persecution never shows its head, nor is the ground stained with the blood of a martyr. Everywhere in the vicinity of these monasteries, a christian population are under the orders and at the service of the monks. The Turks never molest them, but on the contrary, they protect them, for they are the most tolerant people on the earth, and possess the most correct idea of worship and of prayer, in whatever language, or under whatever form it may be exhibited to them. They have a decided hatred of atheism, which they very properly consider to be a degradation of the human intellect, and an insult to humanity much greater, even than to the Great Being himself—to God. These monasteries are besides under the respected and inviolable protection of the European powers, represented by their consuls. On a complaint made by the Superior, the consul writes to the pacha, and justice is immediately obtained. The monks, whom I have seen in the Holy Land, so far from exhibiting to me the image of the long martyrdom, on account of which

so much honour is paid to them, have always appeared to me as the most happy, the most respected, and the most feared inhabitants of these countries. They inhabit a kind of strong castle, similar to our old castles of the middle age; their dwellings are sacred and inviolable, surrounded by walls and closed by gates of iron, which are never opened, but to the catholic population of the vicinity, who come to assist in the ceremonies, to receive a little pious instruction and to pay, in respect and devotion to the monks, the salary due to the altar. I never went out, accompanied by one of these fathers into the streets of any of the towns of Syria, without the women and children hastening to bend their heads under the hand of the priest, to kiss that hand and the selvage of his garment. The Turks themselves, so far from insulting them, appear to contribute to the respect, with which they are everywhere treated on their peregrinations.

Nevertheless, who are these monks in general? the peasants of Spain and Italy, who have entered, when young into the monasteries of their native country, and who weary, of the monastic life, feel a desire to break the monotony of it by the view of other countries, and therefore petition to be sent to the Holy Land. Their residences in the houses of their order established in the East continues in general but two or three years. A vessel is sent to bring them back, and to convey others in their stead. Those, who learn the Arabic, and are consecrated to the service of the catholic population of the towns remain for a longer time, and often spend here the whole of their days. Their mode of life and employments are similar to those of our country priests, but they have greater veneration and devotion paid to them. The others remain confined within the precincts of the monastery, or pass, on making their pilgrimages, from one house to another, at one time at Nazareth, another at Bethlehem—at one time at Rome, at another at Jaffa, or at the monastery of St. John in the desert. They have no other employment than the service of the church, or a walk in the gardens or on the terraces of their monasteries. They have not any books—

no particular study to occupy their minds, nor are they ever engaged in any useful employment. They are literally a prey to ennui, and the interior of the monastery is a scene of cabal and treachery, the Spaniards calumniating the Italians, and the Italians scandalizing the Spaniards. We were very little edified by the tales which the monks of Nazareth related of each other, nor did we meet with a single one amongst them, who could carry on the slightest rational conversation, not even on the very subjects which their vocation ought to have rendered familiar to them. They exhibited not the slightest knowledge of sacred antiquity, of the fathers themselves, nor of the history of the holy places in which they resided. All their knowledge was reduced to that of a certain number of popular and ridiculous traditions, which are transmitted from one to the other, without any examination of their truth, and which they impart to travellers as they have received them from the ignorance and credulity of the christian Arabs of the country. They all sigh for their departure, and return to Italy or Spain without bearing any fruit, either for themselves or religion. In other respects, the granaries of the monastery are well filled, the cellars contain the best wine which this country produces, and which the monks alone know how to make. Every two years a vessel arrives from Spain bringing to the Father Superior the revenue sent to them by the catholic powers, and particularly by Spain, Portugal and Italy. This sum augmented by the alms of the pious christians of Egypt, of Greece, of Constantinople and of Syria, forms altogether, it is reported, a revenue of three or four hundred thousand francs, that is from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand pounds sterling, which is divided amongst the different convents according to the number of the monks and the wants of the fraternity. The buildings are kept in excellent repair, and every thing indicates ease and prosperity, and comparative opulence in all the houses which I visited.

I never witnessed any thing of a scandalous or disgraceful nature in any of these establishments in the Holy Land.

Ignorance, idleness, and ennui, are the three great plagues which ought to be, and which might be cured.

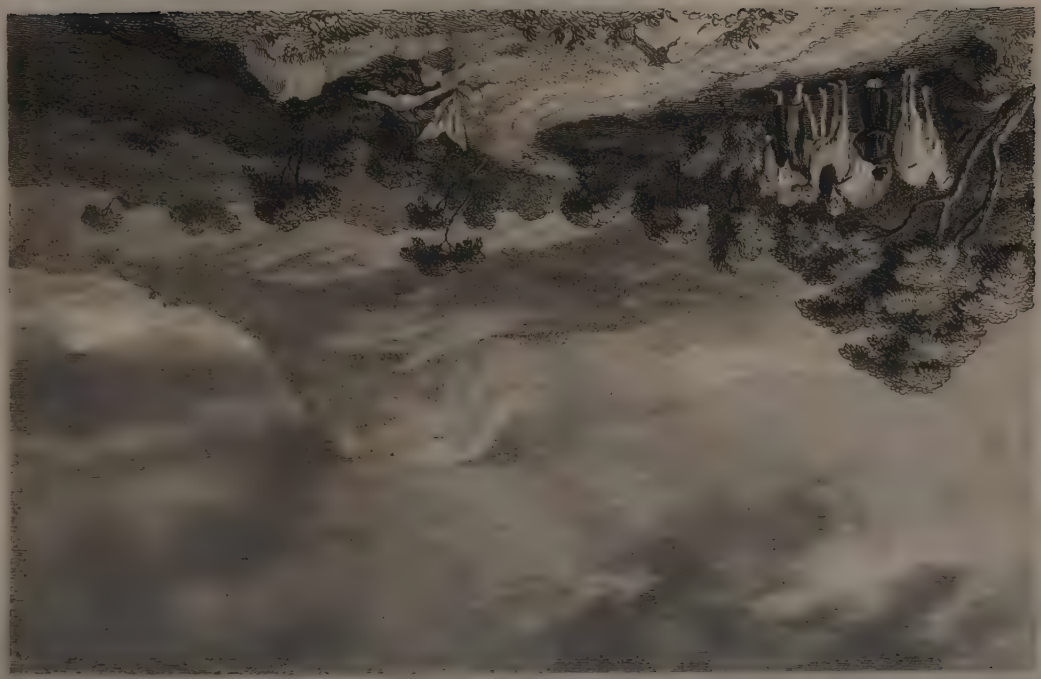
These men appeared to me to be simple and sincere, but the most credulous fanatics. A few of them at Nazareth seemed to be real saints, animated by the most ardent faith, and by the most active charity, humble, mild and patient; the willing servants of their brethren and of strangers. I can carry in my memory their physiognomies of peace and candour, and in my heart the remembrance of their hospitality I am also acquainted with the names of many of them, but of what import is it that their names should be known upon the earth, provided they be known in heaven, and that their virtues remain buried in the shade of the cloisters, where it is their pleasure to conceal them.

Same date.

On our departure from Nazareth, our road lay close to the foot of a mountain covered with fig trees and napals, a green and shady valley opening upon our left. A pretty country house, recalling to the eye our cottages of Europe, was situated alone on one of the slopes of this valley. It belongs to an Arab merchant of St. Jean d'Acre. The Europeans run no risk in the vicinity of Nazareth, as a population almost entirely christian is at their service.

After travelling two hours, we reached a succession of little valleys, winding gracefully between hillocks covered with beautiful forests of green oaks, which separate the plain of Caiphas from the country of Nazareth, and the desert of Mount Tabor. Mount Carmel, a lofty range of hills, which rise from the bed of the Jordan, and perpendicularly at the sea, begins to show itself on our left; its dark green outline detaches itself from the deep blue sky, undulating everywhere with hot vapours, like those which issue from the mouth of a furnace. Its rugged sides are strewed with a luxuriant and rank vegetation. It is everywhere clothed with shrubs, surmounted here and there by the spiral tops of the oaks, whil[illegible] some grey rocks, hewn by nature into grotesque and colossal

forms, projectat in tervals through this vegetation, and reflect the brilliant rays of the sun. Such is the prospect which we have to the left of us, as far as the eye can reach. The valleys through which we travelled, declined in gentle slopes, and began to open upon the beautiful plain of Caiphas. We ascended the last hills, which separated us from it, and for one moment we lost sight of it, to obtain a glimpse of it the next. These hillocks, between Palestine and Maritime Syria compose one of the most pleasing, and at the same time one of the most solemn sites, which we had yet contemplated. Here and there the forests of oak, in the solitude of their vegetation, form extensive avenues covered with a carpet of verdure as rich as in our meadows of the west; in the back ground the summit of Mount Tabor rises like a majestic altar, crowned with green garlands amidst a sky of fire, and at a greater distance, the blue summits of the mountains of Gilboa and the hills of Samaria tremble in the mists of the horizon. Mount Carmel throws its dark curtain in great folds on one of the sides of the scene, and the eye, in following it, extends to the sea, which is the termination of all, like the sky in a beautiful landscape. How many sites, have I not chosen therein in my imagination, on which to build a house, a kind of agricultural fortress, and there to found a colony with a few European friends, and a few hundred young men, who have no prospect for the future in our too thickly populated countries. The beauty of the places and of the climate, the prodigious fertility of the soil, the variety of the equinoctial products which the earth would yield; the facility of procuring labourers at very low wages: the vicinity of two immense plains, fruitful and well irrigated, though uncultivated; the proximity of the sea, for the exportation of produce; the security which could be easily obtained against the Arabs of the Jordan by erecting some slight fortifications at the outlets of the gorges of the hills; all these advantages would lead me to select this part of Syria, for an agricultural and cultivating enterprise, of which I have often times thought.



Same date, at night.

We were overtaken in the middle of the day by a violent tempest, and I have seldom witnessed one more terrible. The clouds rose perpendicularly, like towers above Mount Carmel, and they soon covered the long crest of that chain of mountains. The mountain itself, which the moment before was all serenity and brilliance, was by degrees plunged in rolling waves of darkness, broken here and there by flashes of fire. In a few moments the whole of the horizon appeared to sink and close around us. The thunder was not heard in consecutive claps, but it was one single majestic rolling, continuous and deafening, like the roar of the waves on the shores of the ocean during a violent storm. The lightning might be truly said to burst forth like torrents of fire from the Heavens on the black sides of Mount Carmel; the oaks of the mountains, and those of the hills on which we were travelling, bent like rushes, and the wind which issued from the ravines and caverns would have blown us from our horses, if we had not dismounted, and found a little shelter behind the sides of a rock, in the bed of a torrent that was dry. The dry leaves whirled about by the tempest, rolled over our heads like clouds, and the branches of the trees fell in showers around us. I thought of the Bible and the prodigies of Elijah, that exterminating prophet, on his mountain. His cave was not at a great distance from us.

The tempest lasted only half an hour, we drank the rain-water which had collected in our horses' rugs. We halted for a few moments about half-way from Nazareth to Caiphas, and we recommenced our journey, proceeding by the foot of Mount Carmel; the mountain being on our left, and a vast plain with a river on our right. Mount Carmel, along the base of which we travelled about four hours presented to us every where the same severe and solemn aspect. It was a gigantic and almost perpendicular wall, covered everywhere with a bed of odoriferous bushes and herbs. In no part was the rock naked; a few fragments detached from the mountain have slided down into the plain. They are like citadels

planted there by nature, to serve as a foundation and shelter to the villages of the Arab husbandmen. We met with only one of these villages, about two hours before we came in sight of the town of Caiphas. The houses are low, without any windows, and covered with a terraced roof, which protects them from the rain, and above which the Arabs erect, with a kind of foliage supported by the trunks of trees, a second story of complete verdure, which they occupy during the summer. These terraces were covered with men and women, who looked at us with a curious eye as we passed, and wished us anything but happiness and safety. The appearance of these people is ferocious; not one of them, however, dared descend the hill to insult us to our faces.

At seven o'clock in the evening we approached the town of Caiphas, the domes, the minarets, and the white walls of which, formed at a distance, as in all the cities of the East, a gay and animating prospect. Caiphas rises at the base of Mount Carmel, on a shore of white sand on the border of the sea. This town forms one extremity of a bow, whilst St. Jean d'Acre forms the other. A bay of about six miles broad separates them, which presents one of the most delightful beaches on which the eye of the mariner could repose. St. Jean d'Acre, with its fortifications pierced by the cannon of Ibrahim Pacha and of Napoleon, with the dome of its beautiful mosque bored through and in ruins, and the vessels which are constantly entering and leaving its harbour, attract the eye to one of the most important and memorable points of the late war. At the bottom of the bay, is a vast cultivated plain, on which Mount Carmel throws its gigantic shade. The eye afterwards turns to Caiphas, which like the twin sister of St. Jean d'Acre, embraces the other side of the bay, and with its mole projects into the sea, where a few Arabian brigs were riding. Above Caiphas, there is a forest of great olive trees, and at a still greater height, there is a road cut in the rock, and leading to the summit of the Cape of Carmel; there the mountain is crowned by two immense edifices; one the country house of Abdallah, Pacha of Acre;

the other, the monastery of the pious Fathers of Mount Carmel, recently built by alms from the christian community, at the top of which waves a large tri-coloured flag, as an announcement of protection and an asylum to the French. A little lower than the monastery, there are some immense caverns hollowed in the granite of the mountain, which are the celebrated caves of the prophets.

Such was the landscape which struck us on entering the dirty and narrow streets of Caiphas. The astonished inhabitants regarded with fear our long caravan defiling before them. We had no personal acquaintance amongst them, we had no lodging that we could claim, no act of hospitality to expect. By chance we met with a young Piedmontese, who since the taking and destruction of Acre performed the functions of vice consul at Caiphas. M. Bianco, consul of Sardinia in Syria, had written to him without our knowledge, requesting him, should we pass through Caiphas, to show us every civility within his power. He made himself known to us, inquired our names, and conducted us to the door of a small ruinated house, where he lived with his mother and his two young sisters. We left our horses and our Arabs encamped on the sea shore, near the town, and took up our abode with M. Malagamba, the name of the young and amiable vice consul, he being the only European now left on this desolate field of battle, since the total ruin of Acre by the Egyptians.

A small court and a wooden stair-case, conducted us to a terrace covered with palm leaves; behind this terrace were two empty chambers, surrounded by a divan or kind of sofa, the only piece of furniture indispensable both to the rich and poor in the East. There were a few pots of flowers on the terrace, an aviary filled with some beautiful grey doves, which appeared to be the pets of the sisters of M. Malagamba; with some shelves round the wall, on which were arranged with great order the cups, the pipes, the wine glasses, the silver perfuming pots, and wooden crucifixes inlaid with mother of pearl, made at Bethlehem—such was the whole of the furni-

ture of this humble dwelling, where a deserted family, for a salary of one thousand piastres, about twelve pounds sterling a year, represents one of the greatest powers of Europe.

We were received by Madame Malagamba with the usual ceremonies of the country. She presented us with perfumes and scented waters, and we had scarcely seated ourselves on the sofa, wiping the perspiration from our foreheads, than her daughters, like two heavenly apparitions, came out of the adjoining chamber, and presented us with orange flower water and sweetmeats on plates of China porcelain. The empire of beauty was such upon our souls, that although overcome with thirst and fatigued with a journey of twelve hours, we should have remained in a kind of dumb contemplation before these two beautiful girls, if the mother had not importuned us by her entreaties to accept what her daughters offered us. All the East was before me, such as I had dreamt it in the brightest days of my imagination, when my mind was filled with the enchanting images of its poets, and the tellers of its wonderful stories. One of these interesting beings was but yet in her adolescence, and may be said to have been only the graceful accompaniment of her sister, like an image which reflects the beauty of another. Having offered to us all the attentions of the most simple, and at the same time the most poetical hospitality, the two girls seated themselves by the side of their mother on the sofa, immediately in front of us. This was a picture which I wish I had words to describe, that it might be preserved in language such as I beheld it; but although we have in us something which makes us feel what beauty is in all its shades, in all its delicacy and mystery, yet we have but one indefinite and abstract word to tell us what beauty is. In this lies the triumph of the painter; he decides with a single trait; he preserves for ages that ravishing impression of the female face, of which the poet can only say, *It is beautiful*, and he must be believed upon his word, but his word after all is not the picture.

The beautiful girl was seated on the carpet, her legs folded

under her, her face inclined a little backwards, her elbow resting on the knees of her mother; at one moment she raised her blue eyes to express to her mother her *naivé* and artless astonishment at our appearance and language, at another she fixed them upon us with a graceful curiosity, then directing them to the ground, and concealing them under the long silk of her black eyelashes, whilst a new-born blush tinged her cheeks, or a slight, half suppressed smile played upon her lips. Our singular costume was to her an entire novelty, and the singularity of our habits and manners excited in her an astonishment so great, that in vain did her mother indicate to her by signs to repress her surprise, from a fear that it might offend us. The simplicity and the artlessness of her emotions displayed themselves in spite of herself on that lovely countenance which had yet but seen sixteen years, and her soul was depicted in every expression of her features with so much grace, with so much transparency that her thought might be seen beneath her skin, before she herself was even conscious of it. The sport of the sun beams, which glide across the shade over a limpid lake, is less inconstant and transparent than was her physiognomy. We could not withdraw our look from it, and we already felt ourselves refreshed by the sole contemplation of this figure, which not one of us will ever forget.

Mademoiselle Malagamba is of that order of beauty, which is no where to be found but in the East; a form as full and perfect, as is exhibited in the Grecian statue; a soul which shines forth in the look as in the natives of the south, with a simplicity of expression which exists only amongst a primitive people. When these three requisites of beauty coalesce in one individual female figure, and harmonize in a countenance, on which blooms the first flower of adolescence: when the pensive thought, wandering in the look, mildly illumines with its humid beams those eyes, the expression of which can be read to the very bottom of the soul, because innocence does not suspect that it has any thing to conceal; when the delicacy of the contour, that virginal purity of

outline, the elegance and suppleness of the shape, reveal to the eye that voluptuous sensibility of a being who is born to love, and so intermingle the soul with the senses, that on looking at it, we know not whether we love or admire the most;—then is beauty complete, and we feel at the sight of it, that complete satisfaction of the senses and the heart; that harmony of enjoyment, which is not what we designate love, but it is the love of intelligence, the love of the artist, the love of genius for a perfect work. We might say to ourselves—"we are happy here," and we could scarcely withdraw from the place where we had just seated ourselves with indifference; so much is beauty the light of the mind, and the invincible attraction of the heart.

Her oriental costume contributed much to the charms of her person. Her long flaxen hair, of a light golden hue, was plaited on her head in a thousand tresses, which fell on each side of her naked shoulders; a confused mixture of pearls, and of threaded golden sequins, of white and red flowers, were strewed over these locks, as if a handfull of the jewels, which it had taken from a casket, had opened itself by chance over this head, and had showered upon it indiscriminately this profusion of flowers and jewels. Every thing appeared to become her; nothing could disfigure her beautiful head of sixteen; her bosom was uncovered, according to the custom of the Arabian women; a muslin tunic embroidered with flowers of silver, was fastened by a shawl round her waist; her arms projected as high as the elbow through the flowing sleeves of a vest of green cloth, the two skirts of which hung gracefully on her hips; large pantaloons with innumerable folds completed this costume, and her naked feet were encircled above the ankles by two bracelets of chased silver. One of these bracelets was ornamented with little silver bells, the musical sound of which accompanied every movement of her feet. No poet has ever painted such a ravishing apparition. The Haidee of Lord Byron in Don Juan in some respects resemble Mademoiselle Malagamba, but the former falls far short of that perfection of grace and

innocence, of that sweet confusion, that voluptuous languor, and that brilliant serenity which were blended with her youthful features. I engraved her image on my memory to paint it on a future day, as the type of beauty and of the purest love in a poem in which I wish to embody my ideas of her.

If there were a painter amongst us, this scene of our travels, would have made a most beautiful subject for his pencil. Our Turkish costumes, rich and picturesque, our various kinds of arms scattered on the ground around us, our greyhounds crouching at our feet; the three female figures seated in front of us on an Aleppo carpet; their attitudes full of simplicity and surprise; their air *degagé;* the expression of their countenances, whilst I recited to them my travels, or that we were comparing our European customs with the kind of hospitality which we were then receiving, the vessels filled with perfumes which burned in a corner of the room, embalming the evening air; the antique forms of the vases, in which they offered us the sherbet, or the aromatised beverages; and all this in the midst of a dilapidated chamber, opening upon the sea, and in which the branches of a palm tree growing in the court introduced themselves through the large openings without sashes. I much regret my inability to convey to my friends such a description of this scene, as it exists in my own imagination.

Madame Malagamba, the mother, is of Grecian birth, and was born in the Island of Cyprus. At the age of fourteen she married Monsieur Malagamba, a rich French merchant, who at the same time was consul at Larnarca. A series of misfortunes and reverses decreased the fortune of M. Malagamba, on which he was appointed to the subordinate office of consular agent at Acre, where he died, leaving his wife and four children in a state of absolute want. His son, a young man of integrity and intellect, was employed by several consuls, and finally obtained the place of consular agent of Sardinia at Caiphas. It was from the slender income of this precarious appointment that he supported his mother and his sisters. We were informed that the oldest sister of Made-

moiselle Malagamba, beautiful as herself, and whom we had so much admired, had inspired such an ardent passion in the breast of one of the young fathers of the monastery of Caiphas, who had frequent opportunities of seeing her from the terrace of the monastery, that he embarked on board an English vessel, having first embraced the christian religion to enable him to demand her hand in marriage. He had attempted under various disguises to carry her off, but all his projects failed. It was supposed that at the present time he was concealed in some town on the coast of Syria, for the purpose of carrying his plan into execution. The Turkish authorities, however, keep a strict watch over the safety of this family, and if the monks, who exercise over the neophytes of their order the most inflexible and arbitrary justice, succeed in discovering the fugitive, he would expiate in an everlasting captivity, the extravagant passion with which this fatal beauty had inflamed his heart. For some reason we were not permitted to see this sister.

As night was drawing on, we were obliged at length to tear ourselves away from the enchantment which female beauty spread around us, and to seek an asylum in the monastery of Mount Carmel. M. Malagamba had undertaken the office of apprising the fathers, of the numerous guests they would have to entertain. We arose, and were obliged, in order to conform to the customs of the country, to allow Madame and Mademoiselle Malagamba to kiss our hands; we then remounted our horses.

Mount Carmel begins to rear its head a few minutes' journey from Caiphas : we ascended it by a tolerably good road, hewn out of the rock, on the edge of the promontory. Every step which we took disclosed to us a new prospect of the sea, of the hills of Palestine, and of the shores of Idumea. About half way, we met one of the fathers of Mount Carmel, who for forty years has inhabited a small house, which serves as a kind of hospital for the poor of the town of Caiphas, and who ascends and descends the mountain twice a day, for the purpose of joining his brethren in prayers. We were much

struck with the mild expression of the serenity of the soul, and the gaiety of heart which shone in all his features. These expressions of a peaceful and permanent happiness are never to be found but in men of a simple and unostentatious life, and whose resolutions are amiable and generous. The scale of happiness is a descending one, and is to be perceived much more frequently in the humble situations of life, than in the more elevated ones.

God gives to some in interior felicity, what he gives to others in splendour, in name and in fortune. Of the truth of this I have had repeated proofs. Enter a drawing room: look out for the man on whose countenance are imprinted content and satisfaction—enquire his name—he will be found to be poor, unknown, and neglected by the world. Providence reveals itself in every place and country.

Two of the fathers were in waiting for us at the gate of the beautiful monastery, which now rears its head, constructed entirely anew, with a dazzling whiteness on the highest pinnacle of Mount Carmel. They are the sole inhabitants of this magnificent retreat of the Cenobites. We were received by them as friends and countrymen, and they provided for our accommodation three cells, each furnished with a bed, a piece of furniture very uncommon in the East, a chair and a table. Our Arabs took up their abode with our horses in the vast interior courts of the monastery. A supper was served us, composed of fresh fish, and vegetables cultivated amongst the rocks of the mountain. We passed a most agreeable evening after so many fatigues, seated in the large balconies, which overlook the sea, and the caves of the prophets. The beams of a serene and placid moon hovered over the ocean, the murmur and freshness of which rose to the place where we were reposing. We promised ourselves the pleasure of passing the whole of the following day in this asylum, for the purpose of resting our horses and replenishing our stock of provisions. We were on the eve of entering upon a new country, where we should meet with neither town nor

village, and seldom a spring of fresh water. We had before us a journey of five days over the desert.

October 22nd.

This was a day of rest passed at the monastery of Carmel, or in visiting the sites of the mountain and the caves of Elijah and the prophets. The most remarkable of these caves, evidently formed by the hand of man in the hardest rock, is a chamber of prodigious height; it has no other prospect than the illimitable ocean, and no other noise is heard but that of the waves, which are continually breaking against the edge of the promontory. According to existing traditions, here was the school where Elijah taught the science of the mysteries and of symbolic poetry. The situation was admirably chosen, and the voice of the hoary prophet, the master of a whole innumerable generation of prophets must have sounded majestically in the hollowed bosom of the mountain, which he distinguished by his prophecies, and to which he has bequeathed his name.

The history of Elijah is one of the most wonderful of sacred antiquity, he is the giant of the holy bards; to read his life and his terrible vengeance, it would appear as if that man had the thunder of the Almighty for his soul, and that the element on which he was transported to Heaven was his native one. It is a beautiful lyric or epic figure to throw into the poem of the ancient mysteries of the Judaic civilization. Taken as a whole, the epoch of the prophets, considered historically, is one the least intelligible of the existence of that dispersed people. We nevertheless perceive, especially in the epoch of Elijah, the key of that singular organization of the community of the prophets. They were evidently a holy and learned class, always in opposition to the kings, the consecrated tribunes of the people, exciting or appeasing them with their songs, their parables and their menaces, instituting their factions in Israel, as it is done in our country by the press and the power of oratory combatting with each other, at one time with the glave of their elegance, then with the lapida-

tion and the sword; exterminating one another from the face of the earth in the same manner as Elijah exterminated them by hundreds, then in their turn, succumbing themselves, and making room for other governors of the people. Never did poesy, properly so called, play so grand a part in the political drama or in the destinies of civilization. Reason or passion, accordingly as they were true or false prophets, never spoke openly or publicly, but in the energetic and harmonious language of imagery. There were no orators like those of Athens, or of Rome; the orator has in him too much of the man, nothing but hymns and lamentations, the poet, however, is divine.

Of what an ardent, inflamed and exuberant imagination must we not suppose that people to have been possessed, which could be so under the influence of poesy, and how great must be our astonishment that independently of the high religious sense which those poesies contain, they were also a monument as accomplished and as inimitable genius and of grace. Society was then itself the prize for which poets contended. By their inspiration were the people made subject to them; they led them on according to their will either to a crime or an heroic action; they made the guilty kings tremble and scattered ashes on their foreheads; or by illumining the fire of patriotism in the heart of their compatriots, they made them triumph over their enemies, or by recalling to their memory in exile and slavery, the hills of Zion and the liberty of the children of God. It is a matter of astonishment to me, that amongst all the effective dramas which modern poetry has drawn from the history of the Jews, it has not yet conceived the marvellous drama of the prophets. It is a splendid subject in the history of the world.

Same date.

I am returned from a solitary walk on the odoriferous declivities of Mount Carmel. I seated myself under an arbutus, a little above the perpendicular path which leads to the summit of the mountain, and terminates at the monastery, in front of that sea which separates me from so many things

and so many beings whom I have known and loved, but which no distance can separate from my memory. I took a retrospective view of my life, I recalled to my remembrance some similar hours passed on so many various shores, and with thoughts so different. I asked, whether it were really myself that was seated there on the isolated summit of Mount Carmel, a few leagues from Arabia and the desert, and why and wherefore I was there, whither I was going, by what route I should return, and by what hand I was conducted, or what were the objects which I unknowingly, or voluntarily was in search of, in these perpetual journeys over the world. It was with difficulty that I could reconcile a single atom of myself with the opposite and so unexpected shadows of my brief existence; but the remembrances so animated, so lucid, so real of all the beings whom I had loved and lost, penetrated with such a profound anguish in my bosom, and demonstrated to me too powerfully that that unity, which I could not find in my life, was to be found whole and complete in my heart. On reviewing the past, I felt my eyes dimmed with my tears, for there I could only perceive five or six sepulchres, in which my happiness had been five or six times buried; then, in consistency with my nature, when my feelings become too strong, and are ready to overpower my mind, I exalt them by a religious flight towards God, towards that Infinite Being, who receives all, who absorbs all, and who bestows all. I prayed to him, I submitted myself to his will, which I know to be good and righteous in all things. I said to him,—Everything is good, since it is thy will: behold me here—continue to lead me by thy ways, and not by my own; conduct me whithersoever it be thy will, and in whatever manner it may please thee, provided that I be conscious that it is by thy hand that I am led; provided that thou wilt at times enlighten my darkness, by one of those beams of the soul, which show to us like the lightning, the horizon for a moment in the midst of our night of darkness; and further, provided that I feel myself sustained by that immortal hope, which thou hast left upon the earth as

the voice of those who are no more—provided also that I find them again in thee, that they may recognize me, and that we may love each other in that ineffable unity formed by thee—by them and ourselves. That will be sufficient to sustain me on my progress, and to travel to the goal on that path which at present appears without an aim. But grant, O God, that the road may not be too rugged for the feet which are already wounded.

I rose in some degree with a lighter heart, and amused myself with gathering some handfuls of the odoriferous herbs with which Mount Carmel abounds, and with which the fathers of the monastery make a kind of tea, more highly perfumed than is made with the mint and sage of our gardens. I was interrupted in my thoughts and my botanical researches by the steps of two asses, whose iron shoes sounded on the polished rocks of the road. Two women, envelopped from the head to the foot in a long white cloth dress, were mounted on the asses, a young man holding the bridle of the first of the animals, whilst two Arabs walked behind, having on their heads large baskets made of rushes, covered with napkins of embroidered muslin. The three persons were M. Malagamba, his mother and sister, who were on their way to the monastery, to offer us some provisions for our journey, which they had prepared during the night. One of the baskets was filled with little loaves of bread, yellow as gold, and of an exquisite taste, a most delicious rarity in a country where bread is unknown. The other basket was full of fruits of all kinds, some bottles of excellent wine of Cyprus and Lebanon, with innumerable sweetmeats, the delight of the orientals. I accepted the present of these amiable women with every token of gratitude. I ordered the Arabs to carry the baskets to the monastery, and we sat ourselves down to converse for a short time on the misfortunes of Madame Malagamba. The spot was delightful; it was between two or three great olive trees which shaded one of the basins, which the spring of the prophet Elijah had hollowed out, in falling from rock to rock into a small ravine

of Mount Carmel. The Arabs had spread the covering of their asses on the grass, which grew luxuriantly about the spring, and the two females, who had thrown back their long veils over their shoulders, seated on the divan of the travellers on the banks of the water in their richest and most splendid costume, formed a group worthy of the eye of the painter. I had seated myself opposite to them on a projection of the rock, from which flowed the water. Tears soon bedimmed the eyes of Madame Malagamba, in relating to me the scenes of her former prosperity, the causes of her adversity, her present disheartening prospects, her flight from St. Jean d'Acre, and her maternal solicitude, on account of the future fate of her son and her charming daughters.

Mademoiselle Malagamba listened to this recital with all the tranquil thoughtlessness of early youth, employing herself in making nosegays of the flowers which were blossoming around her; it was only when the voice of her mother faltered as she spoke, and that the tears fell from her eyes, that her daughter threw her arm round the neck of her mother, and wiped away the tears with the silver embroidered muslin handkerchief which she held in her hand; then, when a smile played again on the countenance of her mother, she resumed her infantine sportiveness, and began again to assort the colours of her nosegay; I promised these interesting females on my return to Europe, not to forget either them, nor the hospitality which I had so unexpectedly received from them, and to solicit of my friends at Turin some pecuniary aid for the young consular agent of Caiphas. Hope, though at a great distance and uncertain, animated the heart of Madame Malagamba, and the conversation took another turn. We discoursed on the manners of the country, and the monotony of the life of the Arab women, to the habits of whom, the European women, who take up their abode in Arabia, are obliged to conform. To live for one man alone, and occupied with one single thought in the interior of their apartment, to spend the day in their divan, adjusting their hair, or arranging with grace the numerous jewels with which

they are decorated; to inhale the fresh air of the mountain or of the sea from the top of a terrace, or through the trellis of a grated window; to walk a few steps under the shade of the orange and pomegranate trees of a small garden, and dream away a listless hour by the edge of a basin, which the cascade animates with its murmur; to take care of the household affairs; to make with her own hands the bread, the sherbet, and the sweetmeats; to visit once a week the public bath in company with all the young girls of the town, and sing a few stanzas of the Arabian poets accompanying themselves on the guitar—such is the whole life of the women in the East. Society does not exist for them, nor are they possessed of any of those factitious passions of self-love which society produces; when young and beautiful, they are entirely devoted to love, and at a riper age to their children and household affairs. This civilization, is it not as good as some other one?

Whilst we were thus carrying on this desultory conversation, my dragoman, a young man born in Arabia and well versed in Arabic literature, was seeking for me in the vicinity of the monastery, and found me by the side of the fountain. He introduced to me another young Arab, who had heard of my arrival at Caiphas, and who was come from St. Jean d'Acre to become acquainted with a poet of the west. This young man, born on the Lebanon, and brought up at Aleppo, had already obtained some celebrity on account of his poetical talent. I had often heard him spoken of, and I had obtained the translations of some of his compositions. He brought me some of them, of which I shall give a translation in another place. He seated himself by our side at the fountain, and by means of my interpreter, we conversed together for some time. The day was, however, beginning to decline, and it was necessary that we should separate. As we two poets have met here together, I said, and that chance has brought us acquainted with each other in two such opposite parts of the world, in so charming a place, at such a delightful hour, and in the presence of such dazzling beauty, we ought

to perpetuate our meeting and the feelings with which this auspicious moment inspires us, by the composition of some verses, each in our respective language. He smiled, and taking from his girdle his ink-stand and his pen of reed, which are as inseparable from an Arab author, as the sword is from a horseman, we retired to a little distance from each other, to meditate on our verses. He had finished his, long before I had finished mine. The following are our compositions, in which the character of the two poets will be recognized; it is not, however, necessary for me to remark, how much a language loses by its transfusion into another.

The following was the Arab's composition.

In the gardens of Caiphas there is a flower which the sun beam seeks through the trellis of the leaves of the palm tree.

This flower has eyes more soft than those of the gazelle; eyes which resemble a drop of water of the ocean in a pearly shell.

This flower has a perfume so overpowering, that the sheik who flies before the lance of another tribe on his mare, more rapid than the waters of the cataract, perceives it as he flies, and stops to inhale it.

The wind of the Simoon deprives the dress of the traveller of all other perfumes, but it never deprives the heart of the odour of this wonderful flower.

It is to be found on the border of a spring which flows without a murmur at its feet.

Young girl! tell me the name of thy father, and I will tell thee the name of this flower.

The following are what I composed, and which were immediately translated into Arabic, by my dragoman—

Thou fountain with thy mirror blue, when by thy borders green
The musing Lilla, near thy wandering stream is seen,
And bending o'er thy waves, her angel image bright
Shines like in realms above the brilliant star of night,

Thy tranquil waves lie sleeping sweet, fann'd by some
wand'ring air,
The eye no longer seeks the deep to find thy image there!
But daylight and a deeper charm play on thy moving
breast,
And Heaven no where its glory shows, but where thy beau-
ties rest.

Thou only art the shadowing of many a beauteous thing,
Thy eyes are blue as the flowret's hue, which on thy margin
spring;
Thy pearly teeth between thy lips like roses in a wreath,
Thy breast of snow, which swells and falls with every pas-
sion's breath,—

Thy locks with fragrant flow'rs entwin'd, in pendent tresses
flow,
The coral bands around thy arm in crimson ringlets glow,
And sparkling pearls from ocean's wave, pure from their
shelly bed,
Their virgin beauty proudly show around thy lovely head.

Thou spring, o'er which this shadow flies, o'er thee I stretch
my hand,
For fear thy image vanish quick, as if by fairy's wand,
My lips would deeply quaff the stream, in envy of the
strand,
O'er which thy sylph-like form has pass'd, the first of
beauty's band.

When Lilla, smiling, leaves the scene to join her mother's
train,
'Tis night without a morning; 'tis darkness on the plain,
The light is gone which gave my life its rapture and its
bliss,
And o'er my heart a sadness comes, like love's last, parting
kiss.

The pow'r thou hast upon the wave, sweet girl, is beauty's power confess'd,
It has, and ever will preserve its influence o'er my breast,
This world 's a place of bliss, where love and beauty reign,
Where Lilla lives, where Lilla breathes their empire they maintain.

The beautiful girl, however, for whom we had just composed these verses in literal French and Arabic, understood neither of the languages, and very little of Italian.

23rd October, 1832.

With the rising of the sun, refreshed and in high spirits, we took our departure from Mount Carmel, and its two worthy fathers, and directed our course by the steep paths which descend from the promontory to the sea. Here we enter upon the desert, which extends from the Sea of Syria, the shores of which are here in general flat, sandy, and indented with several bays, to the mountains, which form the chain of Mount Carmel. These mountains decline by insensible degrees, as they approach Galilee; they are black and naked; the rocks frequently protruding through the earth and the shrubs which partially cover them; their aspect is in general mournful and desolate, having no other covering than the dazzling light and the ideal majesty of the past, by which they are surrounded. At intervals, the chain which is continued for about ten leagues, is broken, and a valley not very deep, presents itself to the view. At the bottom, or rather on the side of one of these valleys, we distinctly perceived the remains of a strong castle, and a large Arab village, which extended under the walls of the castle. The smoke of the houses rose and curled along the sides of Mount Carmel, and long files of camels, of black goats and red cows, extended from the village to the plain on which we were then travelling. Some Arabs on horseback, armed with lances and dressed only in their vestments of white wool, their arms and legs bare, marched at the head and by the side of

these caravans of shepherds, conducting their flocks to the only spring we had met with during a journey of four hours. The springs were discovered and the wells, formerly made by the inhabitants of the villages, situate on the sea shore. The present race of Arabs, have for ages abandoned these towns, and the wells alone remain, and every day they perform a journey of one or two hours to fetch water for their own use and to water their flocks. We had travelled the whole of the day on the fragments of walls, and on mosaic ruins, which protruded through the sand; the whole road was bestrewn with ruins which bear ample proof of the splendour and immense population of these shores in the days that are past.

From the rising of the sun, we had on the horizon before us on the sea coast, an immense column on which the rays of the sun were reflected, and which as we approached seemed to increase in dimensions, and to rise, as it were, out of the waves. On advancing nearer, we discovered that this column was a confused mass of magnificent ruins, belonging to different epochs. We distinguished in the first place an immense wall, resembling in form, colour, and the manner in which the stones werecut, a side of the Colosseum at Rome. This wall, of a prodigious height rises by itself in a direction sloping on a heap of other ruins of Grecian and Roman construction: in a short time we discovered above this flat-fronted wall, resembling a lattice work of stone, the elegant remains, admitting a free passage for the light, of a Moorish monument, church or mosque, or, perhaps, both by turns; and at last a series of perpendicular ruins, in good preservation, of several other ancient edifices. The sandy road into which our moukres struck, led us very close to these curious remains of the past, of the existence, name and date of which we were wholly ignorant.

At about the distance of half a mile from this group of monuments, the shore of the sea becomes higher, and the sand partakes of the nature of rock, which has been every where hewn by the hand of man to the extent of about a

mile in compass; it might be called a primitive town hollowed in the rock, before men had learnt the art of raising stone from the earth, and of erecting his habitations on its surface; it is in fact one of those subterranean towns which are spoken of in early histories, or at least one of those vast necropolises, or cities of the dead, which, in every, sense made hollow the earth or the rocks, in the vicinity of the great cities of the living. The form of the rocks, however, and the innumerable caverns cut out of their sides, indicate much rather, in my opinion, the habitation of the living. These caverns are of great extent, and the doors are lofty with large and numerous stair-cases leading to them; the windows are also bored through the native rock, for the purpose of giving light to these dwellings, and both the doors and windows open upon streets, cut deeply into the very bowels of the hill. We followed the course of several of these broad and deep streets, the ruts of which indicated the track of chariot wheels. A multitude of eagles, vultures, and clouds of starlings rose at our approach, from the shade of these hallowed rocks; some climbing shrubs, pellitory flowers; thickets of myrtle and fig trees had taken root in the dust of these streets of stone, and decked their lengthened avenues. In some places, the ancient inhabitants had entirely split the hill with their chisels, and formed some channels for the admission of sea water, permitting the eye to embrace a part of the gulf which it forms at the back of the city. It is a landscape of an entirely new character, and at the same time severe and hard as the rock itself; smiling and luminous as the aerial reflections on the blue waters of the ocean, or as the forest of plants self-sown in the chasms of the granite.

We travelled for some time amidst these wonderful labyrinths, and arrived at last at the foot of the great wall and the Moorish monuments, of which we had been for some time in sight. We halted here for some time to deliberate on our future plans. These ruins stand in bad repute, for it is in these caverns that the Arab banditti frequently conceal

themselves, and sally forth to rob and massacre the caravans. We had been warned at Caiphas to avoid them, or at least to pass them in battle array, without permitting a single one of our men to stray from the main body of the caravan. Curiosity, however, got the better of our prudence; we could not resist the desire of visiting the monuments, of the existence of which ancient and modern history is wholly silent; we were ignorant whether we should find them inhabited or deserted.

On arriving at the foot of the enclosed wall, which still surrounds them, we perceived the breach through which we were to enter. At the same moment, a body of Arabs on horseback appeared, with their lances in their hand, on the sand which still separated us from the entrance, and fell upon us. We were taken by surprise, but still we were prepared; we had in our hands, our double-barrelled guns, loaded and primed, and our pistols in our girdle; we advanced towards the Arabs, on which they suddenly halted. I left the caravan, ordering my people to remain under arms, and advanced towards them with my two companions and my dragoman; we held a parley, and the sheik with his principal horsemen escorted us themselves to the breach, giving his orders to the Arabs within to pay us every respect, and to allow us to visit the monuments; I nevertheless considered it prudent to permit only a portion of our people to enter with us, the rest remaining encamped within musket shot of the little hill, ready to come to our assistance, if we had fallen into an ambush. This precaution was, however, useless, for we found within the walls a population of two or three hundred Arabs or Bedouins, including women and children. There is only one outlet to these ruins, and we might easily have been taken and strangled, if these barbarians had not been kept in some respect by our force outside the walls, and which they might suppose to be of greater magnitude than it really was. We had taken particular care not to display the whole of our strength, and some moukres were purposely

kept in the rear, encamped on a hill, where they could be easily distinguished.

We had no sooner cleared the breach than we found ourselves in a labyrinth of paths, winding round the dilapidated masses of the great wall, and other ancient edifices, which we successively discovered. These paths or streets had no regular direction, but they were formed by chance amongst the ruins by the feet of the Arabs, the camels and the goats. The families of the tribe had done nothing in the least towards the erection of any edifice, merely taking advantage of all the cavities which the fall of gigantic stones had formed here and there in which to shelter themselves; some under the shade even of the shafts of the columns or capitals arrested in their fall by other fragments, whilst others, like the gypsy tribe, were living under a piece of stuff made of black goat skin, stretched from one pillar to another, forming thus a roof for them. Even the sheik himself, his women and children, who occupied, without doubt, the palace of the village, had all of them their residence at the entrance of the town, amidst the ruins of a Roman temple, situated on a hill of some elevation above the path by which we entered, and their house was formed by an immense block of sculptured stone, hanging almost perpendicularly, and supported by one of its angles on other blocks, rolled pell mell together, and, as it were, arrested in their fall. This chaos of stones appears actually to be still falling, and ready to crush the wife and children of the sheik, who showed their heads above us, projecting out of this artificial cavern. The women were not veiled, their only clothing being a chemise of blue cotton, which is fastened round the waist by a leathern belt, leaving the bosom and the legs naked. These women appeared handsome, notwithstanding the rings which pierced their nostrils, and the grotesque tattooings with which their cheeks and throat were furrowed. The children were naked, either on horseback or seated on the blocks of hewn stones, which formed the terrace of these frightful dwellings; a few black

goats with their long pendent ears, were hanging over the door of these grottoes, by the side of the children, and looked at us as we passed, or bounded above our heads, clearing from one block to another, the deep path on which we were travelling. We also perceived some camels lying down here and there in the cool cavities formed by the interstices of the ruins, and raising their calm and pensive heads above the prostrate trunks of the columns and capitals. The scene was new to us at every step we took, and attracted most forcibly our attention. A painter would find a thousand subjects of a picturesque character hitherto unknown in the form, incessantly new and unexpected, with which the habitations of the tribe are mixed and confounded with the remains of theatres, baths, churches and mosques which are strewn over this desolate part of the earth. The less that man has laboured to create for himself an asylum amidst this chaos of a dilapidated city, the more are his habitations created unawares by the grotesque chance of the fall of monuments, and the more poetical and striking also becomes the scene. The women milked their goats on the steps of the amphitheatre ; flocks of sheep jumped one after the other through the ogive window of the palace of an emir, or of a gothic church, erected in the time of the Crusades ; sheiks, sitting cross-legged, were smoking their long pipes under the sculptured arch of a Roman edifice, and the camels had their straps fastened to the Moorish columns of the gate of a harem. We dismounted in order to institute a closer examination of the principal ruins. The Arabs raised a number of difficulties, when we expressed our inclination to inspect the interior of the temple, which is situated on a rock by the sea shore at the upper end of the town. A fresh dispute arose at every court and wall which we had to climb over on our way to the temple, and frequently we were obliged to make use of threats, either to force or to obtain a passage. The women and the children retired to a distance, venting upon us their imprecations ; the sheik also withdrew for a moment, and the other Arabs showed by their counte-

nances and their gestures all the signs of discontent; it was, however, the ill-disguised air of indecision and timidity, which was also perceptible in their manners, which encouraged us to persevere, and we entered, partly by permission and partly by force into the interior itself of this last and most astonishing monument.

I am not able to describe what this temple really is; there is something of everything in its construction, in its form and in its ornaments; I am inclined to believe that it is an ancient temple, which the Crusaders converted into a church at the time when they were in possession of the Cesarea of Syria, and the adjoining coasts, and which the Arabs at a later period changed into a mosque. Time, which plays with the works and thoughts of man, is now converting them into dust, and the knees of the camel are bent, where the knees of three or four generations of religions have, in their turn been bent before their different gods. The bases of the edifice are evidently of the Grecian architecture at the period of its decline; from the construction of the roofs, the architecture assumes the Moorish type; the windows, which were originally Corinthian, have been converted with considerable skill and taste, into Moorish ogive windows with slight columns joined together; that which remains of the roof is bordered with arabesques, executed with exquisite delicacy. The edifice is octagonal having eight sides or fronts, and every one of the recesses formed by that particular shape no doubt contained an altar, if a judgment may be formed by the niches, which exhibit themselves in that part of the walls, where these altars were most probably placed. The central part of the temple was also occupied by a principal altar, which may be very properly conjectured from the elevation of the ground in that part of the temple, which may have been caused by the steps which surrounded the altar. The walls of this temple are partly in ruins, and present to the eyes some vistas of the sea and of the rocks, which line its shores; some climbing plants hung in tufts of foliage and flowers from the top of the dilapidated roofs, and birds with

their red gorget, and clouds of little blue swallows warbled in these aerial bowers, or fluttered along the cornices. Nature resumes her hymn in those places, when that of man is finished.

On leaving this nondescript temple, we traversed on foot the different alleys of the village, meeting at every step some curious ruin, and some unexpected scene, formed by this mixture of savage life, with the beautiful evidences of a defunct civilization. We saw a great number of Arab women and girls occupied in the small courts of their huts with the different employments of a pastoral life; some were weaving stuffs of goats' hair, others were engaged in grinding barley, or cooking rice. They were in general very handsome, tall and strong, their faces deeply sun burnt, but with the appearance of vigour and health. Their black locks were covered with threaded piastres of silver. They wore earrings and necklaces made of the same ornament They uttered some exclamations of surprise as they saw us pass, and followed us from one house to another. Not one of the Arabs offered us the slightest present, and consequently we did not think of making them any. Every caution was observed on leaving the enclosure. Not one of the tribe followed us, and we proceeded to pitch our tents at about a quarter of a league from the main wall, at the bottom of a little bay, surrounded also by ancient walls, and which was formerly the port of this unknown city. The thermometer was at 32° and we bathed in the sea under the shelter of an old mole, which the waves have not yet completely carried away, whilst our sais were employed in pitching our tents, giving some provender to the horses, and lighting a fire against an arch, which, no doubt once formed the gate of the harbour.

The Arabs call this place by a name which signifies *Cleft Rock*. The Crusaders in their chronicles call it Castel Peregrino (the Castle of the Pilgrims) but I could not discover the name of the intermediate town, whether Greek, Jewish or Roman, to which the vast ruins belong, which had so forcibly attracted our attention. On the following day we continued to coast along the sea shore as far as Cesarea,

where we arrived about noon, having in the morning crossed a river, which the Arabs call Zirka, and which is the River of the Crocodiles of Pliny.

Cesarea, the ancient and splendid capital of Herod, has not now a single inhabitant; its walls, rebuilt by St. Louis, during his crusade are nevertheless in good preservation, and would serve for excellent fortifications, even at the present day for a modern town. We crossed the deep ditch which surrounds them by a stone bridge nearly in the middle of the enclosure, and we entered a labyrinth of stones, of half-opened caverns, ruins of edifices and fragments of marble and porphyry, with which this ground of the ancient city is bestrewn. We started three jackals from the heart of the ruins, which sounded hollow under the feet of our horses. We sought for the fountain which had been described to us, and after some trouble we found it at the eastern extremity of the ruins, where we pitched our tents. Towards the evening, a young Arab shepherd arrived with an innumerable herd of black cows, sheep and goats, and he spent above two hours in constantly drawing water from the fountain, to assuage the thirst of his animals, who patiently awaited their turn, and retired in order after having drank, as if they had been under the immediate command of their shepherd. This young shepherd, absolutely naked, was mounted on an ass, and was the last to leave the ruins of Cesarea, and he informed us that he travelled every day about two leagues to conduct to the fountain the herds of his tribe established in the mountain. This was the only incident that happened to us at Cesarea, in this city where Herod, according to Josephus, had accumulated all the wonders of the Grecian and Roman arts, and where he made an artificial harbour, which was sufficiently large to shelter the whole marine of Syria. Cesarea is the city where Paul was made prisoner, and in his defence and that of infant christianity made that beautiful speech preserved in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius the centurion, and Philip the evangelist, were both of Cesarea, and it was also from the port of Cesarea, that the apostles

embarked for the purpose of spreading the word of the gospel in Greece and Italy.

We spent the evening in exploring the rubbish of the town, and collecting the fragments of sculpture, which we were afterwards obliged to leave on the spot, in default of the means of transporting them. We passed a delightful evening under the shelter of the aqueduct of Cesarea.

We continued our route across a desert of sand, covered in some places with clumps of shrubs, and even by forests of green oaks, which served as places of shelter to the Arabs. M. de Parseval fell asleep on his horse, whilst the caravan was proceeding, when on a sudden we perceived that he was left in the rear; two musket shots were heard at a distance, when we galloped back to his assistance, at the same time firing our own pistols with the view of intimidating the Arabs; fortunately, however, he had not been attacked, having fired his double barrelled gun at some gazelles which were crossing the plain.

At night we arrived near the Arab village of El Mukhalid without having been able to obtain a single drop of water. We were attracted by an immense sycamore, which like a natural tent threw its branches over a bare and dusty hill, and served us for a shelter. Our Arabs repaired to the village to inquire the road to the fountain, which was pointed out to us and we all hastened to it. We drank, bathed our heads and arms, and returned to the camp, where our cook had lighted a fire at the foot of the tree. Its trunk is already calcined by the repeated fires of the thousands of caravans, which have at different periods successively enjoyed its shade. All our tents and all our horses were under the shelter of its immense branches. The sheik of El Mukhalid visited us with a present of melons; he seated himself under our tent, requesting from me some information relative to Ibrahim Pacha and some medicines for himself and women. I gave him a few drops of eau de Cologne, and invited him to sup with us, to which he consented, but we had the greatest trouble in the world to get rid of our guest.

The heat was almost suffocating, and so sultry, that I could not remain under the tent ; I therefore rose, and seated myself near the fountain under an olive tree. The moon illumined the whole chain of the mountains of Galilee, which undulated gracefully in the horizon about two leagues from the place, where we were encamped. It was the most beautiful horizontal prospect which my eyes ever beheld. The first flowers of the Persian lilac, which hang in festoons in the spring have not a violet tint more fresh and variegated, than those mountains exhibit at the hour that I am now contemplating them. In proportion as the moon rises, and comes nearer to them, the colour becomes deeper and more purple ; the shapes of them appear moveable, like those of the huge billows, which are seen in the open sea during the setting of the sun. All these mountains have more or less a name or narrative of early history attached to them, which our youthful eyes have read on the knees of our mother. I know that Judea was before me with its prodigies and its ruins ; I know that Jerusalem is situated behind one of those hills, that I am separated from it by only a few hours' journey, and that I thereby stand on the verge of accomplishing one of the most favourite objects of my journey. I enjoyed this thought in the same manner that man always rejoices, when he sees himself at the goal of any of his aims, however, insignificant, or by whatever passion they may have been dictated. I remained an hour or two in engraving on my memory this distant prospect, these colours, this transparent and roseate sky, this solitude, and this silence. The dews of the night were falling, and wetted my cloak, on which I returned to my tent and fell asleep.

I had scarcely slept an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise. I raised myself upon my elbow, and looked around me. One of the corners of the tent had been raised for the purpose of admitting the night air, and the whole interior was illumined by the light of the moon. Something moved at the entrance of the tent, which I soon discovered to be an enormous jackal, creeping into the tent with great caution and casting his fiery

eyes towards the spot where I was lying. I seized my gun by which motion he was alarmed, and set off at full speed. I fell asleep again, but on awakening the second time, I saw the jackal at my feet, fumbling with his snout amongst the folds of my cloak, and ready to seize my beautiful greyhound, which slept upon the same mat as myself; a faithful animal, that for eight years had not quitted me for a single day, and which I would defend as a part of my life at the peril of that life itself. Fortunately I had covered it with a part of my cloak, and it slept so soundly that it neither heard nor smelt anything, and was little conscious of the danger which impended over it; one second more and the jackal would have carried it off and killed it in its den, I raised an alarm and my companions awoke. I was, however, already at the outside of the tent, and had fired at the animal, but he had gained too great a distance, and on the following day, we could not discover any marks of blood, which could lead us to believe that the brute had been wounded.

We took our departure with the first rays that gilded the hills of Judea, following their undulations until we were out of sight of the sea. The heat was most oppressive, and the most profound silence reigned during the whole of the journey. At eleven o'clock we arrived, overcome with thirst and lassitude, at the steep banks of a river, the gloomy waters of which flowed slowly between two shores, edged with tall reeds. This river cannot be perceived until you are upon the very edge of its water. Some herds of wild buffalos were lying down amongst the reeds and in the river itself, protruding their heads only out of the stream; they there pass the burning heat of the day in a state of complete inaction. They looked at us without making any motion, or in the least changing their position. We forded the river and took up our abode in a deserted khan. This river is at the present day called by the Arabs *Nahr-el-Arsouf*, This place is most probably the site of the ancient Appollonia, unless its situation be more accurately determined by an-

other river which we crossed about an hour afterwards, and which is now called *Nahr-el-Petras*.

We laid down upon our mats in the cool and dark cellars, which are the only remains of the ancient khan. We had, however, scarcely seated ourselves round a dish of cold rice, which our cook had served up for our breakfast, than an enormous serpent of about eight feet in length, and as thick as my arm, crept out of one of the holes of the old wall which sheltered us, and wound its mazy folds amongst our legs. To avoid the hideous reptile, we hurried to the entrance of the cellar; it, however, fled before us, and lost itself slowly, vibrating its tail like the string of a bow amidst the reeds which bordered the river. His skin was of the most beautiful deep blue. We felt some repugnance in returning to our late lodging, but the heat was so excessive, that we were obliged to resign ourselves to the necessity of the moment, and we slept upon our saddles, indifferent to any similar visits which might disturb our repose.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we pursued our journey. I perceived on a hill, a small distance from the river, an Arab horseman, with a gun in his hand, and accompanied by a young slave on foot. He appeared to be hunting, and stopped his horse, every moment, regarding our line of march with an air of uncertainty and prejudice. On a sudden, he put his mare into a gallop, advanced towards me, and addressing me in Italian, inquired if I were not the individual who was travelling through Arabia, and whose approaching arrival at Jaffa had been announced by the European consuls. I gave him my name, on which he leaped from his horse and proceeded to kiss my hand. I am, he said, the son of M. Damiani, vice consul of France at Jaffa. Being apprised of your arrival by letters brought from Saida by an English vessel, I have for several days past been hunting gazelles in this neighbourhood, with the hope of meeting you and conducting you to the house of my father. Our name is Italian, our family being of European origin. From time

immemorial it has been established in Arabia, consequently we are Arabs by birth, but in our hearts, we are French, and we should regard it as a disgrace and insult to our feelings, were you to accept the hospitality of any other house than ours. Remember that we were the first to *touch* you, and that it is a custom of the East, that he who touches a stranger the first, has the right to claim him as his guest. I give you, he added, this premonition, because several other houses of Jaffa have been informed of your journey by letters brought by the same vessel, and will hasten to meet you as soon as my slave has made known your approach in the town.

He had scarcely finished this speech, than he spake a few words in Arabic to the young slave, who immediately mounted the mare of his master, and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye behind the hills of sand which bordered the horizon. I offered him one of my led horses, which I had with me in case of accident, and we slowly took the road to Jaffa, which was not yet in sight. After a journey of two hours, we saw on the opposite banks of a river, which we had yet to cross, about thirty horsemen, clad in the richest costume, with glittering arms, and mounted on Arabian horses of great beauty, who were prancing on the margin of the river, into which they were often fearlessly urged by their riders. The Arabs uttered loud exclamations of joy, and fired off their pistols as a salute to us, and we were now informed by M. Damiani, that they were the sons, the relatives and friends of the principal inhabitants of Jaffa, who had come out to meet us. Each of them approached me, and paid me, some compliment, to which I made a suitable reply by means of my dragoman, or in Italian to those who understood it. They ranged themselves around us, and racing here and there upon the sand, they afforded us the spectacle of the exercise of the jerced, in which the Arabian horsemen exhibit all the fleetness and vigour of their horses, and all the skill and power of their arm.

We were now approaching Jaffa, and the town which is

situate on a hill that projects into the sea, began to open to our view. The first sight of it when it is approached from the side of the desert is truly magical. The lower parts of the city are to the westward washed by the sea, which there rolls its immense foaming waves on the rocks, which form the enclosure of its harbour. On the northern side, by which we shall enter it, it is surrounded by delightful gardens, which appear to rise, as it were, by enchantment out of the desert, to crown and shade its ramparts. Our journey lay under a lofty and odoriferous vault formed by a forest of palm trees, of pomegranate trees laden with their scarlet fruit, of maritime cedars with their large foliage; of lemon, orange, fig and lime trees as large as the walnut trees of Europe, and bending under the weight of their fruit and flowers. The air is one mass of perfume raised and spread by the breeze of the sea: the ground is literally white with orange flowers, the wind whirling them about, as with us the withered leaves of autumn. At stated distances, some Turkish fountains in mosaic marble of various colours with brass cups attached to them by chains, present their limpid stream to the passenger, and are always surrounded by a group of females washing their feet, or drawing water in urns of an antique form. The white minarets, the embattled terraces, the balconies with their moresque ogives, rise from the bosom of this ocean of odoriferous shrubs, and to the eastward form a strong contrast with the white bed of sand, which extends immediately behind it, to the immense desert which separates it from Egypt.

It was in the immediate vicinity of one of these fountains, that we on a sudden discovered a third cavalcade, at the head of which, mounted on a white mare, advanced the elder M. Damiani, consular agent of several European nations, and one of the most important personages of Jaffa. His grotesque costume excited our risibility. He was dressed in an old light blue caftan, lined with ermine, and confined by a girdle of crimson silk; his naked legs projected from large dirty muslin pantaloons, and on his head he wore an immense

cocked hat, smoothened by time and saturated with dust and perspiration, attesting on the whole its numerous services during a campaign in Egypt. The hospitable reception and the patriarchal cordiality of our old vice-consul, in some degree, repressed the smile on our lips, and left no other room in our hearts, than for the gratitude which we expressed towards him for the reception, which he gave us. He was accompanied by several of his sons-in-law, his children and his grand-children, all like himself, on horseback. One of his grandsons of about twelve or fourteen years of age, who pranced about his grandfather on an Arabian mare, without a bridle, was one of the most beautiful figures of youth, which I ever remember to have seen.

M. Damiani rode before us, and conducted us through an immense population, who crowded round our horses, to the door of his house, where we were saluted by our new friends who left us to the care of our worthy host.

The house of M. Damiani was small, but admirably situated on the summit of the hill on which the town is built, and commanding a view of the sea to the northward, southward and eastward, the coasts of Gaza and Askalon towards Egypt, and the shore of Syria to the northward. The apartments are surrounded and surmounted by open terraces, by which the sea breezes are admitted, and from which can be discerned at a distance of thirty miles at sea the smallest vessel which crosses the gulf of Damietta. The apartments have no windows, the climate rendering them unnecessary. The air has always the temperature of our most beautiful days of spring. A clumsy, ill-contrived verandah is the only protection which is afforded against the rays of the sun. The birds of the air take up their abode in these apartments which man has provided for himself, and in the drawing room of M. Damiani, on the wooden shelves which are fixed around it, hundreds of little swallows with their red gorgets were perched by the side of the porcelain of China, silver cups, and the tubes of pipes which decorated the cornice. They were fluttering the whole of the day over our heads, and during supper, perched

on the branches of the lamps which were lighted during our repast.

The family consisted of M. Damiani, the father, a figure something between the patriarch and the Italian merchant, in which however the latter predominated, of Madame Damiani, the mother, a beautiful Arabian woman, the mother of twelve children, but still preserving in her shape and complexion all the brilliance and freshness of a Turkish beauty, of several young girls, almost all of them of extraordinary beauty, and three sons, with the elder of whom we had already become acquainted; we were equally prejudiced in favour of the other two, who showed us every possible attention. The females did not make their appearance in the apartments; exhibiting themselves only once in their state dresses, decorated with their richest jewels, when they seated themselves at table with us, during one meal only. The remainder of the time, they were occupied in preparing our meals in a small inner court, where we perceived them, on leaving and returning to the house. The young people, educated in that respect, which the oriental customs enjoin upon the sons towards their father, adhered to the same respectful conduct towards ourselves, for they did not even attempt to sit down in our presence, during the time that we were taking our repast. They stood in waiting behind their father, and took care that every thing should be provided for the convenience and satisfaction of his guests.

We had scarcely entered the house, than we were visited by a great number of the inhabitants of the country, who came to congratulate us, and offer us their services. Coffee and pipes were introduced, and the evening was passed in conversation highly interesting to us, which may be attributed in a great degree to our curiosity, anxious to be informed on every subject connected with the country. The governor of Jaffa, to whom I had sent my compliments by my interpreter, was not long in paying us a visit. He was a young and handsome Arabian, apparelled in the richest costume, and his language and manners attested the nobility

of his heart, and the refined elegance of his habits. A finer male head had scarcely ever come under my observation. His beard, black and carefully dressed, fell in glossy waves over his breast, and spread like a fan; his hand, the fingers of which sparkled with enormous diamonds, played incessantly amongst the locks of his beard, passing and repassing through it to smoothen and comb it. His look was haughty, but gentle and candid, like that of all the Turks in general. We feel at once that these men have nothing to conceal; they are frank and open, because they are conscious of their strength; they are strong, because they never rely upon themselves, nor their own vain talents nor address, but always upon the idea that God directs everything and upon that providence which they call fatality. Place a Turk amidst ten Europeans, and you will always recognise him by the elevation of his look, by the gravity of thought impressed on his countenance by habit, and by the noble simplicity of the expression. The governor had received letters from Mehemet Ali, and Ibrahim Pacha, recommending me to him in the strongest terms. These letters are in my possession. I had with me another letter to Ibrahim, which I caused to be read to him. The following is the import of it—

"I am informed that our friend (here my name was inserted) is arrived from France with his family, and several travelling companions, for the purpose of visiting the countries subject to my arms, and of becoming acquainted with our laws and manners. My desire is that you, and all my governors of towns and provinces, the commanders of all my fleets, the generals and commanding officers of my armies show to him every mark of friendship; that you render him every service which my affection for him and his country demands of me; you will provide him, if he requires it, with houses, horses and provisions of which he may stand in need, and not only for himself, but for all his suite. You will furnish him with the means of visiting every part of our dominions, which he may wish to see; you will provide him with the escort necessary for his safety, and for which

you will answer with your head, and if he should experience any difficulty in penetrating into certain provinces under our dominion by any act of the Arabs, you will march your troops for the security of his excursions."

The governor, after having read this letter, touched his forehead with it and returned it to me, requesting at the same time to be informed in what manner he could show his implicit obedience to the injunctions of his master, as well as the names of the places which it was my intention to visit. I mentioned Jerusalem and Judea. At these words, the governor himself, his officers, M. Damiani, the fathers of the monastery of the Holy Land at Jaffa, who were present with one accord, exclaimed that the thing was impracticable; the plague having broken out with the most alarming virulence at Jerusalem, Bethlehem and all the places on the road; that it was even at Ramla, the first town on the road to Jerusalem, that the pacha had commanded the strictest quarantine to be enforced on all persons coming from Palestine, that even supposing I should be rash enough to penetrate into Judea, and fortunate enough to escape the plague, I should not perhaps be able to return into Syria for some months, and finally, that all the monasteries in which strangers are received with hospitality in the Holy Land, were at that time closed: that not one of them would open their doors to us, and finally that it was absolutely necessary that the journey which I projected into the interior of Judea should be deferred to a more propitious season.

This information gave me great uneasiness, but it did not shake my resolution; I answered the governor, that although I had been educated in a faith different from his, yet nevertheless I adored equally with him the sovereign will of Allah; that his worship of him was called Fatality, and my worship, Providence, but that these two different words were expressive but of one idea, "God is great,"—"God is the Lord." Alla Kerim. That I had come from a great distance, across so many seas, so many mountains and plains, to visit the sources from which christianity flowed upon the world; to

behold the holy city of the christians, and compare the places with their recorded histories; that I had advanced too far to recede, and to consign a project almost accomplished to the uncertainty of time and accidents; that the life of man was but as a drop of water in the ocean or a grain of sand in the desert, and was scarcely worthy of being taken into the account, and moreover, that that which is written, is written, and that if it were the will of Allah to preserve me from the plague in the midst of the dying and the dead of Judea, it would be as easy to him as to protect me from the waves in the middle of the tempest, or from the balls of the Arabs on the banks of the Jordan. In consequence thereof, I persisted in my resolution to penetrate into the interior, and to make my entrance into Jerusalem, whatever dangers might there await me. I, however, added, that whatever decision I might come to in regard to myself, it was neither my will nor my desire to make others subservient to that decision, and that I left it to the option of all my friends, my servants and the Arabs who accompanied me, either to follow me or to remain at Jaffa, and that I would not make use of a single argument to persuade or dissuade them from following the bent of their inclinations.

The governor expostulated with me on my submission to the will of Allah, and informed me that he would not allow me to expose myself alone to the dangers of the road and the plague, and that he would select from the troops in garrison at Jaffa, some bold and well disciplined soldiers, whom he would place entirely under my command, who should guard my caravan during the journey by day, and my tents at night, for the purpose of protecting me from coming into contact with infected persons. He also, at the same time, despatched a horseman to the governor of Jerusalem, his friend, to announce to him my journey, and to recommend me to his protection. He then retired.

My friends and I then entered into a consultation, and my servants were even admitted to this council, to receive their determination as to the future line of conduct which each

meant to pursue. After some hesitation, all unanimously agreed to try their fortune, and to run the risk of the plague rather than renounce the pleasure of seeing Jerusalem. The departure was fixed for the day after the morrow. We slept on the mats and on the divans of M. Damiani's saloon, and we awoke amidst the warblings and chatterings of the innumerable swallows which fluttered over our heads about the apartment.

The day was past in returning the visits, which we had received from the governor and the Superior of the monastery of the Holy Land at Jaffa, the latter being a venerable Spanish priest, who has been an inhabitant of Jaffa since the time of the French invasion, and who verified to us the statement of the poisoning of those infected with the plague in the hospitals there.

Jaffa, or Yaffa, the ancient Joppa of the holy scriptures, is one of the oldest and most celebrated places of the universe. It is spoken of by Pliny as an antideluvian city. It is here, according to traditionary lore, that Andromeda was fastened to the rock and exposed to the marine monster; it was here that Noah built the ark; it was here that the cedars of Mount Lebanon were landed by order of Solomon for the erection of his temple. The prophet Jonas embarked here 862 years before Christ, and it was here that St. Peter restored Tabitha to life. The town was fortified by St. Louis, in the time of the Crusades. In 1799 Buonaparte took it by assault, and put the Turkish prisoners to the sword. It has a bad harbour, particularly for vessels of a light burden, and a very dangerous roadstead, as we ourselves experienced on our second voyage. It is calculated that Jaffa contains about six thousand inhabitants, comprising Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Catholics, and Maronites. Each of these sects has a church, the catholic monastery being the most magnificent, which was undergoing considerable embellishments during our visit, but we did not experience in any manner the hospitality of the holy fathers. The doors of their vast apartments were not opened to us, nor to any other stranger that we met

with at Jaffa. They remained deserted and unoccupied, whilst the pilgrims sought for shelter in some wretched Turkish khan, or partook of the burdensome hospitality of the dwelling of some Jewish or Armenian inhabitant of Jaffa.

Immediately on leaving the walls of Jaffa, we entered the great desert of Egypt. Being determined to proceed to Cairo by this route, I despatched a courier to El-arisch, to hire some dromedaries for passing the desert. The distance from Jaffa to Cairo may thus be accomplished in twelve or fifteen days, but it is attended with great privations and difficulties. The orders, however, of the governor of Jaffa, and the civility and complaisance of the principal inhabitants of the city, had removed many of them, which otherwise might have proved of serious import.

The governor sent some horsemen and eight fantassins or foot soldiers chosen from amongst the bravest and best disciplined men of the depôt of Egyptian troops which were under his command. They encamped during the night at our very door. On the rising of the sun we were on horseback, and we found at the gate of the town, on the side of Ramla a crowd of horsemen belonging to all the nations, who are the inhabitants of Jaffa. They performed the jerced around us, and accompanied us as far as a magnificent fountain, shaded by sycamores and palm trees, which is about an hour's journey from Jaffa. They here saluted us by firing their pistols, and then retraced their steps to the city. It is impossible to describe the novelty and the magnificence of the vegetation, which on quitting Jaffa, displays itself on both sides of the road. Both on the right and on the left it is a variegated forest of all the fruit trees and flowering shrubs of the East. This forest divided into compartments, by hedges of myrtles, jessamine, and pomegranates is watered by streamlets issuing from the beautiful Turkish fountains which I have already mentioned. In every one of these enclosures we observed an open pavilion, or a tent under which the family to which they belonged come to pass some weeks in the spring or autumn. Three poles and a piece of cloth

form a country house for these happy families. The women sleep upon mats or on cushions under the tent, whilst the men sleep in the open air under the vault of lemon or pomegranate trees. The melons, the water melons, the thirty-two species of fig, the trees of which throw their shade over these enchanting spots may be regarded as the principle provisions of the table, with the addition now and then of a lamb, brought up by the children, and which, as in the times of the holy scriptures, a sacrifice is made on days of great solemnity. Jaffa is the place of all others in the East, which a lover of nature and of solitude would choose in which to pass the winter. The climate is the medium between the sultry deserts of Egypt and the rains of the coasts of Syria in autumn. Were I possessed of the power of choosing my residence, I would during the spring and autumn reside at the foot of Mount Lebanon, at Saida, Beirout, or Latakia; on the heights of Lebanon during the heats of summer, refreshed by the winds of the sea, the breezes which blow from the valley of cedars and the vicinity of the snow; the winter I would pass in the gardens of Jaffa. Jaffa has something in its climate and in its soil more grand, solemn and deeper coloured than any of the sites I have hitherto visited. The eye reposes there as if on a sea illimitable and blue as its sky; on the immense sands of the desert of Egypt, where the horizon is interrupted only at intervals by the profile of "a ship of the desert," which advances like the undulation of a wave, or by the green and yellow pinnacles of innumerable forests of orange trees, which are crowded round the city. All the costumes of the inhabitants or of the travellers, who impart life and activity to these roads, are picturesque and strange. They belong to the Bedouins of Jericho or of Tiberias, clothed in their immense plaid of white wool; or Armenians with their long robes of blue and white stripes; Jews from every quarter of the globe, and in the costume of every nation, distinguished solely by their long beards and by the nobleness and majesty of their countenances; a royal people, ill accustomed to their slavery, and in whose look we discover the remembrance and

the certainty of a grand and commanding destiny, behind the apparent humiliation of their deportment, and the degradation of their present condition; to all of whom may be added the Egyptian soldiers, dressed in their red waistcoats, and in every respect resembling our French conscripts by the vivacity of their look, and the rapidity of their gait. It is evident that the genius and activity of a great man have had their influence over them, and have animated them for some great aim, although unknown to them. We also observed some Turkish agas, riding proudly on the road, mounted on horses of the desert, with some Arabs and black slaves in their train; whilst seated in a corner of a street, we espied some poor Greek pilgrim families eating some boiled rice or barley from a wooden bowl, the consumption of which they economize until their arrival in the holy city, and by way of contrast to them, we observed some poor Jewish women, half-clothed and bending under an enormous burden of a bag of rags, driving before them some asses, the two panniers of which were filled with children of all ages. But to return to our journey.

We travelled on merrily, trying from time to time the fleetness of our horses against that of the Arab horses ridden by M. Damiani, and the sons of the vice consul of Sardinia. These two young people, sons of a rich Arab merchant of Ramla, established at this time at Jaffa, expressed their intention to accompany us as far as Ramla, and in the morning they had sent forward their slaves to get their father's house in readiness for us, and to prepare the supper. We had also in our train another personage, who had of his own accord joined our caravan, and who excited our surprise by the extraordinary magnificence of his European costume. He was a diminutive young man, twenty or twenty-five years old, of a merry, and grotesque, but a keen and intellectual countenance. He wore an immense turban of yellow muslin, a green coat in the fashion of our court dresses, with a narrow collar and wide skirts, embroidered with broad gold lace on all the seams, tight pantaloons of white velvet, and top boots

ornamented with a pair of spurs with silver chains. A kandgiar served him for a hanger, and a brace of pistols, encrusted with silver chasings, protruded from his sash and knocked against his breast.

Having left Italy in his infancy, he was, but I know not by what wave of fortune, thrown upon the shores of Egypt, and had for some years resided at Jaffa or at Ramla, exercising his profession as a physician in the mountains of Judea at the expense of the sheiks and the Bedouins, who, however, certainly did not contribute much to his fortune. We were much amused with his conversation, and I had a great desire he should accompany us to Jerusalem and the mountains of the Dead Sea, with which he appeared to be perfectly acquainted; but having resided in the East for many years, he had contracted in it that invincible fear, which every Frank entertains for the plague, and consequently rejected all our offers. During the prevalence of the plague, he said to me, I am no longer a physician, I am acquainted with but one remedy, fly fast enough, fly far enough, and stop long enough, in order that the disease may not be able to reach you. He put on a look, as of pity, regarding us as victims predestined to seek our deaths at Jerusalem, and although our number was great, he expected to see very few of us on our return. A few days ago, he said, I was at Acre, a pilgrim returning from Bethlehem knocked at the gate of the monastery of the fathers of St. Francis, and it was opened; the fraternity consisted of seven persons. On the following day, the gates of the convent were closed up by order of the government; the pilgrim and the seven fathers were dead in twenty-four hours.

In the mean time, we began to distinguish the tower and minarets of Ramla, which rose before us from amidst a wood of olive trees, the trunks of which are as large as those of our oldest oaks.

Ramla, formerly called Rama Ephraim, is the ancient Arimathea of the New Testament, and contains about two thousand families. Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, here founded a Latin monastery, which is still in existence. The

Armenians and the Greeks have also their convents here for the assistance of the pilgrims of their nations going to or returning from the Holy Land. The ancient churches have been converted into mosques, in one of which is the tomb in white marble of the Mameluke Ayund Bey, who fled from Egypt on the arrival of the French, and died at Ramla. On entering the city, we inquired whether the plague had there extended its ravages, when we were informed that two monks, just arrived from Jerusalem, had died during the day; the monastery itself was under quarantine. Our new friends from Jaffa conducted us to their house, situated in the middle of the city. An Arab, an old brazier, as we were informed, but an amiable and excellent man, occupied the half of this house, and exercised the functions of consular agent for some European nation, but which I know not; it, however, gave him the right of having a European flag on the roof of his house, which is the best and most certain safeguard against the extortions and oppressive imposts of the Turks and Arabs. An excellent supper was in readiness for us, and we had here the pleasure of finding chairs, tables, beds, and all the requisite utensils of Europe, and we carried away with us a supply of fresh bread, for which we were indebted to the kindness and civility of our hosts.

On the following morning, we took our leave of all our friends of Jaffa and Ramla, who declined accompanying us any farther, and we parted, escorted only by our horsemen and our Egyptian infantry. I then arranged the order of the march; two horsemen forming our advanced guard, marched about fifty paces in advance of the caravan to drive off the Arabs, or the Jew pilgrims whom we might encounter on the road, and to keep them at a proper distance from our men and horses—the foot soldiers were ordered to march on our flanks to the right and left; we ourselves marched in single files, without interrupting the order; our baggage was in the middle. A small squadron of our best horsemen formed our rear guard, with strict orders not to allow either man or mule to loiter behind. On the appearance of a body of

suspicious Arabs, the caravan was to halt, and to arrange itself in order of battle, during which, the cavalry, the interpreters and myself were to proceed as a reconnoitring party. According to these regulations, we should have little to fear from the Bedouins or the plague, and I ought not omit to say that this order of march was observed by our Egyptian soldiers, by our Turkish cavalry, and by my own Arabs with a scrupulous obedience and attention, which would have done honour to the best disciplined corps of Europe. We maintained this order, during more than twenty-five days of our journey, and frequently under circumstances of the most embarrassing nature. I had never cause to reprimand a single person, and it was owing to the strict observance of these regulations that I attribute our safety.

The sun had scarcely set, when we arrived at the end of the plain of Ramla, in the vicinity of a fountain hewn out of the rock, and which watered a little clump of gourds. We were now at the foot of the mountains of Judea: a small valley, of about a hundred paces in breadth, opened on our left, into which we descended, and it is here that begins the dominion of the brigand Arabs of the mountains. As night was approaching, we deemed it prudent to establish our camp in this valley, and we consequently pitched our tents at about two hundred paces from the fountain. We posted an advanced guard upon a hill which commanded the road to Jerusalem, and whilst supper was preparing, we went to shoot some partridges on the hills within sight of our tents; we killed a few, and drove from the crevices of the rocks a multitude of young eagles, who had there taken up their habitation. They rose wheeling and screaming over our heads, and returned upon us, after we had fired at them. All animals have an instinctive fear of fire and the explosion of guns, the eagle alone appears to contemn them, and to sport with the danger, whether it be, that he is ignorant of it, or that he braves it. I admired from the top of one of these hills, the picturesque coup d'œil of our camp, with our piquets of Arab cavalry on the mound; our horses fastened here and

there around our tents, our moukres seated on the ground, and employed in cleaning our harness and our arms, and the flame of our fire shining through the cloth of one of our tents, and sending up its light blue smoke in a column, waved to and fro by the impulse of the flitting breeze. How much I should like this wandering life, under a sky like this, if we could have with us all those whom we love, or whom we regret on the earth. The whole world belongs to a pastoral and wandering people like the Arabs of Mesopotamia. There is more of poesy in one of their days, than in whole years of a life in a city. In demanding too many things from a civilized life, man binds himself to the soil; he cannot alienate himself from it, without losing those innumerable superfluities, which habit has rendered necessary to him. Our houses are even voluntary prisons. I should like life to be like this, a journey without an end, and if I were not attached to Europe by the ties of affection, I should continue it as long as my strength and fortune would allow of it.

We were now on the confines of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin. The well near which we had pitched our tents was still called the Well of Job.

We took our departure before day-break, traversing for two hours, a narrow, sterile, and rocky valley, celebrated for the depredations of the Arabs. Of all the places in the immediate vicinity, this is the most exposed to their incursions. They are enabled to approach it by a multitude of small winding valleys, concealed by the rear of uninhabited hills, where they lie in ambush behind the rocks and bushes, from which they pounce suddenly upon the caravans. The celebrated Abougosh, the chief of the Arab tribes of the mountains, is in possession of the key of these defiles, which lead to Jerusalem. He opens or closes them according to his will, or to the ransom which the travellers are disposed to pay. His head quarters are a few leagues distant from us at the village of Jeremy. We expected every instant to see his cavalry advancing upon us, but we met with no one, except a young aga, a relation of the governor of Jerusalem,

mounted on a mare of extraordinary beauty, and accompanied by seven or eight horsemen. He saluted us with great politeness and drew up with his suite to allow us to pass, without touching our horses or our clothes.

About a mile from Jeremy, the valley became more contracted, and the trees overshadowed the road with their branches; we arrived at an ancient fountain, and the remains of a dilapidated kiosque. For an hour, we ascended by a steep and rugged path hewn in the rock in the midst of woods, and on a sudden, we came in sight of the village and the church of Jeremy, situate on the brow of the hill. The church, now converted into a mosque, appears to have been constructed with great magnificence during the time of the kingdom of Jerusalem under the Lusignans. The village is composed of forty or fifty houses, sufficiently large, suspended on the brow of the two eminences which command the valley. A few transplanted fig trees, and a few vineyards betokened a kind of cultivation. We observed the flocks scattered round the houses, whilst some Arabs clad in their magnificent caftans were smoking their pipes, on the terrace of the principal mountain, about a hundred paces from the road by which we were descending. Fifteen or twenty horses stood ready bridled and saddled in the court of the house. As soon as the Arabs perceived us, they descended from the terrace, mounted their horses, and advanced towards us at a slow pace. We met on a large uncultivated open piece of ground in front of the village, which was shaded by five or six beautiful fig trees.

It was the famous Abougosh and his family. He advanced towards me in company with his brother, whilst his suite remained in the rear. I immediately ordered my people to halt, and with my interpreter, I approached him. After the usual salutations and the interminable compliments which are the prelude to all conversation with the Arabs, Abougosh inquired of me whether I were not the French Emir, whom his friend Lady Stanhope, the queen of Palmyra, had placed under his protection, and in whose name, she had sent him the superb

vest of gold tissue which he then wore, and which he showed me with pride and gratitude. I was ignorant of this present made by Lady Stanhope, so politely in my name, but I answered him, that I was in reality the stranger, whom that illustrious Lady had confided to the generosity of her friends of Jeremy, that I was about to visit the whole of Palestine where the dominion of Abougosh was acknowledged, and that I requested him to issue such necessary orders, that Lady Stanhope might not have any cause to reproach him for his inattention to her recommendation. At these words, he as well as his brother dismounted; he beckoned to some of the horsemen of his retinue, and ordered them to bring some mats, carpets and cushions, which were spread under the shade of a great fig-tree on the field where we then were, and he implored us in such an urgent manner also to dismount and to seat ourselves on his rustic divan, that we found it impossible to refuse him. As the plague was then raging in Jeremy, and as Abougosh knew that all Europeans were under quarantine, he was particularly careful not to touch our clothing, and established his divan and that of his brothers opposite to us at a certain distance. In regard to ourselves we accepted only of some mats of straw and rushes, because they are reputed as possessing an anti-contagious quality. Coffee and sherbets were then presented to us. We entered upon a long desultory conversation, after which Abougosh requested me to order my attendants to withdraw, whilst he issued the same to his, in order that he might communicate to me some secret information, which, for particular reasons, I cannot here insert. Having conversed with each other a few minutes, he ordered his brothers to join them, and I gave the same order to my attendants.

Is my name known in Europe? asked Abougosh.

Yes, I answered, some say that you are a brigand, pillaging and massacring the caravans, carrying the Franks into slavery, and that you are the ferocious enemy of the christians; there are, however, those, who assert that you are a valiant and generous prince, repressing the brigandism of the Arabs

of the mountains, establishing the security of the roads, protecting the caravans, and that you are the friend of all the Franks, who show themselves worthy of your friendship.

And you, he asked, with a smile, what will you say of me?

I shall say what I have seen, I answered, that you are as powerful and as hospitable as any prince of the Franks; that you have been grossly calumniated, and that you deserve to have all the Europeans as your friends who, like myself, have enjoyed your kindness and the protection of your sword.

Abougosh appeared delighted, and he as well as his brothers put a number of questions to me respecting the customs of the Europeans, our habits and our arms, which particularly excited their admiration. We then separated. At the moment of our departure, he issued his orders to one of his nephews and to some horsemen to put themselves at the head of our caravan, and not to leave me during the whole of my sojourn in the country, whether it be at Jerusalem or in the environs. I returned him my thanks, and we parted.

The dominion of Abougosh extends in fact over about forty thousand Arabs of the mountains of Judea, from Ramla to Jerusalem and from Heron to the mountains of Jericho. This sovereignty, which has been perpetuated in his family for many generations, possesses no other title than the power by which it is accompanied. In Arabia, neither the origin nor the legitimacy of power becomes a subject of discussion, it is acknowledged as such, and due submission is paid to it as long as it exists. A particular family is perhaps more ancient, more numerous, more rich and more brave than the others; the chief of this family naturally acquires a greater ascendency and influence over his tribe; and the tribe itself being better governed; more skilfully and valiantly commanded in war, becomes without dispute or contest, all predominant. Such is the origin of almost all the supremacy of the chiefs and tribes which exhibits itself in Asia. Power is formed and preserves itself as a thing in the common order of nature. Everything flows from family, and the fact of

their ascendency being once acknowledged and confirmed in their manners and customs, no one deems it worth their while to dispute it. Obedience then assumes something of a filial and religious character. Great events, and a continued series of misfortunes are required to overthrow a family, and this kind of nobility, as it may be called voluntary, becomes perpetuated for ages. The feudal system is never properly understood, except by those who have visited these countries, and it is thence perceived in what manner in the middle ages all those local powers were formed, which reigned in the castles, the villages, and the provinces. It is the first step of civilization. In proportion as society progresses to perfection, these little powers are absorbed by the larger, and municipalities spring up, to protect the rights of cities against the declining ascendency of the feudal houses. By degrees, the great monarchies are established, which destroy in their turn those municipal privileges that are without utility; then follow the other social phases, the phenomena of which are innumerable, and with which we are as yet unacquainted.

Behold us now at a distance from Abougosh and his horde of organized brigands. His nephew marched before us on the road leading to Jerusalem, which he quitted about a mile beyond Jeremy, and struck into a narrow rocky path to the right, a number of which wound about the mountain in every direction, which was covered with myrtles and turpentine trees. We followed his track. The information, which we had received respecting Jerusalem from Abougosh, was of that nature, as to render our entrance into that city an act of absolute impossibility. The plague was increasing every minute; from sixty to eighty persons died every day; all the hospitals and all the monasteries were closed. We formed the resolution to proceed in the first instance to the desert of St. John the Baptist, about six miles from Jerusalem, amongst the most rugged mountains of Judea, to demand an asylum for some days of the monks of the Latin convent, and there to regulate our future plans accordingly as circumstances might arise. It was on this road

of dreariness and solitude that the nephew of Abougosh was now leading us. After having travelled about two hours on frightful paths, and exposed to a burning sun, we found on the other side of the mountain a small spring, where we halted under the refreshing shade of a few olive trees. The situation was sublime. We overlooked the black and deep valley of Terebinthus, where David with his sling slew the Philistine giant. The position of the two armies is so accurately laid down in the description of the valley; in the slope and arrangement of the ground, that it is impossible to mistake it. The dried-up torrent, on the banks of which David gathered the stone, exposed its whitish line in the midst of the narrow valley, and exhibited in accordance with Bible history, the division of the camps. I had neither a Bible nor any book of travels at this moment in my possession, nor any one at hand to give me a clue to the places and the ancient name of the valleys and mountains, but my imagination, when a child, had formed so lively and correct a representation of the situation of the places, the physical aspect of the scenes of the Old and New Testament, according to the descriptions and engravings of the sacred books, that I immediately recognised the valley of Terebinthus, and the field of battle of Saul. On our arrival at the convent, I was fully confirmed by the fathers in the exactitude of my foreknowledge, which actually staggered the belief of my companions. The same thing happened to me at Saphora in the middle of the hills of Galilee. I had pointed out with my finger and called by its name a hill crowned with a dilapidated castle, as the probable place of the birth of the Virgin. On the following day, the same thing again happened to me in regard to the dwelling of the Maccabees at Modin; on passing the foot of an arid mountain surmounted by the ruins of an aqueduct, I recognized the tomb of the last of the principal citizens of the Jewish people, and I was right, without knowing that I was so. The imagination of man is more true and correct than is generally surmised; it does not always build with her dreams, but she proceeds by the instinctive assimi-

lations of things and images, which furnishes her with results more sure and more evident than either science or logic. Excepting the valleys of Lebanon, the ruins of Balbec, the shores of the Bosphorus at Constantinople, and the first view of Damascus, from the heights of Anti-Lebanon, I scarcely ever visited a place or an object, the first view of which was not to me as a remembrance. Have we lived twice or a thousand times? Is our memory but as a tarnished glass, rendered clear by the breath of God? or do we possess in our imagination the power of presentiment, and to see before we actually do see? Questions insoluble!

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we descended the steep declivities of the valley of Terebinthus, crossed the dry bed of the torrent, and ascended by steps cut in the rock to the Arab village of St. John the Baptist, which we perceived before us. Some Arabs of a most ferocious countenance regarded us from the terraces of their houses, whilst the women and children crowded around us in the narrow streets of the village; the monks, alarmed at the tumult which they witnessed from the roof of their own house, at the number of our horses and men, and at the plague which we were supposed to bring along with us, refused to open the iron gate of their monastery. We retraced our steps in order to encamp upon a hill in the neigbhourhood of the village, and we cursed the hard-heartedness of the monks. I despatched my dragoman to reason with them, and to cast upon them the reproaches, which they so richly merited. During this time, the whole population of the village had descended from their roofs; the sheiks surrounded us, and mingled their barbarous cries with the neighings of our frightened horses; a terrible confusion reigned throughout the whole of our caravan, and we loaded our guns. The nephew of Abougosh, mounted the roof of a house contiguous to the convent, and by turns addressed the people and the monks. A kind of capitulation was entered into, and we obtained permission to enter the monastery. A small iron gate was opened to admit us, through which we passed stooping, one by one; we unloaded

our horses, which followed us in a train. The nephew of Abougosh and his Arab horsemen remained outside and encamped at the gate; the monks pale, and affrighted trembled to come in contact with us; but we in some measure comforted them, by assuring them on our word of honour, that we had not touched a single person since we left Jaffa, and that we would not enter Jerusalem so long as they afforded us the asylum we had solicited from them. On this assurance being given, the alarmed countenances of the monks assumed their wonted serenity, and we were introduced into the vast corridors of the monastery; each of us was afterwards conducted into a little cell furnished with a bed and table, and ornamented with a few Spanish engravings of pious subjects. Our soldiers, our Arabs and our horses were encamped in an uncultivated garden of the monastery; the corn and straw were thrown over the walls; some sheep and a calf, sent as presents by Abougosh were killed for us in the street, and whilst my Arab cook and the serving monks prepared our meal in the kitchen of the monastery, each of us repaired to our cell to obtain a little rest, refreshed by the mountain breeze, and from which we contemplated the singular scene by which the monastery was surrounded.

The monastery of St. John in the desert is a kind of chapel of ease to the Latin monastery of the Holy Land at Jerusalem. The monks, whose age, infirmities, or a taste for a more profound solitude, fit them for the more voluntary life of the hermit, are sent to this house. It is handsome and commodious, surrounded by gardens, hewn out of the rock, and by courts and presses for making the excellent wine of Jerusalem. At the time of our visit, the number of monks amounted to twenty, the majority of whom were old Spaniards who had passed the greater portion of their life, in the exercise of the functions of their office, whether at Jerusalem, at Bethlehem, or in any other of the towns of Palestine. Some of them were novitiates recently arrived from their monasteries in Spain, and the eight or ten days which we passed with them gave us the most favourable impression of their character; of

their charity and the purity of their life. The Father Superior, especially was the most perfect model of the virtues of a christian; simplicity, mildness, humility, an unalterable patience, a civility always courteous, a zeal always opportune, an indefatigable attention to his brethren and to strangers, without regard to rank or riches; a faith at once natural, active and contemplative; serenity of temper, of speech and countenance, which no untoward circumstance nor accident could ruffle or disturb. He was one of those rare examples of what the perfection of the religious principle can produce on the soul of man. Man exists only in his visible form; the soul is already transformed into something that is superhuman, angelical and deified, which shuns admiration, but which still commands it. We all of us, masters and servants, christians and Arabs, were equally struck with the communicative holiness of this excellent priest; his soul appeared to be diffused over all the fathers and brothers of the convent, for, although in different degrees, we admired in all of them a portion of the amiable virtues of the Superior, and this house of charity and peace left a pleasing remembrance in our heart, which will never be effaced. The monkish state, in the epoch in which we live, has always something in it highly repugnant to my intelligence and my reason, but the view of the monastery of St. John the Baptist would be sufficient to destroy that repugnance, if it did not present itself as an exception, and if that which is contrary to nature, to family and society could ever be a justifiable institution. The monasteries of the Holy Land can not exactly be placed in this class: they are useful to the world as an asylum which they afford to the pilgrims of the East; by the example of the christian virtues, which they present to a people ignorant of those virtues, and finally by the relations which they maintain solely between certain parts of the East, and the nations of the west,

Towards evening, we were roused from our refreshing slumber by the fathers, who conducted us to the refectory where their servants, as well as our own had prepared our

repast, which consisted, like that of which we partook during the whole of our stay in the monastery, of omelets, of pieces of mutton put on an iron skewer and roasted before the fire, and a pilau of rice. We here tasted for the first time some excellent white wine made from the vineyards in the neighbourhood; it being the only wine known in Jerusalem. The Fathers of St. John the Baptist of the Desert are the only persons, who know how to make it, and all the monasteries of Palestine are by them supplied with it. I bought a small barrel of it, which I forwarded to Europe. During the repast, all the monks walked about the refectory, conversing with us by turns; the Father Superior was particularly attentive in seeing that all our wants were supplied, serving us often with his own hands, and returning frequently to the closets of the monastery to fetch the liqueurs, the chocolate and all the other little luxuries, which remained as a part of the freight of the last ship which had arrived from Spain. After supper we ascended with them the terraces of the monastery, this being the customary promenade of the monks during the ravages of the plague, and they frequently remain thus immured within the precincts of their monastery for several months of the year. Nevertheless, they said, this seclusion is less irksome to us, than you might be inclined to suppose, for it gives us the right to close our iron gates against the Arabs of the country, who are incessantly importuning us with their visits and their demands upon our bounty. As soon as the quarantine is taken off, the monastery is crowded with these miserable men. Of the two evils, we had rather have the plague, than the everlasting trouble of their visits. I understood their meaning after I had become better acquainted with the Arabs themselves.

The village of St. John of the Desert is situated on a hill surrounded on all sides by deep and gloomy valleys, the bottom of which can scarcely be perceived. The sides of these valleys, which front on all sides the windows of the monastery, rise almost perpendicularly and are composed of a greyish rock which serves them as a foundation. These

rocks are excavated into large caverns, which nature has hollowed, and which the hermits of the first centuries have searched to their extremities to lead in them the life of the eagles or the doves. Here and there, on the slopes which are not extremely precipitous, we observed a few plantations of vines which wound round the trunks of the small fig trees, and fall down again, creeping along the rock. Such may be considered as the aspect of all these solitudes. A greyish tint, spotted with a yellowish green, covers the whole of the landscape; from the roof of the monastery, the eye nearly loses itself on every side of the bottomless abysses; a few wretched dwellings of Arab Mahommetans and Christians are huddled together upon the rocks, under the shade of the monastery. These Arabs are the most ferocious and most perfidious of men, they, however acknowledge the authority of Abougosh, at whose name, the monks turn pale. They cannot comprehend by what power of persuasion or of authority, that chief was induced to treat us with so much civility, and even to give us his nephew as our guide. They suspected that they saw in this treatment a great display of diplomatic skill, and were incessant in their importunities for me to use my influence with the tyrant of their tyrants. We returned to the house on the approach of night, and spent the evening in the corridor of the convent in a pleasing and animated conversation with the excellent Superior, and the amiable Spanish fathers. They appeared to be complete strangers to all that was passing upon the theatre of the world, for scarcely any information from Europe ever crosses these inaccesssible mountains. It was impossible to make them comprehend anything about the late revolution of France, and after all, they said by way of conclusion, provided the king of France be a catholic, and that France continues to protect the monasteries of the Holy Land, all will be well. They showed us their church, a charming little nave, erected on the spot where the precursor of Christ was born; it is ornamented with an organ and several Spanish paintings, in their execution not far above mediocrity.

On the following day, we could not resist the desire to obtain, at least a distant view of Jerusalem, and accordingly, we entered into some conditions with the holy fathers, by which it was agreed that we should leave a number of our people and horses, and a part of our baggage at the monastery; that we should take with us only the horsemen of Abougosh, the Egyptian soldiers, and the Arabian servants, indispensable on account of the saddle horses; that we should by no means enter the city; that we should content ourselves with making the circuit of it, avoiding all contact with the inhabitants, and that in case either by accident or otherwise, such contact should take place, we should not then require to be re-admitted into the monastery, but that we should withdraw our effects and our people, and encamp in the vicinity of Jerusalem. We agreed to all the conditions, and without any other pledge than our word and our veracity, we took our departure.

JERUSALEM.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 28th October, we took our departure from the desert of St. John the Baptist. We awaited the rising of the sun in the court of the monastery on horseback, which was inclosed with high walls, in order that no communication may be had during the tenèbres* with the infected Arabs and Turks of the village of Bethlehem. At half-past five we commenced our journey, by ascending a mountain strewn all over with enormous grey rocks, attached to each other in masses, as if they had been broken by the hammer. A few creeping vines, showing the yellow leaf of autumn, were cultivated in little fields grubbed up between the interstices of the rocks, and between the vines arose enormous pinnacles of stones, resembling those mentioned in the Song of Songs. Some fig trees, the tops of which are already despoiled of their leaves, showed themselves here and there between the vines, dropping their black fruit on the rocks. On our right, the desert of St. John, from

* A particular service of the Romish church during Passion Week.

which sounded the voice, *vox clamavit in deserto*, is hollowed like an immense abyss between five or six black and lofty mountains, and between the intervals formed by their stony summits, the horizon of the Sea of Egypt, covered with a sombre mist, opens itself to our view: on our left, and quite close to us, the ruins of a tower or an ancient castle display themselves on the summit of a very lofty hill, which like every thing around them, are hastening fast to total demolition. We also distinguished some other ruins, resembling the arches of an aqueduct descending from this castle on the slope of the mountain; a few vines grew at their feet, and threw over these crumbling arches a roofing of pale and yellow verdure, whilst one or two isolated turpentine trees grew amongst the ruins. What we now beheld was the celebrated Modin, the castle and the tomb of the last heroic personages of sacred history, the Maccabees. We left behind us these ruins sparkling in the splendid beams of early morn; these beams are not as in Europe blended in an indefinite and confused brightness, or in a glittering and universal radiation, but they dart from the summit of the mountains which conceal Jerusalem from our view, like arrows of fire of different tints, united in their centre and diverging into the sky in proportion to their distance; some are of a light silvery blue; others of a pale white, others again of a faint rose colour, fading away gradually at the edges, whilst some are of the colour of an intense fire, and hot as the rays of a conflagration; the division is distinct and yet so harmoniously blended by successive and gradual tints, that they resemble a brilliant rainbow, the rotundity of which is broken in the sky, and dissolves away in the air. It was the third time that this beautiful phenomenon of the rising and setting of the sun had been witnessed by us under this aspect, and since we had been in the mountainous region of Galilee and Judea; it was either the morn or the evening such as the ancient painters have delineated it, an image which would appear false to those, who have not been witnesses of its reality. In proportion as the day advances, the distinct brilliance,

and the azure or inflamed colour of each of those luminous rays diminishes, and is blended in the general light of the atmosphere, and the moon which was suspended above our heads, still of a rosy and fiery colour, faded away, assumed a pearly tint, and was lost in the depth of the sky, like a disk of silver, the colour of which grows paler in proportion as it is plunged deeper under water.

After having climbed a second mountain, more lofty and desolate than the former; the horizon opened suddenly on our right, and granted us a view of the whole of the space which extends between the last summits of Judea where, we now are, and the lofty chain of the mountains of Arabia. This space was already filled with the waving and vaporous light of the morning; beyond the lower hills which are at our feet, rolled and broken into blocks of grey and shattered rocks, the eye can distinguish nothing more than this dazzling space, and so far resembling a vast ocean, that to us it was a complete illusion, and we thought we could discern those intervals of a deep shade, and those pale and silvery sheets of light, with which the dawn of day either brightens or darkens a sea that is calm. On the border of this imaginary ocean, a little to the left of our horizon and at about the distance of three miles from us, the sun shone on a square tower, on a lofty minaret, and on the large yellow walls of some buildings, which crowned the summit of a low hill, and the base of which was concealed by the hill itself; but by some pinnacles of the minarets, by some embattled walls still more lofty, and by the black and blue tops of some domes, which rose perpendicularly behind the tower, and the grand minaret, we easily distinguished a city, the most elevated part of which could only be seen, and which stretched down along the sides of the hill. It could be no other than Jerusalem; we thought ourselves at a much greater distance from it, and every one of us, without daring to put a question to the guide, for fear of our illusion being destroyed, enjoyed in silence the first look cast by stealth, as it were, upon the holy city, and everything inspired me with the name of Jerusalem.

It was Jerusalem herself showing herself in her pale and gloomy yellow, in contrast with the deep blue of the sky and the black back ground of the Mount of Olives. We stopped our horses to contemplate the city, like an apparition mysterious and dazzling. Every step that we had to make, in descending into the deep and gloomy valleys, which were under our feet, had the effect of concealing it again from our sight. Behind those high walls and more humble domes of Jerusalem, rises a high and extensive hill belonging to the second range, more dark and gloomy than that in which the city was situated and by which it was partly concealed. Our horizon was bounded and terminated by this second hill. The sun left its western side in shade, but threw its vertical rays on the top, similar to a large cupola, making it appear as if its transparent summit swam in an ocean of light, and the indefinite boundary of the earth and the sky could only be distinguished by some large and black trees, planted on the highest point of the hill, and across which the sun darted its beams. It was the Mount of Olives. They were the identical olive trees, the old witnesses of so many days described on earth and in Heaven, watered by divine tears, by the sweat of blood, by so many other tears, and so many other sweats, since the night that has rendered them sacred. Some other trees might be distinguished, though rather in a confused manner, which formed some dark spots on its sides; further the walls interrupted the prospect, and concealed the foot of the holy mount. Nearer to us and immediately under our eyes nothing was to be seen but a desert of stones, which forms an avenue to the City of Stones; these enormous and sunken stones, of a uniform ash-coloured tint, extend without any interruption from the spot on which we now are, to the very gates of Jerusalem. The hills rise and fall; the narrow valleys circulate about their bases; some dales even extend here and there, as if to deceive the eye of man, and to promise him life and vegetation, but all is stone, hills, valleys and plains; it is nothing but one bed, ten or twelve feet thick of split rocks, and which, between the fissures

do not offer space enough to allow a reptile to creep, or a camel to break his leg, if he should place it within them. If we imagine to ourselves enormous walls of colossal stones like those of the Coliseum or of the Roman theatres, falling into one mass, and covering with their immense and cracked slabs the ground which carries them, an exact idea can then be obtained of the bed and the nature of the rocks, which cover everywhere these last ramparts of the city of the desert. The nearer we approach, the more the stones are crowded upon each other and rise like eternal avalanches, ready to swallow up the past. The last road we take before entering Jerusalem is hollowed out in the middle of an immovable and gloomy avenue of these rocks, which rise ten feet above the head of the traveller, and allow only that part of the sky to be seen which is above him. We had been travelling for about a quarter of an hour in this last and gloomy avenue, when the rocks suddenly opening on our right and left, left us in front of the walls of Jerusalem, which we almost touched without being conscious of it. An empty space of a few hundred paces only extended itself between us and the gate of Bethlehem; this space arid and uneven, like the glacis which surrounds at a distance the fortified places of Europe, and like them as desolate, opened upon us to the right, and contracted itself into a narrow dale, which descended with a gentle slope, and on the left it bore five old trunks of olive trees bent almost horizontally by the weight of years, and the number of suns which had shone upon them; trees, as it may be termed, petrified like the sterile fields in which they have with difficulty taken root. The gate of Bethlehem, commanded by two towers crowned with Gothic embattlements, but desolate and silent as the old gates of the deserted castles, stood open before us. We passed a few minutes almost motionless in contemplating it; our desire to pass through it was almost irresistible, but the plague was at its most intense height in Jerusalem, and we had only been received into the monastery of St. John the Baptist of the desert under the most formal promise that we would not enter

the city. We would not break our promise and turning to the left, we descended slowly along the high walls built on the other side of a deep ravine or a ditch, in which we perceived at times the foundation stones of the ancient enclosure of Herod.

At every step which we took, we met with some Turkish cemeteries, white with funereal monuments, the majority of which were surmounted with the turban. These cemeteries, the solitudes of which were peopled every night by the plague, were here and there filled with groups of Turkish and Arabian women, who had come to mourn over their husbands or their fathers. A few tents were pitched amongst the tombs, and seven or eight women, either seated or on their knees, carrying in their arms some fine children, whom they were suckling, sent forth at intervals their modulated lamentations, funeral chants or prayers, the religious melancholy of which associated wonderfully with the desolate scene which was around us. These women were not veiled, and some of them were young and handsome; they had baskets by their sides full of artificial flowers, which they planted round the tomb, watering them with their tears. They bent from time to time over the ground newly dug up, and sang to the dead some verses of their grief, appearing as if they were speaking to it in a whisper; then absorbed in silence, with the ear applied to the monument, they appeared as if they were in expectation of, or listening to the answer. These assemblages of women and children, seated amongst the tombs to shed their tears during the whole of the day, were the only signs of life and of human habitations, which we saw during the whole of our circuit round the walls,—in other respects desolation in the extreme appeared to rest upon the land—no sound, no smoke betokening the existence of man, rose from within the walls; a few doves flying from the fig trees to the battlements, and from the battlements to the holy pools, were the only motion and the only murmur amidst this dumb and empty solitude.

About half way down the hill which led us to the Cedron

and the foot of the Mount of Olives, we saw a deep open grotto, not far from the ditches of the city, under a hillock of yellowish rock. I had no desire to visit this place—my wish was to see Jerusalem, and nothing but Jerusalem, and also to see the whole of it included in one single view, with its vallies and its hills, its Jehosophat and its Cedron, its temple and its sepulchre, its ruins and its horizon.

We afterwards passed before the gate of Damascus, a charming monument of Arabic taste, flanked by two towers, each having a large, high and elegant ogive window, and crowned with arabesque embattlements in stone, in the shape of turbans. We then turned to the right against the angle of the walls of the city, which to the northward form a regular square, and having on our left the deep and dark valley of Gethsemane, the bottom of which is occupied and filled by the dry bed of the torrent of Cedron; we followed as far as the gate of St. Stephen, a narrow path close to the walls, interrupted by two fine pools of water, in one of which Christ cured the paralytic. This path is suspended on a narrow ridge, which commands the precipices of Gethsemane and the valley of Jehosophat; at the gate of St. Stephen, the path is interrupted in its direction by the perpendicular terraces on which stood the temple of Solomon, and on which now stands the mosque of Omar; a broad and steep declivity declines on a sudden to the left towards the bridge which crosses the Cedron, and leads to Gethsemane and the Garden of Olives. We crossed this bridge, and alighted from our horses in front of a beautiful edifice of the composite order of architecture, but of a character severe and antique, and which is, as it were, buried in the deepest part of the valley of Gethsemane, of which it occupies the entire breadth. It is the supposed tomb of the Virgin, the Mother of Christ. It belongs to the Armenians, whose monasteries had suffered the most from the plague. We did not enter even into the sanctuary of the tomb, but I contented myself with falling on my knees on the marble step of the court which is in front of this pretty temple and to invoke

her, whose pious and tender devotion is early taught by every mother to her child. On rising, I observed behind me about an acre of land, touching on one side the elevated bank of the Brook of Cedron, and on the other rising gently to the base of the Mount of Olives. This field is surrounded by a low wall of stones without any mortar; eight olive trees standing at the distance of about twenty or thirty paces from one another, cover it almost wholly by their shade. These olive trees are the largest of their kind which I have ever seen: tradition carries back their age to the memorable epoch of the agony of Christ, who chose them to conceal his divine sufferings. Their appearance would, if required, confirm the tradition by which they are venerated; their immense roots, like the growth of ages have raised the earth and the stones with which they are covered, and being raised several feet above the level of the ground, offer to the pilgrim a natural seat, where either seated or on his knees he may collect the holy thoughts which descend from their silent heads. A trunk, knotted, knarled and furrowed, as with the deep wrinkles of age, rises like a lofty column over this assemblage of roots, and as if overwhelmed and borne down by the weight of years, it inclines both to the right and left, leaving its huge interlaced branches, which the axe has shortened a hundred times to restore their youth, to fall like those of the weeping willow over the holy ground which they have shadowed so long. These old and heavy branches, which incline towards the trunk, bear others of a younger growth, which have rather a perpendicular direction, and from which have burst forth a few shoots of one or two years old, crowned by a few tufts of leaves, darkened by a few little blue olives, which fall like celestial relics at the feet of the christian pilgrim. I withdrew from the caravan, which had halted round the tomb of the Virgin, and I seated myself for a moment on the roots of the most solitary and most antique of those olive trees; its shade concealed from me the walls of Jerusalem; its large trunk hid me from the sight of the shepherds, who were tending their black sheep on the

brow of the Mount of Olives. I had nothing within my sight but the deep and rugged ravine of Cedron, and the tops of a few other olive trees, which in this place cover the whole breadth of the valley of Jehosophat. Not a sound arose from the dry bed of the brook; not a leaf trembled on the tree; I closed my eyes for a moment, and in imagination I carried myself back to that night, the eve of the redemption of the human race, when the Divine Ambassador drank to the dregs the cup of agony, previously to receiving his death from the hand of man, as the reward of his celestial mission. I prayed for my part of the salvation which he had gained for the world at so high a price. I imagined to myself the depth of agony which must have lacerated the heart of the son of man, when with one look he contemplated all the misery, all the darkness, all the bitterness, all the vanity, all the iniquity of the lot of man; when alone he was willing to take upon himself this burden of crimes and misfortunes, under which the collected human race, bent down and groaning, pass through this vale of tears; when he understood that neither a new truth nor consolation could be conveyed to man but at the sacrifice of his life; when, shrinking back with affright before the shadow of death, which he already felt upon him, he cried to his father, "*Let this cup pass from me.*" And I—I a poor, weak, miserable and ignorant man. I may also cry at the foot of the tree of human weakness, Lord, let the cup of bitterness pass from me, and let it be poured into the cup already drunk for us all. He had courage to drink it to the dregs. He knew thee—He had seen thee—He knew wherefore he was to drink it. He knew the immortal life which awaited him beyond his sepulchre of three days; but I, O Lord! what do I know? except the sufferings which lacerate my heart, and the hope which he has taught me.

I rose, and I could not restrain my admiration of this spot, being so divinely predestined and chosen as the most mournful scene of the passion of the Son of God. It is a deep and narrow valley, enclosed to the northward by the dark and naked heights on which the tombs of the kings were situated;

to the westward, shaded by the gloomy and gigantic walls of a city of iniquities; to the eastward, covered by the summit of the Mount of Olives, and crossed by a torrent, which rolled its bitter and yellowish waters over the broken rocks of the vale of Jehosophat. At some paces, distant a black and naked rock displays itself, like a promontory, detached from the foot of the mount, and hanging over the Cedron and the valley bears some old tombs of the kings and patriarchs, of an architecture gigantic and grotesque; and bestrides, like the bridge of death, the valley of lamentations.

At that period there is no doubt that the sides of the Mount of Olives, which are at the present time almost bare, were irrigated by the water of the pools, and by the still running Brook of Cedron. Gardens of pomegranate, of orange and olive trees covered with a still thicker shade the narrow valley of Gethsemane, which is hollowed like a nest of grief in the most contracted and darkest depths of that of Jehosophat. The "man despised and rejected," "the man of sorrows," might there conceal himself, like a criminal, amongst the roots of some of the trees, and the rocks of the torrent; under the triple shades of the city, the mountain and the night; he might from thence hear the secret steps of his mother and his disciples passing on their way in search of their son and master; the confused noise, the senseless acclamations of the city, which rose above his head, rejoicing in having conquered truth and expelled justice; and the murmuring of Cedron which rolled its waters at his feet, which was soon to see its city overthrown, and its sources broken up by the ruin of a blind and guilty nation. Could Christ have chosen a more suitable place in which to shed his tears? could he have watered with the sweat of his blood a soil more fertile in misery, more steeped in affliction, or more saturated with lamentation?

I remounted my horse, turning my head every moment to catch a glimpse of some other objects in the valley and the city, and in a quarter of an hour I had ascended the Mount of Olives; every step which my horse took on the path

which leads up the hill, exposed to me a new quarter or a new building in Jerusalem. I arrived at the summit, crowned by a mosque in ruins, which covers the place from which Christ arose to Heaven on his resurrection. I inclined a little to the right of this mosque in order to reach two broken columns lying on the ground at the foot of some olive trees, on a platform which at the same time overlooks Jerusalem, Zion, and the valleys of St. Seba, leading to the Dead Sea, which shone between the summits of the mountains, and the immense and diversified horizon of the different summits, which terminates with the mountains of Arabia. Here I seated myself, and the following is the scene which was before me.

The Mount of Olives, on the summit of which I was now seated, inclines with an abrupt and steep declivity to the deep abyss which separates it from Jerusalem, and which is called the Vale of Jehosophat. From the bottom of this gloomy and narrow vale, the naked sides of which are studded with black and white stones, (the funereal stones of death,) with which they are almost every where paved, rises an immense hill, the inclination of which is so steep that it resembles that of a high fallenr ampart. No tree is here able to fix its roots, no moss can here hang its filaments; the declivity is so steep that the soil and the stones are incessantly rolling down, presenting to the eye nothing more than a surface of dry and parched dust, as if heaps of cinders had been thrown upon it from the top of the city. Towards the middle of this hill or of this natural rampart, some high and strong walls of large stones, not hewn exteriorly by the workman, display themselves, concealing their Roman and Hebraic foundations under the ashes themselves which cover their bases, and rising here from fifty to a hundred feet, and further, on from two to three hundred feet above the ground itself. The line of these walls is broken by three gates of the city, two of which are closed up, and the other one, which is open before us, appears as empty and as deserted, as if it afforded an entrance only to an uninhabited city. The walls

rise still higher than those gates, and support a broad and vast terrace, which extends two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem on the side that looks to the eastward. This terrace, judging by the eye, may be about a hundred feet long, to five or six feet broad. It is almost on a level, with the exception of the centre, where it inclines insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the shallower valley which formerly separated the hill of Zion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, created no doubt by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal from which rose the temple of Solomon, but on which at the present day are situated two Turkish mosques; one called El-Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very site where the temple is supposed to have stood; the other at the south-east extremity of the terrace, abutting on the walls of the city.

The mosque of Omar or El-Sakara, an admirable edifice of Arabian architecture is a mass of stone and marble of immense dimensions, with eight sides or fronts, each side ornamented with seven arcades, terminating in ogives. Above this first order of architecture, rises a terraced roof from which projects quite another order of arcades of less dimensions, terminated by a handsome dome covered with copper, but which was formerly gilded. The walls of the mosque are covered with a blue enamel, and to the right and left extend some large wings, terminated by light Moorish colonnades, corresponding with the eight gates of the mosque. Beyond these arches detached from every other building, the platforms continue and terminate, one on the northern part of the city, the other at the walls on the southern side. Some lofty cypresses, planted as if by chance, a few olive trees and green and graceful shrubs, growing here and there between the mosques, relieve the elegant architecture and the dazzling colour of the walls of the mosques by their pyramidal form, and their deep verdure interposing between the facade of the temples and the domes of the city. Beyond the two mosques and the site of the temple, the whole of Jerusalem shows itself in its

full extent, and as it may be said, stretches itself before us without the eye being able to take in a roof or a stone, like the plan of a town in relief, which the artist might draw upon a table. This city is not, as it has been represented to us, a shapeless and confused mass of ruins and cinders, on which are erected a few Arab cottages, or on which some Bedouins have pitched their tents; nor is it like Athens, a chaos of dust, and crumbled walls, where the traveller searches in vain for the shadow of the edifices, the traces of streets, the vision of a city; but Jerusalem is a city brilliant in light and colour, displaying grandly to the eye her complete and embattled walls, her blue mosque, with its white colonnades; her thousands of resplendent domes, on which the light of an autumnal sun falls and is reflected in a dazzling vapour: the facades of her houses, tinted by time and the summers with the yellow and golden colour of the edifices of the Pœstum or of Rome; its antique towers, the guardians of her walls, of which not a stone, nor a loophole, nor an embattlement is wanting, and finally, in the midst of this multitude of houses and this cloud of little domes, with which it is covered, rises a black and elliptical dome, surmounted by another that is white. They are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary, which appear from hence, as it were, confounded and drowned amidst the immense labyrinth of domes, of edifices and streets by which they are surrounded, and it becomes therefore a difficult task to give an exact account of the site of Calvary and the Sepulchre, which according to the representation given us of them in the holy scriptures ought to appear on a hill outside of the walls of Jerusalem and not in the centre of it. The city which is contracted on the side of Mount Zion, was no doubt enlarged on the north side, in order, to include within its enclosure those two sites, which constitute her shame and her glory. One, the site of the crucifixion of the Son of God, and the other that of his resurrection.

Such is the city of Jerusalem seen from the Mount of Olives. She has no horizon behind her, neither on the western nor the northern side. The line of her walls, and her towers

the pinnacles of her numerous minarets ; the arches of her shining domes, project forth in bold relief against the deep blue of an orient sky, and the city thus situated and displayed on her broad and elevated platform appears to shine again in all the ancient splendour of her prophecies, or waiting only for a word to emerge in dazzling splendour from her seventeen successive falls, and become thatnew Jerusalem, which rises from the bosom of the desert, beaming with brightness.

It is the most splendid view which the eye can possibly have of a city which is no more, for it appears to be still in existence and to shine like a city full of youth and life, and yet if it be regarded with stricter attention, it is nothing more in effect than a handsome vision of the city of David and Solomon. No sound arises from her streets and squares ; there are no longer any roads which lead to her gates from the east and west, from the north and the south ; there are only a few paths winding amongst the rocks, on which we meet with only a few half-naked Arabs, mounted on their asses, or a few camel drivers from Damascus, or some women from Bethlehemor Jericho, carrying on their heads some baskets of the grapes of Engaddi, or a basket of doves to sell in the morning under the turpentine trees on the outside of the gates of the city. We were seated during the whole of the day in front of the principal gates of Jerusalem, and we made a circuit of the walls in passing by all the other gates of the city ; not a living being entered or came out. Not a beggar was even seated on the boundary stones, no sentinel showed himself at the entrance ; we saw nothing; we heard nothing; there was the same void, the same silence, at the entrance of a city of thirty thousand inhabitants during the twelve hours of the day, as if we had been passing by the deserted gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum. We saw only four funeral processions issuing in silence from the gate of Damascus, and moving slowly along the walls towards the Turkish cemeteries, and from the gate of Zion, as we were passing we saw the corpse of a poor christian, who had died of the plague in the morning, carried by four grave diggers to the Grecian

cemetery. They passed close by us, stretched the infected body on the ground dressed in its clothes, and began to dig its last resting place under the feet of our horses. The ground round the city had been fresh turned for similar burying places, which were multiplied by the plague every day, and the only noise that we heard outside of the walls of Jerusalem were monotonous wailings of the Turkish women, lamenting their deceased relatives. I know not whether the plague was the sole cause of the nakedness of the roads and the deep silence round Jerusalem, but I do not believe it, for neither the Arabs nor the Turks attempt to interfere with the scourges of Omnipotence, being convinced that they can everywhere reach them, and that there is not any road by which they can escape. Sublime reasoning on their part, but which often leads them to the most fatal results.

On the left of the platform, of the temple and the walls of Jerusalem, the hill on which the city is situate suddenly declines, becomes wider, and exhibits itself to the eye in gentle declivities, supported here and there by some terraces of rolling stones. On the summit of the hill, a few hundred paces from Jerusalem, stand a mosque and a group of Turkish buildings, somewhat resembling a European hamlet, crowned with its church and steeple. This is Zion—it is the palace and the tomb of David. It is the spot of his inspiration and his raptures, of his life and his repose; a spot doubly sacred to me, where that divine psalmist so often touched the heart, and enraptured the mind. He is the first of sentimental poets, the king of lyrics; never have the fibres of the human heart vibrated with tones so deep, so penetrating and so solemn, never has the mind of the poet, exalted itself so high, never has a poet sang so true; never has the soul of man expanded itself before man and God in expressions and sentiments so tender, sympathetic and affecting. All the most secret lamentations of the human heart have been responded to by the lips and the harp of this minstrel, and if we take a retrospective view of the remote period, when such songs were first heard upon the earth, and when we consider that at that

time the subjects of the lyric poetry of the most civilized nations were of wine, love, war, and the victories of the muses, and the coursers at the Elysian games, we are then seized with the most profound astonishment at the mystic accents of the prophet king, who spoke to God the Creator as a friend to a friend, who understood and praised his wonders, who admired his justice, and implored his compassion and who appears to be an anticipatory echo of the evangelical poetry, repeating the mild words of christ before having heard them. Prophet or not, accordingly as he may be considered by the philosopher or the christian, neither of them can refuse to the royal poet an inspiration, which was never given to any other man. To read Horace or Pindar after a psalm—for my part I cannot do it.

What in fact is poetry? like everything which is divine in us, it cannot be defined by a single word nor by a thousand. It is the incarnation of that, which man possesses most intimately in the heart, and most divinely in the mind; of that which visible nature possesses as the most magnificent in images, and the most melodious in sound. It is at the same time sentiment and sensation, spirit and matter, and hence the reason, why it is a language complete, a language *par excellence*, which takes possession of man through his entire humanity; it is an idea for his mind, a sentiment for his soul, an image for his imagination, and music for his ear. Hence it is, that this language, when well spoken, comes upon man like a thunderbolt, and forces upon him an internal conviction and the most positive and unreflected evidence. It enchants him like a philter, and lulls him motionless and spellbound, like an infant in its cradle with the sympathetic songs of the voice of a mother. Hence it is that man can neither produce nor sustain a great deal of poetry, because taking entire possession of him by the soul and the senses, and elevating at the same time his double faculty, the mind by the mind, the senses by the sensations, it soon exhausts and overpowers him, like every enjoyment carried to an extreme, with a voluptuous fatigue, and forces him to give in a few

verses and in a few moments, everything which he possesses of interior life and force of sentiment in his double organization. Prose addresses itself only to the idea, verse to the idea and the sensation at the same time. This language, all mysterious and instinctive as it may be, this language will never die. It is not, notwithstanding the successive contradictions of all periods, it is not solely the language of the infancy of people, the first stammering of human intelligence, but it is the language of all the ages of humanity; naive and simple at the cradle of nations, garrulous and wonderful as the nurse by the pillow of the infant; amorous and pastoral amongst young people and shepherds; warlike and epic amongst the martial and victorious hordes; mystic, lyric, prophetic, and sententious amongst the Theocraties of Egypt and Judea; grave, philosophic, and corruptive amidst the advanced civilizations of Rome or Florence, or the time of Louis XIV. Such is poetry; it is man himself; it is the instinct of all his epochs, it is the internal echo of all his human impressions; it is the voice of thinking and feeling humanity, resumed and modulated by certain men, it is the *mens divinior,* which hovers over this tumultuous and confused noise of generations; which will last after them, and which will bear witness to posterity of their lamentations and joys, of their deeds and ideas. This voice will never be extinguished on the earth, for it is not the invention of man. It is God himself, who has imparted it to him, and it is the first cry which has ascended to him from the human race. It is the last cry the Creator will hear rising from his work when he annihilates it. Emanating from him, it will reascend to him.

One morning I pitched my tent under the walls of Jerusalem in a rocky field on which grew a few knotted and stunted trunks of olive trees, a few hundred paces from the tower of David, and a little above the fountain of Silhoa, which still flows under the worn-out slabs of its grotto, not far from the tomb of the prophet-king, who had so often sung its praise. The lofty and black terraces, on which formerly the temple

of Solomon was situated, rose at my left, crowned by three blue cupolas, and by the light and aerial columns of the mosque of Omar, which at this day hover over the ruins of the House of Jehovah. The city of Jerusalem was deluged with the rays of a dazzling sun, reflected on its thousand domes, on its white marbles, on its towers of gilded stone, on its walls smoothed by ages, and the saline winds from the Asphaltic Lake; not a sound arose from its enclosure, which was as dumb and mournful as the couch of a man in agony; its large gates were open and at intervals, we could perceive the Arab soldier with his white turban and his red cloak, the useless guardian of these deserted gates. A death-like silence reigned over all the scene; the morning breeze alone raised the undulating dust of the roads, and formed for a moment the illusion of a caravan; but when the gust of wind had passed or had died away, whistling through the embattlements of the tower of the Pisans, or through the three palm trees of the house of Caiphas, the dust fell, the desert appeared again, and no foot of a camel or a mule sounded on the stones of the road. It was only every quarter of an hour that the two strong, nailed folding doors of the gates of Jerusalem opened, and we beheld the corpses carried out, which the plague had deprived of life, and which two naked slaves carried on a litter to the sepulchres which were scattered around us. Sometimes, a long procession of Turks, Arabs, Armenians and Jews followed the corpse, and defiled amongst the trunks of the olive trees, chanting their funeral songs, and then with a slow and silent pace retraced their steps to the city; more frequently, however, the dead were wholly unattended, and when the two slaves had made a trench of about a foot deep in the sand or in the soil of the hill and had laid the pestiferous mass in its last and lonely resting place, they seated themselves on the hillock, which they had just made, and divided the garments of the deceased amongst them; they then lighted their long pipes, and smoked over the dead in solemn silence, regarding with the utmost indifference the smoke of their chibouks, ascending in a light

blue column, and losing itself gracefully in the limpid, bright and transparent air of an autumnal day. At my feet, the vale of Jehosophat extended itself like a vast sepulchre; the dried-up Cedron showed its course through it the vale by a whitish streak, strewn with large gravel and blocks of stone, and the side of the two hills by which it is crowned, were whitened all over with tombs and carved turbans, the privileged monument of the Islams: a little to the right, the Mount of Olives declined, and allowed between the dispersed chains of the volcanic pinnacles of the naked mountains of Jericho and St. Sabba, the horizon to extend and prolong itself, like a luminous avenue between the unequal tops of the cypresses; the eye of itself rested upon the scene, attracted by the deep and azure brightness of the Dead Sea, which shone at the feet of those mountains, and behind, the blue chain of the mountains of Arabia bounded the horizon: but *bounded* is not the word, for those mountains appear to be as transparent as crystal, and we behold, or we believe that we behold beyond it, a vague and indefinite horizon extending itself and swimming in the ambient vapour of an atmosphere, tinted of a purplish hue.

It was the hour of noon, when the Mueztlin espies the Sun from the highest gallery of the minaret, and chants the hour and the prayer for ever hour; a living animated voice, which knows what it says, and what it sings, far superior, in my opinion, to the senseless and unconscious voice of the bell of our cathedrals. My Arabs had fed the horses, which were fastened here and there round my tent, with the corn in their bags of goatskin; these beautiful and docile animals secured by iron rings, were motionless, their head depressed and shaded by their long scattered mane, their grey skin shining and smoking under the rays of a vertical sun. The men were grouped under the deepest shade of the olive trees; they had spread on the ground their Damascus mats, and they smoked their pipes whilst relating the tales of the desert, or singing the verses of Antar. Antar that type of the wandering Aoab shepherd, warrior and poet at the same time,

who in his national poetry has described the desert under all its various characters. Like Homer he was an epic poet, like Job he was a plaintive one, like Theocratus, he was an amorous one, and like Solomon he was a philosophical one. His verses, that either lull or exalt the imagination of the Arab as much as the smoke in the narguilé,* resounded in guttural notes amidst the animated group of my sais, and when the poet touched with greater force and truth the sensible chord of these uncivilized beings, on whom it is difficult to make any impression at all, a slight murmur issued from their lips; they joined their hands, raising them above their ears, and inclining their head, they cried, each in their turn, Allah! Allah! Allah!

A few paces distant from me, a young Turkish female was mourning for her deceased husband, on one of those little monuments of white stone, with which all the hills around Jerusalem are bestrewn. She appeared to be scarcely twenty years of age, and never did I behold such an enchanting image of grief. Her profile, of which her veil being thrown back behind, allowed me a glimpse, had all the purity of lines of the most beautiful heads of the Parthenon, but at the same time, the softness, the suavity, and the graceful and bewitching languor of the women of Asia, a beauty far more feminine, more amorous, more voluptuous and more fascinating to the heart, than the severe and masculine beauty of the Grecian statues. Her locks of a bronzed and gilded auburn, like the brass of the ancient statues, a colour highly esteemed in this country of the sun, of which it is like a permanent reflection,—these dishevelled locks fell with their long tresses around her, and actually swept the ground which was moistened with her tears; her bosom was entirely exposed, according to the custom of the women of this part of Arabia, and when she inclined herself to embrace the turban of stone, or to apply her ear to the tomb, as if in expectation of some sound rising from it, her two naked breasts touched

* The pipe in which the tobacco passes through water before coming to the mouth.

the ground, and left the impression of their form on the sand like the mould of the beautiful bosom of the entombed Atala, which is still depicted on the sand of the sepulchre in the admirable epopee of M. Chateaubriand. She had covered the tomb and the ground around it with all kinds of flowers: a handsome Damascus carpet was spread under her knees, on which were placed some vases of flowers, and a basket full of figs and barley cakes: for this female was to pass the whole of the day in weeping and lamentation. A hole made in the ground and which was supposed to communicate with the ear of the deceased, served as a speaking trumpet with the other world, where he, whom she came to visit, was supposed to rest. She inclined herself every moment towards this narrow aperture, chanted some verses intermingled with her sobs, and then afterwards applied her ear, as if she awaited an answer, but none coming, she began to sing and cry again. I tried to understand the words which she thus spoke, and which I could distinctly hear; but my Arab dragoman could neither hear nor explain them to me. My regret was great, how many secrets of love and grief should I have heard; how many sighs, animated with the whole life of two souls torn from each other would be contained in those words, confused, secret, and drowned in tears. O! if any thing could ever awaken the dead, it would be such words uttered by such a mouth.

About two paces from this female, under a piece of black cloth, supported by two reeds fixed in the ground, to serve as a parasol, her two little infants were playing with three black slaves of Abyssinia, seated like their mistress on the sand which was covered by a carpet. These three women, all young and handsome, with the fine forms and aquiline profile of the negresses of Abyssinia, were grouped in different attitudes like three statues hewn out of a single block. One of them had one knee on the ground and on the other sat one of the children, which held out its arms towards the place where its mother was weeping; another had her two legs bent under her, and her two hands clasped like the

Magdalen of Canova on her apron of blue cloth; the third was standing upright, but rather inclined over her two companions and balancing herself from the right to the left, cradled on her bosom scarcely distinguishable, the smallest of the children, which she tried in vain to lull to sleep. When the children heard the sobs and lamentations of their mother, they began to cry also: the three young slaves, after having responded to the sobs of their mistress began to chant the most lulling airs, making use at the same time of the infantine words of their country to quiet the children.

It was the Sabbath; about two hundred paces from me, behind the thick and lofty walls of Jerusalem, I heard, borne on the gusts of wind as they flitted by me, the weak and distant echoes of the vesper service issuing from the black cupola of the Greek convent. Thus after the lapse of three thousand years, the Hymns and Psalms of David rose to Heaven, pronounced by stranger voices and in another language, on the very hill which had first inspired them, and I beheld on the terraces of the convent, some figures of the old monks passing to and fro with the breviary in their hand, and muttering those prayers, which have been already muttered through so many ages, and in so many different languages and rhythms.

And I was also here to sing of these things; to study the ages that are passed in their cradle, and to ascend, even to its source, the unknown course of a civilization and of a religion; to inspire me with the spirit of the places, and the hidden sense of the histories and the monuments of that country, which was the point of departure of the modern world, and to nourish by a more real wisdom, and a truer philosophy, the grave and intellectual poetry of the advanced age in which we live.

This scene, exposed by chance to my eyes, and included as one of the many thousand reminiscences of my travels, displayed to me the destinies and the phases, almost complete, of all poetry. In the three black slaves cradling the children with the naive and senseless song of their country, I beheld the pastoral and instinctive poetry of the infancy of

nations: in the young Turkish widow lamenting the death of her husband in singing her griefs to the inanimate earth, I read the elegiac and impassioned poetry—the poetry of the heart; in the soldiers and Arab moukres reciting the warlike, amorous, and wonderful fragments of Antar, I discerned the epic and martial poetry of a nomade or victorious people; in the Greek monks chanting the psalms on their solitary terraces, I discovered the sacred and lyric poetry of enthusiasm and religious renovation; and in myself, meditating under my tent, and collecting historical facts and thoughts over all the world, I saw the poetry of philosophy and meditation, the daughter of an epoch in which humanity studies and collects itself, even in the songs with which it amuses itself in its leisure hours.

Thus we have the history of poetry according to the PAST—but what will it be in the FUTURE?

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Uprose the full moon in a Heaven of blue,
And sweetly sang the hermit nightingale,
As with slow steps I sauntered through the vale,
Brushing aside the wild flowers bright with dew,
There hung a purple haze athwart the hills.
And all was hushed beside me and remote
Gleamed as they trickled, the pellucid rills,
Or 'neath the sallows, dark seclusion sought,
The stars dim twinkling in celestial mirth
Seemed sleepless eyes that watched the slumber-mantled earth.

So as reclining 'mid the blooms I lay,
The moonlight and the landscape bland, declined
And rapt from outward shows, the tranced mind
Woke 'mid the splendour of another day—
It was a wondrous scene; receding far
Into the distance, hills o'er hills arose,
Of mighty shapes and shades irregular,—
Here green with verdure, and there capped in snows:

Here gorgeous groves, there desert wastes sublime:
And gazing well I knew the changeful realm of time.

In the midst a temple stood, whose arches showed
All architecture's grand varieties;
Carved columns reared their summits to the skies,
While over others, the dark mould was strewed;
Pile picturesque and wild! with spires and domes,
And pyramids, and pillars manifold,
And vaults, wherein both birds and beast made homes;
And part was strongly fresh; and part was old;
And part was mantled o'er by ruin grey;
And part from eye of man had wholly sunk away.

Methought a spirit led me to the tower,
And bade me gaze to the East;—there calmly bright,
Revolving pageants charmed my transient sight,
In that deep glow of inspiration's hour,
As changed the vision. On Moriah's steeps
Behold a victim son for offering bound,
While the keen knife the awless patriarch keeps
Unsheathed to perpetrate thy mortal wound;
But hark an angel "Stay thy hand from death—
For God hath known thee just, Heav'n murmurs of thy faith."

Now 'tis a desert vast; yet wherefore roam
The countless multitudes? Before them, lo!
The pillar'd smoke revolves, as on they go,
By Heaven directed to their promised home;
Their garments know not wear; the skies rain bread;
Out gushes water from the obedient rock
By miracle at once sustained and fed:
Until at length, the shepherd of the flock
From Pisgah gazes down on Palestine,
Then shuts in death his eyes, that glow with hope divine.

I see thee now, supreme Jerusalem,
The city of the chosen, great in power;
Glory surrounds thee in thy noon-tide hour,
Of Palestine's green plains the diadem.
Now graves give up their dead 'mid thunders drear,
A murmuring multitude on Calvary see!
The temple's veil is rent;—a sound of fear!
'Tis Eli! Eli! from the accursed tree;
Daylight shrinks waning from the scene abhorred.
And shuddering nature shares the pangs that pierce her Lord.

I listen, for a sound salutes mine ear
Of harmony divine; beneath the star
Of Eve, 'tis borne across the waves afar;
From isles that studding ocean's robe appear.
Harken ye now to adoration's tones!
At truth's pure shrine, the heathen bows the knee,
Owns his low worthlessness, submissly owns
His trust on him, who bled on Calvary!
'Mid the blue main the sailor stays his oars,
Wondering at incense such from lone Pacific shores.

Then I saw angels coming down from Heaven,
And mingling with mankind almost as pure;
For through the atonement of the cross a sure
And marvellous redemption had been given:
All ends of the earth obey'd it; east and west,
And south and north, responsive echo gave.
The mighty sea of discord, lulled to rest,
Was heard no more: sin's storm was in its grave;
Religious mandate bade the tumult cease,
And o'er each mountain top the banners streamed of peace.

In the same lair the tame beast and the wild
Together caved; the lion and the kid,
Half by the palm tree's noontide shadow hid,
Rolled 'mid the wild flowers with the fearless child—

When sudden darkness fell; the crackling skies
Together rushed as 'twere a folding scroll—
I knew the end of human destinies;
And speechless, awe-oppressed my shrinking soul
When stood an angel, earths unburied o'er
And swore by him that lives, that time should be no more.

This was the end of all things, and I turned
Around, but there lay darkness, and a void
Creation's map, dim, blotted, and destroyed:
The sun, the moon, the stars, no longer burned.
Earth was not now, nor seemed to have ever been;
Nor wind, nor wave, nor cloud nor storm, nor shine;
Wide universal chaos wrapped the scene,
And hid the almighty's countenance divine:
Then died my heart within me. I awoke,
And brightly on my eyes the silver moonshine broke.

I knew the trees above me—heard the rills
That o'er their pebbles gently murmuring ran;
And saw the wild blooms, bathed in lustre wan,
And far away the azure-shouldered hills.
Then up I rose; but graven, long shall last,
On memory's page the marvels sleep hath shown,
With wonders spotted the receding PAST,
My mysteries manifold the FUTURE strown:
The mouldering castle of the spoiler—Time,
And Heaven's o'erarching dome, eternal and sublime.

In regard to myself, I, the humble poet of an age of silence and decay, should, if I had been domiciled at Jerusalem, have chosen for the place of my abode and the stone of my last repose, precisely the same spot, where David had chosen his at Zion. It presents the most beautiful prospect of Judea, of Palestine and Galilee. Jerusalem is on the left, with its temple and its edifices, over which the eye of the king or the poet might rove without being seen by them. Before him, luxuriant gardens descending in gentle declivities would

lead him to the bottom of the bed of that torrent in the murmur and the foam of which he took delight. Lower down, the valley opens and expands itself, shaded by fig trees pomegranate and olive trees; it was on some of these rocks hanging over the flowing stream; it was in some of those sounding grottos, refreshed by the breeze and the murmur of the waters; it was at the foot of some of the terebinthuses, the progenitors of those which are now sheltering me, that the sacred poet repaired, without doubt, to wait for the breath by which he was so melodiously inspired. O! that it may also inspire me, that I may pour out in song the afflictions of my own heart and those of the hearts of all men, in the same manner, as he chanted his hopes in an age of youth and faith. But there is no longer any song in the heart of man, for song belongs not to despair; and until a new beam shall descend on the darkened humanity of the present age, the harps will remain dumb, and man will pass in silence between two abysses of doubt, without having either loved, prayed, or sung.

But I direct my look again to the palace of David, and to the once verdant and watered valley of Jehosophat. A large opening in the hills to the eastward, carries it from declivity to declivity, from summit to summit, from undulation to undulation, as far as the basin of the Dead Sea, which reflects below the beams of the sun, in its turbid and heavy waters, like a thick venetian mirror, which imparts a dull and leaden colour to the light, which darts upon it. This sea is not what tradition tells of it, nor what the imagination may have formed of it; it is not a petrified lake, exhaling its noxious vapours amidst a dull and colourless horizon. From hence, it resembles one of the most beautiful lakes of Switzerland or Italy; leaving its tranquil waters to sleep under the shade of the lofty mountains of Arabia, which extend like the Alps, as far as the eye can reach behind its waves, and between the slender, pyramidal, conical, light, jagged and sparkling ridges of the most distant mountains of Judea. Such is the view from Zion—Let us, however, proceed.—

There is another scene in the landscape of Jerusalem, which I should wish to have engraven indelibly on my memory, but I have neither a pallet nor colours. It is the valley of Jehosophat, the celebrated valley in the traditions of the three religions, in which Jews, Christians and Mahommedans are of one accord in placing the terrible scene of the supreme judgment; a valley which has already witnessed on its banks, the grandest scene of the evangelical drama; the tears, the lamentations, and the death of Christ. A valley through which all the prophets have passed by turns, sending forth a cry of affliction and horror, the sound of which appears to be still heard: a valley which will one day hear the mighty roar of the torrent of souls rolling before God, and presenting themselves before him to receive their final doom.

The same day.

We returned to the monastery of St. John the Baptist in the Desert, without having violated a single condition of the compact entered into with the fathers. We were received with a confidence and kindness which affected us much, for if we had not acted like men of honour, and if only one of our Arabs had escaped our vigilance, and had had any communication with those who carried the persons infected with the plague into the very midst of us, we should probably have carried death into the very heart of the monastery.

29th October, 1832.

We took our departure at five o'clock in the morning from the Desert of St. John with all our horses, escorts, the Arabs of Abougosh, and four horsemen sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We encamped about the distance of two gunshots from the walls by the side of a Turkish cemetery, covered all over with little tents, in which the women came to weep. These tents were full of women, children and slaves, carrying baskets of flowers, which they planted during the day around the tombs. Our Naplusian horsemen first entered the city alone, and proceeded to inform the governor

of our arrival. During their absence in delivering our message, we took off our shoes, our boots, and our cloth gaiters, which are susceptible of imbibing the infection, and we put on some morocco slippers: we anointed ourselves with oil and garlic, a preservative, which I thought of, from the fact well known at Constantinople that the merchants and carriers of oil are the least subject to contagion. In about half an hour, we saw the kraya of the governor egressing from the gate of Bethlehem, with the interpreter of the monastery of the Latin monks, five or six horsemen clothed in brilliant uniforms and carrying canes with gold and silver heads, the rear of the cortege being brought up by our own horsemen, and a few pages also on horseback. We advanced to meet them, on which they formed a circle around us, and we entered Jerusalem by the gate of Bethlehem. Three corpses, victims to the plague, and which had died during the night, were carried out at the same moment, the bearers of which disputed with us the passage for an instant under the gloomy arch of the entrance of the city. Immediately after passing through this arch, we found ourselves in a broad place where several streets met, the houses of which were most miserable and small, with some uncultivated gardens, the walled enclosures of which had fallen to ruin. For a short time we followed the broadest street of this crossway, which led to one or two little streets, equally dark, narrow and dirty. In these streets we saw no other objects than the funerals of the dead, hurrying along at a quick pace, but which drew up under the walls, at the command, and in fear of the raised staffs of the janissaries of the governor. Here and there were a few venders of bread and fruits, covered with rags, seated on the threshhold of their little stalls with their baskets on their knees, and crying their articles for sale in the same manner as in the markets of our cities. From time to time a veiled female would appear at the wooden grated window of the houses, whilst a child would open a low and gloomy door to purchase the family provisions for the day. These streets are everywhere obstructed by rubbish, and accumulations of filth,

and especially by heaps of blue woollen or cotton rags, which the wind sweeps about like dead leaves, and the contact with which we could not avoid. It is from these heaps of filth with which the streets of the East are covered, that the plague is the most generally propogated. Hitherto we had not seen any thing in the streets of Jerusalem, which could announce it to us as the residence of a people; there were no signs of riches, nor of motion nor of life. We had been deceived by the exterior view of it, as we had often been before by other cities of Greece and Syria. The most wretched hamlets of the Alps or Pyrenees; the most neglected alleys of our suburbs, which are inhabited by the lowest classes of our labouring population, display a greater degree of cleanliness, luxury and elegance, than these desolate streets of the queen of cities. We met with only a few Bedouin horsemen mounted on Arabian mares, whose feet slipped or sunk into the holes with which the roads were indented. These men had not the noble and chivalrous air of the Arab sheiks of Syria and Lebanon, they have a ferocious physiognomy, with the eye of the vulture and the costume of the brigand.

We wandered for sometime amongst these gloomy streets, all resembling one another in filth and dirt, in which we were from time to time interrupted by the interpreter of the latin monastery, who, in pointing out to us a Turkish house in ruins, an old worm-eaten wooden door, or the fragments of a Moorish window, would say in a pompous tone—this is the house of Veronica; that is the gate of the Wandering Jew—that is the window of the Pretorium; words, which could only make a painful impression upon us, contradicted as they were by the appearance, evidently modern, and the expressive improbability of those arbitrary demonstrations. They are pious frauds of which no one is guilty, because no one knows the date of their origin, and they have been perhaps repeated for ages to the pilgrims whose ignorant credulity originally invented them. We were finally shown the roof of the latin monastery, the entrance to which, however, was

forbidden to us, the fathers being under quarantine, and the monastery closed during the prevalence of the plague. A small house, which belongs to it, is alone open to strangers under the direction of the resident father, the curate of Jerusalem. It contains but one or two chambers, into which, as they were already occupied, we were not allowed to enter. We were conducted into a small square court, surrounded on all sides by high arcades, with terraces on their top. It was the court of the monastery. The fathers came upon the terraces, and conversed with us for a few moments in Spanish and Italian, not one of them, however, could speak French. Those, whom we saw appeared to be almost all old men, with a mild, venerable, contented physiognomy. They received us with cheerfulness and cordiality, and appeared greatly to regret that the prevailing calamity prohibited them from holding any communication with guests, exposed as we were to be infected with, and to spread the plague. We imparted to them some information concerning Europe, and in return they offered us all the assistance which the country could supply. A butcher killed some sheep for us in the court, and some loaves of bread were let down to us by a rope from the top of the terraces. By the same channel we received from them a supply of crosses, rosaries, and other pious curiosities, with which they have always their magazines abundantly supplied; we in return bestowed upon them some alms, and some letters, which their friends in Cyprus and Syria had entrusted to our care. Every thing which passed from us to them was immediately submitted to a rigorous fumigation, afterwards plunged into a vessel of cold water and then hoisted to the summit of the terrace in a copper bason suspended by a cord.

These poor monks appeared to be more terrified than we were at the danger by which they were surrounded. They had so often experienced that a slight imprudence in the observance of the sanitary regulations had in a very short time depopulated a whole monastery, that they now observed them with the most scrupulous fidelity. They could not compre-

hend, how we could of our own accord, and apparently with cheerfulness of heart, throw ourselves into this sea of contagion a single drop of which was sufficient to cause almost instantaneous death. The curate of Jerusalem, on the contrary, who was obliged by his office to run all the chances of his parishioners, attempted to persuade us that there was no plague at all.

After half an hour's conversation with these monks, the bell summoned them to mass. We returned them our thanks, and in return they offered us their best wishes for our safety. We forwarded to our camp the provisions and victuals with which we had provided ourselves, and we left the court of the monastery.

After having descended some other streets, similar to those which have been already described, we found ourselves in a little square, open to the north to the Mount of Olives; on our left, a descent of a few steps conducted us to an open place on which the facade of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre exhibited itself. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been so often and so well described, that no further description is necessary from me. It is, as far its exterior is concerned, a vast and beautiful monument of the byzantine age. The architecture of it is grave, solemn, grand and rich for the period in which it was constructed; it is a temple worthy of being erected by the hand of men, over the tomb of the son of man. On comparing this church with other buildings, which the same period produced, it will be found far superior to them all. St. Sophia, of a more colossal magnitude, is far more barbarous in its structure, being on the outside nothing more than a mountain of stones flanked by hillocks of stone. On the contrary, St. Sepulchre is adorned with an aerial and carved cupola, in which the scientific and graceful size of the doors and windows, and the carving of the capitals and cornices contribute to the whole mass the inestimable value of a skilful workmanship, in which the stone assumes the beauty of lace work, in order to be rendered worthy of being introduced into the monument erected to the greatest of

human minds, where the mind itself that erected it is written in the details as well as in the whole of the edifice. It is true that the church of St. Sepulchre is not the building at the present day, which was constructed by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine; it having been successively retouched and embellished by the kings of Jerusalem with the ornaments of the semi-eastern, semi-moorish architecture, of which they found the taste and the models in the East. But even as it now exhibits itself in the exterior with its byzantine mass, and its grecian, gothic and arabesque decorations, and even with its fractures, the marks of the times and of its barbarism, which remain impressed upon its facade, it does not form any contrast with the thought which it inspires, nor the thought which it expresses; we do not experience on the view of it that painful impression of a grand idea badly expressed, nor of a remembrance profaned by the hand of man; on the contrary, we say to ourselves, as if involuntarily; "this is what we expected. Man has here performed his best." The monument is not worthy of the tomb, but it is worthy of that human race, who were willing to pay all possible honour to this illustrious sepulchre; and we entered the vaulted and gloomy vestibule of the nave under the influence of that first and solemn impression.

On the left, on entering under this vestibule, which opens in the very court of the nave, at the bottom of a large and deep niche in which formerly stood some statues, the Turks have established their divans; they are the guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, possessing in themselves the sole right to open or to shut it. On my passing it, five or six venerable figures of Turks, with their long white beards, were squatted on this divan, covered with the rich carpets of Aleppo, on which were placed around them some pipes and cups of coffee. They saluted us with dignity and grace, and issued their orders to one of their attendants to show us every part of the church. I saw nothing in their countenances, their discourses, or their gestures of that irreverence, of which they are accused. They do not enter the church, but remain at

the door outside; they address themselves to the christians with that gravity and respect, which become the place and the object of the visit. Although in possession, by the chance of war, of the holy monument of the christians, they do not deface, nor destroy it; they do not throw its ashes to the wind; on the contrary, they preserve it, they maintainin it an order, a police. a silent reverence, which the christian communities, who contend for its possession, are themselves far from maintaining They keep a continual watch, in order that the relic, common to all who bear the name of christian, should be preserved for all, and that every community may enjoy in their turn, the worship which they would pay to the holy tomb. Without these Turks, this tomb, which is contended for by the Greeks and the Catholics, and the innumerable ramifications of the christian faith, would already have been a hundred times the object of a fierce contest between those rival communities, full of hatred for each other; it would have passed by turns, exclusively, from one to the other, and the worship of it would doubtless have been interdicted to the enemies of the triumphant community. I see nothing in all this wherewith to accuse or to blame the Turks. The pretended brutal intolerance, of which they are accused by the ignorant, was only manifested by the toleration and respect which they show for that, which other men venerate and adore. Where-ever a mussulman discovers the image of God in the mind of his brethren, he bows down and respects it, for he thinks that the idea sanctifies the form. They are, in fact, the only tolerant people. Let the christians examine and ask themselves in good faith, how they would have acted, if the vicissitudes of war had given them possession of Mecca and the Kaaba? Could the Turks have come from all parts of Europe and Asia to worship there in peace the preserved monuments of Islamism?

At the end of this vestibule, we found ourselves under the large cupola of the church. The centre of this cupola, which local traditions affirm to be the centre of the earth, is occupied by a small monument enclosed within a greater

like a precious stone embedded in another. The exterior monument is of an oblong shape, ornamented with several pilasters, a cornice and a marble cupola, the whole executed with bad taste, and a laboured and grotesque design. It was rebuilt in 1817 by a European architect, at the expence of the Greek church, in whose possession it now remains. All round this interior pavilion of the sepulchre, extends the space of the great exterior cupola. We can walk round with great freedom, and at intervals between the pillars, we discovered some large and deep chapels, each of which is assigned to one of the mysteries of the passion of Christ; they all contain some real or supposed testimonies of the scene of the redemption. That part of the church of Saint Sepulchre, which is not under the cupola is exclusively reserved for the schismatic Greeks. A partition of painted wood, and covered with the paintings of the Greek school, divides one nave from the other. Notwithstanding this strange confusion of bad paintings and ornaments of all kinds, with which the walls of the altar are overcharged, the general effect is solemn and religious. We are made sensible that prayer, under all its various forms, has taken possession of this sanctuary, and has accumulated everything, which the superstitious, but fervent generations deemed precious in the eyes of God. A flight of steps cut in the rock conducts us to the summit of Mount Calvary, where the three crosses were erected. Thus Calvary, the tomb and several other sites of the great scene of the redemption, are there found collected under the roof of a single edifice of moderate extent. This, however, does not harmonize with the histories of the evangelists, and we are far from expecting to find the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea cut in the rock, outside of the walls of Zion, about fifty paces from Calvary, the place of executions, contained within the enclosure of the modern walls; but such are the traditions, and as such they have prevailed. In such a scene, the mind does not dispute about the difference of a few paces as laid down in the probable histories and the traditions; whether it be here or there, it

is universally allowed that the scene cannot have taken place at any great distance from the sites which are pointed out. After a moment of deep and silent meditation bestowed in each of these holy places upon the remembrances which they awakened, we re-descended to the body of the church, and then penetrated into the interior monument, which serves as a kind of stone curtain or covering to the tomb itself; it is divided into two small sanctuaries, in the first of which the stone is shown on which the angels sat when they answered the holy women,—"*He is not here, he is risen.*" The second and last sanctuary encloses the sepulchre, still covered with a kind of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and entirely conceals from the eye the substance of the primitive rock in which the sepulchre was hewn. Some lamps of silver and gold, the light of which is never allowed to be extinguished, illumine this Chapel, in which some incense is burnt night and day. The air which is here inhaled is warm and odoriferous. We entered it one by one, individually, without permitting any of the officials of the temple to accompany us, and we were separated from each other by the curtain of crimson silk of the first sanctuary. We were desirous that not a single look should disturb the place, nor the sincerity of the impressions with which each might be inspired, according to his thought and the extent and nature of his faith in the great event which this tomb commemorates. Each of us remained for about a quarter of an hour, and not one of us left it with a dry eye. Whatever may be the form, which the internal meditations, the perusal of history, time, or the vicissitudes of the heart and mind of man may have given to the religious sentiment in his soul; whether he has preserved the letter of christianity, the dogmas of his parents, or whether he professes only a philosophical and intellectual christianity; whether Christ be to him a crucified God, or that he only sees in him the most holy of men, rendered divine by his virtues, inspired by the supreme truth, and dying to render witness to his father, whether Jesus was in his eyes the son of God, or the son of man · divinit

made man, or humanity rendered divine, which-ever of these be the case, it always happens that christianity is the religion of his reminiscences; of his heart and his imagination; that his head is not so much filled with the frothy conceits of the age and of life, as that the soul which it is poured into should not preserve the first influence, and that the view of the places and the visible monuments of his early worship should not revivify in him those impressions, and affect him with a solemn trembling. Whether for the christian or the philosopher, for the moralist or the historian, this tomb is the boundary which separates two worlds, the ancient and the modern; it is the point of the departure of an idea which has renewed the universe; of a civilization, which has transformed everything, of a word which has resounded over the whole of the world. This tomb is the sepulchre of the old world, and the cradle of the new; no stone of this world was ever the foundation of so vast an edifice, never was there a tomb so prolific; no doctrine, entombed for three days or three ages, has ever broken so grandly and victoriously the rock, on which man had put his seal, nor proved the impotency of death by so splendid and incontrovertible a resurrection.

I was the last to enter the Holy Sepulchre, my mind besieged with immense ideas, my heart profoundly affected by the most intense impressions which remain a mystery between man and his soul, between the thinking insect and the Creator. Such impressions are not to be written nor described, they are exhaled by the smoke of the holy lamps, by the perfumes of the censers, by the vague and confused murmur of sighs; they fall with the tears which rush into the eye at the remembrance of the great names, which we have lisped in our infancy, of the father and mother who taught them to us; of the brothers, the sisters and the friends with whom we have pronounced them. All the holy impressions which have affected our soul at every period of our life; all the prayers which have emanated from our heart and our lips, at the name of him, who taught us to pray to his father and to ours; all the joys, all the sorrows of the mind, of

which those prayers were the interpreters, were awakened at the bottom of the soul, and produced by their echoes and their confusion, that dazzling of the understanding, that softening of the heart, which cannot be expressed by words, but which resolve themselves in a moistened eye; in an oppressed bosom, in a head which in reverence bows itself, and in a mouth which glues itself in silence to the stone of a sepulchre. Thus I remained a long time, praying to Heaven and the Father, there, in the very place, whence the most beautiful of all prayers ascended to him for the first time to Heaven, praying for my father here below, for my sainted mother in another world, for all those who live or are no more, but with whom the invisible chain has never been broken. The communion of love exists for ever; the names of beings whom I have known or loved, or by whom I have been beloved, were uttered by my lips on the stone of the Holy Sepulchre. It was only afterwards that I prayed for myself; but that prayer was ardent and strong. I prayed for truth and courage before the tomb of him, who diffused the greatest of all truths over the earth, and who died with the greatest devotedness to that truth, of which God had made him the Word. Deeply on my memory were engraven the words which I uttered at this hour of the crisis of my moral life. Perhaps my prayer was heard; a mighty beam of reason and conviction flashed through my mind, and divided more distinctly the day of darkness and of errors from that of truth. There are moments in life, when the thoughts of man for a long time, doubtful and indefinite, and floating like the waves of a bottomless sea, finish at last by touching a shore on which they break and return upon themselves under new forms, and with a current contrary to that, which first impelled them. It was now for me one of those moments; He knows it, who fathoms all hearts and minds, and perhaps I shall myself one day understand it. It was a mystery in my life, which sooner or later will reveal itself.

Same date.

On leaving the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we followed the dolorous path, of which M. de Chateaubriand has given such a poetical itinerary. Here is nothing striking, nothing verified, nothing even probable; ruined houses of a modern construction pointed out everywhere by the monks to the pilgrims as the incontestable vestiges of the different stations of Christ. The eye, however, is divested of all doubt, and all confidence in these local traditions is destroyed beforehand, by the history of the first years of christianity, when Jerusalem had no longer one stone upon another, and when the christians were afterwards, for a number of years banished from the city. Jerusalem with the exception of its pools, and the tombs of the kings does not retain a single monument of any of her great epochs; a few sites only are to be recognized such as that of the temple, marked out by its terraces, and on which at the present day is situated the immense and beautiful mosque of Omar-El-Sakara, and Mount Zion, occupied by the monastery of the Armenians and the tomb of David; but it is only with history in our hand, and with the eye of doubt that the majority of these sites can be determined with any certain precision. With the exception of the walls of the terraces in the vale of Jehosophat not a single stone carries its date either in its form or colour; every thing is either in dust, or every thing is of a direct modern character. The mind wanders with uncertainty over the horizon of the city, without knowing exactly where to place it; but the entire city marked out by the limited hill on which it is situate, by the different valleys by which it is surrounded, and especially by the deep vale of Cedron, is a monument in which the eye cannot be deceived. There indeed was Zion situated, a site singular and unfortunate for the capital of a great city. It is much rather the natural fortress of an insignificant people, driven from the earth, and taking refuge with their God and their temple on a soil, which no one has any interest in disputing with them; on rocks, which no roads can render accessible; in valleys without water, under a

climate rude and sterile, having in the perspective nothing but mountains calcined by the internal fire of volcanoes, the mountains of Arabia and Jericho, and by a pestiferous sea without a shore or navigation, the Dead Sea. Such is Judea, such is the site of that people, whose destiny is that of being proscribed in all the epochs of their history, and with whom the nations have disputed even this capital of their proscriptions, placed like the nest of an eagle, on the summit of this range of mountains, and yet this people carry with them the grand idea of the unity of God, and whatever there was of truth in this elementary idea was sufficient form a schism between them and the other people, and render them proud of their proscriptions, placing their utmost confidence in their providential doctrines.

Same date.

After having traversed the different quarters of the city, the whole equally as dismantled as those by which we entered, we descended by the side of the famous mosque, which is situate on the site of the temple of Solomon. The governor of Jerusalem has his seraglio in an edifice abutting on the gardens and the walls of the mosque. We waited upon the governor to return him our visit of thanks. The court of the seraglio is surrounded with grated dungeons, in which we perceived the figures of some bandits of Jericho and Samaria, who awaited either their freedom or their death from the sabre of the pacha. Some horsemen stretched out at the feet of their horses, and some shieks of the desert, and of the Arabians of Naplous, were in groups here and there on the steps, or under the sheds, awaiting the hour of the divan. The governor, hearing of our arrival, sent his son, to invite us to pay him a visit. This young man about thirty years of age, is the handsomest Arab, perhaps the handsomest man I ever beheld in my life. Strength, grace, intelligence and mildness are blended with such harmony in his features, and sparkle at the same time in his blue eye with such an attractive evidence, that we were all of us struck with his appearance. He is a Samaritan by birth, and his father the

governor of Jerusalem, is the most powerful of the Arabs of Naplous. Persecuted by Abdallah, the Pacha of Acre, and often at war with him during the sway of the Turks, he was obliged to take refuge with his family in the mountains beyond the Dead Sea; the victory, however, of Ibrahim Pacha over Abdallah had enabled him to return to his country. He then recovered his riches and his influence; he drove his enemies out of the country, and the Pacha of Egypt, in order to supply the deficiency of his Egyptian troops in Judea, confided to him the government of Samaria and Jerusalem. He had no other troops than a few hundred horsemen of his tribe, by the assistance of whom, he maintained order and also the dominion of Ibrahim over all the surrounding people.

We were introduced into the divan, a grand saloon, without any other ornament than some carpets spread out upon the mats, with some pipes and coffee cups on the ground. The governor, surrounded by a great number of slaves, of armed Arabs and some secretaries on their knees, writing on their hands, was occupied in administering justice, and despatching his orders. He rose at our approach, and advanced to meet us. He ordered the carpets of the divan, which were likely to communicate the plague, to be removed, and substituted Egyptian mats for them, which are known to be anti-contagious. We seated ourselves, and pipes and coffee were handed to us. My dragoman paid him in my name the customary compliments, and I thanked him myself for the care and precautions, which he so willingly and handsomely adopted in order to enable us, strangers as we were, to visit without danger the places rendered holy by our religion. He answered with an obliging smile that he had performed no more than his duty; that the friends of Ibrahim were his friends, and that he was answerable for every hair of their heads; that he was ready and willing, not only to do for me, what he had already done, but that if I desired it, he would put himself at the head of his troops, and accompany me to every place, whither my curiosity or my religion might inspire me with the desire to go, if it was within the limits of

his government, and such was the order which had been transmitted to him from the pacha. On the other hand, he requested some information from us respecting the war, and particularly relative to the part which the European powers took in the success of Ibrahim. I answered him in a manner sufficient to satisfy his secret wishes, and in some measure to flatter his own pride. I replied that Europe admired in Ibrahim a civilizing conqueror; and that in that relation, Europe took a great interest in his victories; that it was time the East participated in the benefits of a more enlightened administration; that the Pacha of Egypt was the missionary, armed with the European civilization of Arabia; that his own bravery and the tactics which he borrowed from us would render his victory over the Grand Vizier, who was advancing against him from Caramania, a matter of almost indisputable certainty; that, according to all appearance, he would there gain a complete victory, and afterwards march upon Constantinople; but that he would not enter it, because the Europeans would not yet permit him, still by their mediation a peace would be concluded, by which the permanent sovereignty of Arabia and Syria, would be ceded to him. These sentiments penetrated to the heart of the old rebel of Naplous; his looks appeared as it were to drink my very words, whilst his son and his friends inclined their heads over mine, in order that they might not lose a single word of this conversation, which to them was the augury of a long and peaceable government in Samaria. "On beholding the governor so well disposed, I expressed to him my desire, not indeed to enter the mosque of Osmar, as I knew that such an act was prohibited by the customs of the country, but merely to take a view of its exterior. If you desire it, said he, the whole shall be open to you, but I should expose myself to the unpleasant consequences of deeply irritating the Mussulmans of the city, who are yet in a state of deplorable ignorance, and who believe that the presence of a christian within the precincts of the mosque would expose them to great peril, because there is an existing prophecy, which says,

that whatever a christian may ask of God in the interior of El-Sakara, will be granted to him, and they entertain no doubt that the very first thing asked by a christian would be the destruction of the religion of the prophet, and the extermination of the Mussulmans. As for myself, he added I believe not a word about it; all men are brethren, provided they adore, each in his own language, one common Father, who bestows not his gift upon one, at the expence of the other, but makes his sun to shine on the adorers of all the prophets. Men know nothing, but God knows every thing. Allah kerim! God is great! and smiling, bowed his head. Heaven forbid, said I, that I should abuse your hospitality, or expose you to any thing unpleasant, merely to satisfy the vain curiosity of a traveller. Were I in the mosque of El-Sakara, I should not pray for the extermination of any people, but for the mental illumination and the happiness of all the children of Allah.

At these words, we rose, and he conducted us by a corridor to a window of his Seraglio, which opened upon the outer courts of the mosque. We could not so well comprise within our view the whole extent of this edifice, as we could from the Mount of Olives; we could only see the walls of the cupola, a few moresque porticos of the most elegant architecture, and the tops of the cypresses which grew in the inner gardens.

I then took my leave of the governor, announcing to him that it was my intention to pass eight or ten days encamped in the environs of the town, and to depart on the following day on my journey to the Dead Sea, to Jordan and Jericho, and thence to the foot of the mountains of Arabia Petræa; that I should frequently visit the interior of Jerusalem, as I had done to-day, and that I had only to ask of him a number of horsemen sufficient to insure our safety, during the different excursions which we purposed to make in Judea. We left Jerusalem by the same gate of Bethlehem, in the vicinity of which our tents were pitched on that day, and in the evening, we finished our perambulations of the city by visiting

all the remarkable or consecrated sites round the walls of the city.

Same date.

We passed the remainder of the evening in traversing the declivities which extend to the southward of Jerusalem, between the tomb of David and the vale of Jehosophat. These declivities are the only parts of the city which exhibit any appearance of the slightest vegetation. At the setting of the sun. I seated myself in front of the Mount of Olives, about four or five hundred paces above the fountain of Silhoa, not far from the spot, where formerly stood the gardens of David. Jehosophat was at my feet; the high walls of the terraces of the temple were a little above me to the left. I could distinguish the tops of the beautiful cypresses, which raise their pyramidical heads above the porticos of the mosque El-Aksa, and the circular tops of the orange trees, which cover the beautiful fountain of the temple, called the Fountain of the Orangery. This fountain recalls to my memory one of the most delightful oriental traditions ever invented, transmitted or preserved by the Arabs. The following is the account which they give of Solomon choosing the spot on which the temple was to be built.

"Jerusalem was a ploughed field; two brothers were in possession of the ground on which the temple is at present built. One of these brothers was married and had several children, the other was unmarried. They cultivated the field in common between them, which they had inherited from their mother; the time of harvest came, and the two brothers bound up their sheaves, and formed two equal stacks, which they left on the field. During the night, a happy thought came into the mind of the brother, who was not married; he said to himself, my brother has a wife and children to support, it is not therefore just that my proportion should be as large as his; it shall be done; I will take some of the sheaves from my heap, and add them secretly to his; he will not perceive them, and therefore he will not be able to refuse them. He lost not a moment in putting his

project into execution. The same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, my brother is young, he lives alone, and without any companion to assist him in his labour or to console him under his fatigues; it is not therefore just that we should have as many sheaves from the common field as he has; let us rise and carry secretly a certain number of sheaves to his heap; he will not perceive them to-morrow, and therefore will not be able to refuse them. And they went and put their project into execution. On the following day, the two brothers repaired to the field, and were much surprised to find the two heaps equal in size; neither of them could account in their mind for this wonderful prodigy. They pursued the same plan for several consecutive nights, but as each of them brought to the heap of his brother the same number of sheaves, the stacks always remained equal, till one night both determined to keep watch with the hope of solving the cause of this miracle, when they met one another carrying the sheaves destined for each other's stack.

"But the spot, where such an amiable thought entered at the same time into the mind of two men, and was followed with so much perseverance, ought to be a place agreeable to God, and the men blessed it, and chose it as the site on which to build a temple to his name."

What a delightful tradition! How it breathes the unadulterated goodness of the patriarchal manners, how simple, ancient and natural is the inspiration which influences men to consecrate a place to God, where virtue has germinated upon the earth. I have heard amongst the Arabs a hundred legends of this kind. The air of the Bible is inhaled in every part of the East.

The view of the vale of Jehosophat is exactly conformable to the destination which the christian ideas assign to it. It resembles a vast sepulchre, but nevertheless too contracted for the vast multitudes of the human race which there accumulated. Itself, overlooked on all sides by funeral monuments; enclosed at its southern extremity by the rock of

Silhoa, perforated everywhere with sepulchral caves like hive of death; having here and there, as tumular boundaries, the tombs of Jehosophat and Absalom, hewn like pyramids in the primitive rock and shaded on one side by the black hills of the Mount of Sins, on the other by the ramparts of the dilapidated temple; it becomes a place naturally impregnated with a holy horror, destined at an early period to become the place of execution of a great city, and where the imagination of the prophets might have placed without any infraction of the truth, the scenes of death, of resurrection, and of judgment. The vale of Jehosophat is often depicted in our imagination as between a vast pile of mountains, through which the gloomy waters of the broad and black Brook of Cedron flow in murmurs of lamentation; where large ravines, open to all the four winds of Heaven, widen themselves to allow a passage to the four torrents of the dead, coming from the east and the west, the north and the south; where immense gradations of hills extend themselves in the form of an amphitheatre to give room to the innumerable children of Adam, hastening to assist, each according to his own part, in the final catastrophe of the grand drama of humanity. There is, however, nothing of all this; the vale of Jehosophat is nothing more than a natural ditch, hollowed between two mounds of a few hundred feet, in one of which Jerusalem is situate, and the other is the summit of the Mount of Olives; the ramparts of Jerusalem on falling into ruins, would nearly fill the greater part of it; not one of the ravines has an opening into it. The Cedron, which rises from the earth a few paces above the vale, is nothing more than a brook formed by the accumulation of the winter rains, which trickle down from some fields of olive trees above the tombs of the kings, and it is crossed by a bridge in the middle of the valley, in front of one of the gates of Jerusalem; it is here a few paces in breadth, and the valley in this particular spot is not broader than the stream. This river if it may be so called, as it has no water, forms only a steep bed of white pebbles at the bottom of the ravine. In one word, the vale

of Jehosophat resembles exactly one of those ditches dug at the foot of the high fortifications of a great city into which the sewers of the city disgorge their filth; or where a few poor inhabitants of the suburbs dispute for a plot of ground on the ramparts, on which to cultivate a few vegetables, and where the goats and asses, left to themselves on the steep slopes, browse the grass withered by the filth and dust. Strew the soil with sepulchral stones belonging to all the creeds of the world, and you have then before your eyes the Valley of the Judgment.

Same date.

Behold the fountain of Silhoa, the only spring of the valley, the source of inspiration to the kings and prophets. I cannot conceive how so many travellers can have had so much trouble in discovering it, and that any dispute can still exist in regard to the site which it occupies. I have it before me, full of limpid and savoury water, diffusing the breath of that refreshing element over the inflamed and dusty air of the valley; dug to the depth of twenty steps into the rock, on the summit of which is situated the palace of David, with its dome constructed of blocks of stone polished by the lapse of ages, and covered on their joinings with humid mosses and the everlasting ivy. The stones of the steps, worn by the feet of the women, who come from the village of Silhoa to fill their pitchers, are as polished and shining as marble. I descended the steps, and seated myself for a moment on the cool slabs; I listened, in order to imprint it on my memory, to the gentle rippling of the spring. I washed my hands and my forehead in its waters, and I repeated the verses of Milton, to invoke in my turn his inspiration, now dumb for so long a time. It is the only place in the vicinity of Jerusalem where the traveller can find any water to moisten his finger, to quench his thirst, or to repose his head under the shade of the refreshing rock, or under two or three tufts of verdure. A few small gardens, planted with pomegranate trees, and other shrubs by the Arabs of Silhoa, throw round the fountain a nosegay of green verdure, which is nourished

by the superfluity of the water. It is here that the vale of Jehosophat terminates. Lower down, a small plain with a gentle slope carries the eye towards the broad and deep ravines of the volcanic mountains of Jericho and St. Saba, and the Dead Sea finishes the horizon.

Banks of the River Jordan, beyond the Plain of Jericho, a few leagues from the Entrance of the River in the Dead Sea.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the 30th October, I took my departure from Jerusalem with the whole of my caravan, consisting of six soldiers of Ibrahim Pacha, the nephew of Abougosh and four horsemen belonging to that chief, and eight Arab horsemen of Naplous sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We made the circuit of the city, and descended to the bottom of the vale of Jehosophat; we then ascended the whole of the Mount of Olives, leaving at our right the *Mons offensionis*, and crossed at its southern extremity the range of mountains, which form a succession to the Mount of Olives. We arrived at the village of Bethulia, still inhabited by a few Arab families, and in which we discovered the remains of a christian monument; there is also a good spring. An Arab was occupied a whole hour in drawing water to refresh our horses and fill our jars, which were suspended to the saddles of our mules, as we knew that we should not find any more water until our arrival at Jericho, a journey of about ten or twelve hours. We descended for two hours a broad road formed by artificial slopes, cut in the perpendicular sides of the mountains which succeed each other without interruption. This is the only trace of a road which I met which in the East. It was the road to Jericho, and the fertile plains watered by the Jordan. It led to the possession of the tribes of Israel, who had apportioned out to them the whole course of the river and the plain of Tiberias, as far as the vicinity of Tyre and the foot of Lebanon. It was also the road to Arabia, Mesopotamia, and thence to Persia and the Indies, the countries with which Solomon had established his great commercial relations, and by whom there is no

doubt, that this road was made. It was also by these vallies that the Jewish people passed for the first time, when they departed from Arabia Petræa and crossed the Jordan in order to take possession of their heritage.

After leaving Bethulia, not a house nor a sign of any cultivation is to be met with. The mountains are wholly divested of all vegetation; it is either the rock itself or the dust of the rock that the wind scatters about at its pleasure; a blackish cindery tint covers the whole of this country like a funeral shroud. A tintervals, these mountains are broken and split into deep and narrow ravines; abysses to which there is no road, and where the eye sees nothing but an eternal repetition of the same scenes by which it is surrounded. Almost all these mountains have a volcanic appearance. The stones rolled upon their sides, or on the road by the rains of winter, resemble the blocks of lava hardened and chapped by the influence of time. We even behold here and there at a distance on the tops of some of the hills, that light yellowish and sulphurous tint, which is perceived on Vesuvius and Etna. It is impossible to withstand for a long time, the impression of sadness and horror which this landscape inspires. It is an oppression of the heart, and an affliction of the eyes. When we are on the summit of one of these mountains, and that the eye catches for a moment a glimpse of the horizon, we behold as far as the look can penetrate nothing but black ranges of hills, whose conical and disrupted peaks heaped upon one another appear, as if in relief, with the dark blue of the firmament. It is an illimitable labyrinth of avenues of mountains of all forms, torn, broken, split into gigantic pieces, attached to each other by ranges of similar hills, with bottomless ravines, in which we hope at least to hear the noise of a torrent, but in which there is not the slightest life nor motion, and without being able to discover a single tree, a herb, a flower, or a solitary tuft of moss; the ruins of a calcined world! the ebullition of an earth on fire, the perpetual burstings forth of which have formed these waves of land and stone.

At six o'clock we discovered, at the bottom of a ravine the ruins of a caravansary, and a spring protected by a wall, ornamented with some sentences of the koran. The spring fell only drop by drop into the stone basin beneath it; in vain did our Arabs apply their lips to it. We, however, rested our horses for a short time under the shade of the caravansary, and our route had now continued for such a length of time in a descending direction, that we believed ourselves to be on the level of the plain of Jericho and the Dead Sea.

We pursued our journey, however, already overcome with the heat and the fatigue of the day. Our Arab horsemen however, inspired us with the flattering hope, that in a few hours we should be in Jericho; nevertheless the day declined rapidly, and the twilight added its horror to that of the ravines in which we were travelling. After an hour's journey, in the bed of the valley, we found ourselves still on the steep declivities of a range of new mountains which appeared to us to be the last before our descent into the plain of Jericho. Night now wholly concealed from us the horizon, and we had not sufficient light to distinguish at our feet the bottomless precipices, into which the slightest false step of our horses would plunge us. Our stock of water was exhausted, and we were literally dying with thirst. At this juncture one of the Samaritans informed our dragoman that he knew of a spring in the vicinity, and we determined to halt where we now were, provided a little water could be found. After the lapse of half an hour, the Samaritan returned with the melancholy information, that he had not been able to find the spring. We had then no other resource than to pursue our journey, to finish which would still take us four hours. We stationed the Arabs of Naplous at the head of the caravan, every horseman having the strictest orders given to him to follow step by step him who preceded him, without deviating in the least from his track. The most solemn and chilling silence reigned throughout the whole of the band. The night was now become so dark that it was impossible to see

the head of our horses; each followed his companion by the noise of his tread, and every moment the whole caravan was stopped in consequence of the leading horseman sounding the road, for fear of precipitating all of us into the abyss. We all dismounted in order the better to feel our way; twenty times we were obliged to halt on account of the cries issuing from either the front or the rear of the caravan; it was either a horse that had rolled down, or a man that had fallen; we were often on the point of halting altogether, and awaiting motionless in our places until this long and dreary night was passed; but the leading men proceeded, and we were also compelled to go on. After three hours passed in a state of indescribable anxiety, we heard some loud cries, and a few musket shots at the head of the caravan. The first impression on our mind was, that we were attacked by the Arabs of Jericho, and each of us was prepared to fire at random; but we learnt, one after another, that the cries issued from the Naplousians, who signalized their joy in having passed the dangers of the road by their wild exclamations and the firing of their guns. We were sensible, indeed, that the road become rather smoother under our feet, and I mounted my horse, but my young Arab stallion, scenting the water at a distance, became restive and in its prancings fell with me into a ravine. The night was so dark that this accident was not perceived by any one; I, however, kept hold of the bridle and regaining the saddle, I left the animal to follow its own instinct, without knowing whether I was upon the ridge of a precipice or at the bottom of a ravine hollowed in the valley. The horse, neighing, set off in a gallop, and stopped not until it had gained the banks of a broad and shallow rivulet, and bordered by prickly shrubs, in which it quenched its thirst. On a sudden to my left, I heard the cries and the pistol shots of the Arabs, who had just discovered my absence and were seeking for me on the plain. I perceived a fire shining through the leaves of the shrubs, and I directed my horse towards it, and in a few minutes I found myself at the entrance of my tent pitched on the margin of the rivulet. It

was midnight, and we ate a piece of bread soaked in the water; we then reposed ourselves to sleep, not knowing where we were, and wondering by what miracle we had passed all at once from this dread solitude without shade, and water, to the banks of a rivulet, which by the light of our torches and the fire of the Arabs, appeared to us like a brook of the Alps, with its curtain of willows, and its tufts of rushes and cresses.

If Tasso had, as it has been asserted by M. Chateaubriand, been inspired by the contemplation of the places themselves, in writing his Jerusalem Delivered (and I confess, great an admirer as I am of Tasso, that I cannot bestow upon him my praise on that account, for it is impossible to have had a more circumscribed knowledge of the sites, and to have falsified the manners more than he has done—but what matter the sites and the manners? poetry is not to be found in them, but in the heart) but I repeat, if he had been possessed of that inspiration, it would have been, without any doubt, on the margin of this stream that he would have fixed the arrival of Herminia, flying on her courser left to its own impetuous speed, and where she would have met the Arcadian and not the Arab shepherd of whom he gives us such a delightful description.

Like Herminia, we were awakened by the warbling of a thousand birds, flying about the branches of the trees, and by the murmur of the water flowing over its bed of flinty pebbles. We left our tents to reconnoitre the site on which the darkness of the night had placed us. The mountains of Judea which we had crossed the night before, were to the eastward of us, about a league from our camp. This range, which is always sterile and rugged, extends as far as the eye can reach from the north to the south, and at intervals we could perceive some vast ravines, which open on the plain, and from which issued the waves of the nocturnal vapours like broad rivers, and spread themselves in sheets of mist on the undulated sands of the Dead Sea. To the westward a broad desert of land separated us from the banks of the Jor-

dan, which we could not discern from the Dead Sea, and the blue mountains of Arabia Petræa.

These mountains, seen at this house, and at this distance, appeared to us from the play of their shadows on their heights and in their valleys to be partially cultivated, and shaded by immense forests; the white ravines by which they were furrowed, imitated in the closest manner, the fall and dazzling of the waters of a cascade. There was, however, nothing of all this, for on approaching them I discovered that they presented, but on a grander scale, the same sterile and barren aspect of the mountains of Judea. In our immediate vicinity every thing was smiling and fresh, although in an uncultivated state. It is water which gives an animation to every thing, even to the desert, and the light shrubs which were scattered, like artificial groves in groups of two or three on the banks, reminded us of some of the pleasant sites of our country.

On mounting our horses, we supposed that we could only be about an hour's journey from Jericho, but we perceived neither walls nor smoke in the plain, and we scarcely knew which way to direct our steps, when about thirty Bedouin horsemen, mounted on superb horses, showed themselves between two hillocks of sand, and advanced towards us, prancing and curvetting, and exhibiting all the agility of the Arab horsemen. It was the sheik and principal inhabitants of Jericho, who being informed of our approach by an Arab belonging to the governor of Jerusalem, had sallied forth to seek us in the desert and join our retinue. We had no further knowledge of the Arabs of the desert of Jericho, than by the character of ferocity and brigandism, which they possess throughout all Syria, and we could hardly tell at first, whether they were approaching us as friends or enemies, but there was not anything in their conduct during the several days that they remained with us, which denoted on their part the slightest hostility towards us. Intimidated by a feeling of terror at the name of Ibrahim, of whom they believed us to be emissaries, they presented to us everything

which their country could offer, the liberty of the desert, the water of their fountains, and a little barley and doura wherewith to feed our horses. I thanked the sheik and his friends for the escort, which they had just offered us; on which they joined our troop and galloping here and there on our flanks across the hillocks of sand, appeared and disappeared with the rapidity of the wind. I observed amongst them a most beautiful horse, remarkable for symmetry and fleetness, ridden by the brother of the sheik, and I commissioned my dragoman to purchase it at any price; but as such offers could not be made directly without committing a kind of outrage upon the delicacy of the owner of the animal, it required several days of negociation, before I became possessor of this beautiful animal, which I destined for my daughter, and which in fact I gave to her.

JERICHO.

After the journey of an hour, we found ourselves unexpectedly at the foot of the ramparts of Jericho, which were real walls of twenty feet in height, and from fifteen to twenty in breadth, and formed by fagots of thorns, piled one upon the other, and arranged with admirable industry in order to obstruct the passage of men and beasts; a kind of fortification in which certainly a breach would not be made by the sound of a trumpet, but which a spark from the fire of the shepherd, or the fox of Samson could have burnt to the ground. This fortress of dry thorns has two or three broad gates which are always open, and where the Arab sentinels keep watch, without doubt, during the night. On passing before these gates, we saw on the broad roofs of some mud huts all the women and children of this city of the desert, grouped in attitudes the most picturesque, crowding and leaning over each other to see us pass. These women, whose shoulders and feet were entirely naked, had no other dress than a piece of blue cotton cloth fastened round the middle of the body by leathern belts; the arms and the legs encircled by numerous bracelets of silver and gold; their hair curled and flowed over their neck; some of them had it plaited and

interwoven with piastres and sequins in immense profusion, and which fell like a cuirass on their breast and shoulders. Some of them were remarkably handsome, they were however totally destitute of that air of softness, of timid modesty, and voluptuous languor of the Arabian females of Syria. They indeed scarcely deserve the name of women, but rather the females of barbarians; having in their eye and attitude the same fire, the same audacity, and the same ferocity as the Bedouins. There were several negresses amongst them, who did not appear to be slaves. The Bedouins marry indiscriminately the white women or the negresses, the colour forming no distinction of rank. On passing, these women sent forth the most savage cries, whilst others laughed immoderately; the men, on the contrary, appeared to reproach them for their rude curiosity, and behaved towards us in other respects with gravity and respect. Not far from these walls of thorns, we passed close to two or three houses of the sheiks, which were built of mud dried in the sun; they were only a few feet in height, the terrace covered with mats and carpets being the principal apartment, which is occupied by the family during almost the whole of the day and night. Before the door is a broad bank of dried mud, on which is spread a carpet for the chief. He there seats himself in the morning surrounded by his principal slaves and receives the visits of his friends. Smoking and drinking coffee are the principal occupations of the day. A large court filled with horses, camels, goats, and cows surrounds the house. Two or three beautiful mares saddled and bridled, are always kept in readiness for the exercise of the sheik.

We halted only a few moments before this mud palace of the sheik, who presented us with some water, coffee and a pipe, and ordered a calf and several sheep to be killed for the use of our caravan. We also received some roasted doura, some fowls and pastry. We took our departure, preceded by the sheik and about fifteen or twenty of the principal Arabs of the town. We perceived in the vicinity of Jericho some well cultivated fields of maize and doura; and some

gardens of orange and pomegranate trees, whilst some beautiful palm trees surrounded the houses which were scattered in the environs of the city; afterwards everything resumed its desert and sandy aspect. This desert is an immense plain with graduated elevations, which have a progressive inclination to the river Jordan by regular steps like those of a natural staircase. The eye sees nothing but a uniform plain, but after having travelled for an hour, we find ourselves on a sudden on the edge of one of those terraces, which is descended by a steep slope; and after another hour's journey, we come to another declivity and so on in succession. The soil consists of a white sand, solid and covered with a concrete and saline encrustation, produced, no doubt, by the vapours of the Dead Sea, which evaporating, deposit this crust of salt; there is neither stone nor earth, on approaching the banks of a river or the mountains. The horizon is of vast extent, and an Arab galloping on the plain may be distinguished at a great distance. As this desert is the theatre of their brigandism and pillage, as well as the massacre of the caravans proceeding from Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Mesopotamia into Egypt; the Arabs take advantage of a few hillocks formed by the moving sand, and of which they have also made some artificial ones behind which they conceal themselves from the sight of the caravans, and from which they can espy them at a great distance. They dig a hole in the sand at the top of these hillocks, in which they bury themselves and their horses, and thence rush forth upon the unsuspecting travellers. As soon as they perceive their prey, they gallop forth with the rapidity of the falcon to carry the information to their tribe, and then they return together to the attack; in this consists their only industry, their only glory; their civilization may be said to consist in murder and pillage, and they place as high an esteem upon their success in this species of exploits as our generals upon the conquest of a province. Their poets, for there are some amongst them, celebrate in their verses these scenes of barbarism, and thus transmit from generation to generation the

honoured remembrance of their courage and their crimes. Their horses in particular have their part in the glory of these recitals, of which the following is one, which the son of the sheik related to me as we travelled along :—

"An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert the caravan of Damascus, the victory was complete, and the Arabs were actually employed in loading their rich booty, when the horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who were sent to the protection of the caravan, fell on a sudden on the victorious Arabs, killed a great number of them, took the remainder prisoners, and having fastened them to each other by cords, conducted them to Acre, to make a present of them to the Pacha. Abou-el-Marsch, the name of the Arab, the chief of the brigands, had during the battle received a ball in the arm; as his wound was not mortal, the Turks having fastened him to a camel, and taken possession of his horse, led the Arab chief with the animal towards Acre. The evening of the day on which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Saphad. The wounded Arab had his legs tied together by a leathern strap, and was laid down near the tent in which the Turks reposed. During the night, being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh amongst the other horses fastened round the tents, according to the custom of the orientals. He recognized the voice, and unable to resist the desire of going to speak once more to the companion of his life, he crawled with great pain upon the ground, with the assistance of his hands and knees, and gained the spot where his steed was fastened. Poor friend! said he, what wilt thou do amongst the Turks; thou wilt be imprisoned under the vaults of a khan with the horses of an aga or a pacha; the women and the children will no longer bring thee the milk of the camel, nor the barley, nor the doura in the palm of their hands, thou wilt gallop no more at liberty on the desert like the wind of Egypt, no more will thy chest cleave the waters of the Jordan, which refreshed thy skin as white as its foam; but at all events, though I be a slave,

thou wilt remain free; there, go, return to the tent which thou knowest; go, tell my wife that Abou-el-Marsch will return no more, and thrust thy head between the curtains of the tent to lick the hands of my little children. Whilst he was thus speaking, Abou-el-Marsch, had gnawed with his teeth the cord of goat skin with which the Arabs fetter their horses, and the animal was thus set at liberty, but seeing his master wounded and tied by the legs, the faithful and intelligent creature, understood by the force of instinct, what no language could explain to him; it bent its head towards him, smelt its master, and seizing him with its teeth by the leathern belt which he had round his body set off at full gallop, and carried him to the tents. On its arrival, having placed its master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, the faithful animal expired with fatigue. All the tribe shed tears over him, the poets have sung his praise, and his name is constantly in the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho.

We ourselves can form no idea of the degree of intelligence and attachment, to which the custom of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, reprimanded or encouraged by the voice of the master, is able to elevate the instinct of the Arab horse. The animal is in the species itself more sagacious and docile than the species of our climate, and it is similarly constituted with all the animals of Arabia. Either nature or the climate has imparted to them a higher degree of instinct and of fraternity with man, than in Europe. They appear to possess a more lively recollection of the days of Eden, where they are still voluntarily subject to the government of the king of nature. I have myself frequently seen in Syria the birds, which were caught in the morning by the children, rendered perfectly tame by the evening, having no occasion for a cage, nor a string fastened to their legs to retain them with the family who had adopted them, but flying at liberty on the orange and mulberry trees, and returning at their call to perch of themselves on the fingers of the children, or on the head of the young women.

The horse which I had bought of the sheik of Jericho, and which I rode, knew me in a few days as his master; he would not allow another to mount him, and would break through the whole caravan to come at my call, although the language in which I spoke to him, was wholly foreign to him. Gentle and caressing towards me, and accustomed to the Arabs as his grooms, he travelled peaceably and sedately in his rank in the caravan, so long as we met with only Turks, or Arabs in the costume of the Turks or the Syrians, but even, if a year afterwards, he happened to see a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the desert, he became on a sudden a wholly different animal; his eye shot fire, his neck became inflated, his tail rose and lashed his sides as with a whip; he reared on his hind legs, and marched in this way for some time under the weight of his saddle and his rider. He did not neigh, but uttered a warlike cry, like that of a brazen trumpet; a cry that so alarmed all the other horses, that they stopped, pricking up their ears to listen to it.

Same date.

After a journey of five hours, during which the river appeared to be more distant from us than ever, we arrived at the second level, at the foot of which we supposed that we should find it, but although we might be only two or three hundred paces from it, we still perceived only the plain of the desert before us, and no trace whatever of a valley or a river. It is, I believe, this illusion of the desert which has led many travellers to believe and report that the Jordan rolled its muddy waters on a bed of pebbles, and between banks of sand in the desert of Jericho. These travellers had not succeeded in reaching the river, and seeing at a distance a vast ocean of sand, they could not imagine that a fresh, a deep, umbrageous and delicious oasis was hollowed between the platforms of this monotonous desert, and covered the waves to the edge, and the murmuring bed of the Jordan with curtains of verdure, which the Thames itself might envy; but it is, nevertheless, the truth. We were ourselves confounded

and delighted, when on our arrival on the edge of the last platform, which yielded all of a sudden under our feet, and which was hollowed into a perpendicular valley, we had before our eyes one of the most delightful valleys which we ever beheld. Giving our horses the rein, we rushed down it at full gallop, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle and the allurement of freshness, of humidity, and shade, of which this valley was so redolent; it was strewn all over with mossy plats of the most beautiful green, on which grew here and there tufts of rushes in bloom and bulbous plants, whose broad and splendid corollas studded with stars of every colour the grass plots and the foot of the trees. There were also some groves of shrubs with their long and flexible stems, falling back like plumes all round their multiplied trunks; some lofty Persian poplars with their light foliage, not growing pyramidally like our trimmed poplars, but throwing out freely on every side their sturdy branches, like those of the oaks, and the bark of which, smooth and white, shone in the flickering rays of the morning sun; forests of willows of every species, and lofty osiers so interlaced that it was impossible to penetrate through them, so closely were the trees crowded, and so innumerable were the tendrils, which wound round their feet and twisted themselves from one stem to another, that the whole formed an inextricable network, through which almost the strongest animal could not force a passage. These forests extend on each side as far as the eye can reach, and on both shores of the river. We were obliged to dismount and establish our encampment on one of the glades of the forest, in order to penetrate on foot to the course of the Jordan, which we heard, without being able to see it. We proceeded with some difficulty, at one time in the thick underwood, at another amongst the long grass, and at another, through the long stems of the rushes. We at last found a place where the sward alone lined the banks of the river, and we dipped our hands and feet in the stream. The river might be here about a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet broad; its depth appeared considerable; its

course is as rapid as that of the Rhone at Geneva; its waters are of a lightish blue, slightly tinged by the mixture of grey earth over which it flows and undermines; enormous masses of which we heard from time to time rolling down into the stream. Its banks are perpendicular, but they are covered to the very edge with rushes and trees. The latter being continually undermined by the water, leave their roots exposed, which are often carried away; the trees themselves are often completely rooted out, and being deprived of all support in the ground, which sinks away from them, they fall horizontally over the stream with all their branches and leaves, which are immersed in the water and form, as it were, a bridge of verdure from one bank to the other. From time to time one of these trees is carried away with a portion of the soil, which supports them, and swims with all its foliage on the river, with all the climbing plants torn up and twisted with its branches, with its nests under the waters and the birds still perched upon its boughs. We saw several of these trees floating down during the few hours that we rested in this delightful oasis. The forest follows all the windings of the Jordan, and weaves for it a perpetual garland of branches and leaves, which dip themselves in the water, and cause a slight murmur on its waters. An innumerable multitude of birds are the tenants of these impenetrable forests.

We were cautioned by our Arabs not to travel without our arms, and to proceed with the greatest precaution, because this thick underwood is the haunt of lions, panthers and ounces. We, however, did not see one, but we often heard in the shade of the thickets, some roarings and howlings similar to those which those great animals make on penetrating into the depths of the woods. During two or three hours, we traversed the most accessible parts of the banks of this beautiful river. In some places, the Arabs of the savage tribes of the mountains of Arabia Petræa, at the feet of which we now were, had set fire to the forest in order to make a passage through, or for the purpose of carrying away the timber; a great number of trunks were still remaining,

calcined merely on the bark, but some new shoots had sprung up around the burnt trees, and the climbing plants of this fertile soil had already so interlaced the dead trees as well as the young ones, that the forest had a stranger and more singular appearance, although not in the least contracted in size nor diminished in luxuriance. We made an ample collection of branches of willow, poplar and all the other trees with long stems and smooth barks, of the names of which I was ignorant, to make a present of them to our friends in Europe, and we then returned to the camp, the position of which had been changed by the Arabs during our excursion on the banks of the river.

They had discovered a site still more delightful and more convenient in which to pitch our tents, than any of those which we had observed during our walk; it was a grassplot as fine and as thick, as if it had been browsed by a flock of sheep. Here and there some large leaved shrubs, some young tufts of plaintain and sycamore were scattered over this grassplot, and threw a slight shade on the grass as a shelter to us, and to keep the horses cool. The Jordan, the course of which was not twenty paces from us, had hollowed a small shallow bay in the midst of the glade in which the water took a circuitous direction at the foot of two or three poplars. An accessible gap led to the river, and allowed us to lead our horses down one by one alternately to refresh them in the stream and to bathe in it ourselves. We here pitched our two tents, and halted during the day.

The following day, November 2nd, we continued our route, approaching the high mountains of Arabia Petræa, at one time leaving the Jordan, and then falling in with it again, according to the windings of its course, and drawing nearer to the Dead Sea. There exists, not far from the course of the river, at a place in the desert, which I know not how to designate, the venerable remains of a castle of the Crusaders, erected by them apparently for the purpose of guarding this road; these ruins are not inhabited, but, on the other hand, they often serve as a place of shelter to the Arabs in ambus-

cade, from which they sally forth to attack the caravans. In the midst of these waves of sand, it produces the effect of an abandoned hull of a ship, on the horizon of the ocean. On approaching the Dead Sea, the undulations of the ground gradually diminish, the slope inclining insensibly towards the shore; the sand becomes spongy, and the horses plunging in at every step, advance with the greatest difficulty. When we at length perceived the reverberation of the waves, we could no longer restrain our impatience, we set off at full gallop, to throw ourselves into the first waves that lay sleeping before us, shining as molten lead, on the sand. The scheik of Jericho and his Arabs, who had continued in our retinue, fancying that we wished to run the jereed with them, set off at the same time in all directions on the plain, and returning upon us with loud cries, brandished their lances of reed, as if they intended to pierce us through, then stopping short their horses and throwing them on their haunches, they allowed us to pass them and then set off again, returning as before.

I arrived the first, thanks to the fleetness of my turcomanian steed, but at the distance of about thirty or forty paces from the waves, the bed of sand, mixed with earth was so wet and with such a marshy bottom, that my horse sank up to his belly, and my alarm was great that I should be completely engulphed. I retraced my steps, and dismounting, we approached the shore on foot.

The Dead Sea has been described by numerous travellers. I took no note of its specific gravity, nor the relative quantity of salt contained in its waters. I came not here in search of science nor of criticism, but I visited this spot merely because it was in my route; because it was in the middle of a famous desert, famous in history by the swallowing up of the cities that formerly stood on the spot, where I now beheld the motionless waves spread out. The shores are flat on the eastern and western side; to the northward and southward it is closed in by the lofty mountains of Judea and Arabia, which descend nearly to the water: the latter, however, are at rather a greater distance, especially on the side of the mouth of Jordan, where

we now are. The shores are entirely desolate ; the air is infectious and unwholesome, and we experienced the noxious influence of it during the few days that we passed on this desert. A considerable heaviness of the head, and a feverish feeling attacked us all, and did not leave us until we were out of the influence of the atmosphere. Not a single island was to be seen ; nevertheless at sunset, from the top of a mound of sand, I thought I could distinguish two at the extremity of the horizon on the side of Idumea. The Arabs, however, knew nothing of them ; the sea is in this part, at least, thirty leagues long, and they never yet have ventured to follow the line of the shores to so great a distance. No traveller has yet attempted a circumnavigation of the Dead Sea ; it has never yet been seen at its further extremity, nor at its two coasts of Judea and Arabia. We are, I believe, the first who have been able without any restraint to explore it on three of its sides, and if we had had a little more time at our command, nothing should have hindered us from obtaining from Lebanon, Jaffa or Jerusalem some planks of fir, wherewith to build on the spot a boat and visit in peace all the coasts of this wonderful Mediterranean. The Arabs, who generally are averse from travellers approaching it, and whose prejudices are opposed to every one attempting to navigate this sea, were at this time so devoted to our most trivial wishes, that they would not have raised any obstacle. I would certainly have carried this desire into execution, if I could have foreseen the favorable reception which the Arabs gave us. But it was now too late. We should have been obliged to send back to Jerusalem to fetch some carpenters to build the vessel ; this with the time which would have been spent in the navigation, would have occupied at least three weeks, and we were limited as to time. I therefore renounced the design, though not without regret. A traveller, under the same circumstances as I was, might easily accomplish it, and throw that light on this natural phenomenon, and this geographical question, which criticism and science have so long and anxiously desired.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither sombre nor gloomy, except to the imagination. To the eye it is a dazzling lake, whose immense and silvery surface reflects the light and the sky like a Venetian mirror.

The mountains, with their beautiful inequalities, throw their shadow to the very edge of the water. It is said that there are neither fish in its depths nor birds on its shores. This is a point, however, which I cannot decide, I certainly saw neither petrels, nor sea gulls, nor those beautiful white birds, resembling the marine doves, which swarm all the day on the waves of the Sea of Syria, and accompany the vessels on the Bosphorus, but at some hundred paces distant from the Dead Sea, I fired and shot some birds similar to the wild ducks which rose from the marshy banks of the Jordan. If the atmosphere of this sea were really mortal to them, they would not approach so near to brave its mephitic vapours, nor could I discern any of the ruins of those engulphed cities, which according to report are to be seen, at a small depth below the surface. The Arabs, who accompany me, pretend that they are sometimes to be discovered. I followed for some time the shores of this sea, first on the side of Arabia, where the mouth of the Jordan is situated (this river is in this part, in reality what the travellers have described it, a pool of dirty water on a bed of mud,) secondly on the side of the mountains of Judea, where the shores are higher and assume sometimes the form of the light downs by the sea side, the sheet of water, however, presented to us every where the same aspect, that of brilliancy, colour and immobility. Men have well preserved the faculty given them by God in Genesis, of calling things by their proper names. This sea is beautiful, it is dazzling, it inundates by the reflection of its waters the immense desert, which it covers; it attracts the eye, it excites the mind but—it is dead; neither sound nor motion exists upon it,—its waters, too heavy for the wind, roll not in sonorous billows, and never does the white crest of its foam play on the pebbles of its shores; it is a petrified ocean. And in what manner has it been formed? apparently, accordingly as the

bible informs us, and in consistence with probability, it was the vast centre of volcanic ranges, which extended from Jerusalem into Mesopotamia and from Lebanon to Idumea, and a crater burst open in the middle, at the time when seven towns peopled its plain. The towns were perhaps overthrown by an earthquake, and the Jordan, which according to all probability then flowed across those plains, and emptied itself into the Red Sea, being suddenly stopped by the volcanic hillocks projecting from the ground, and engulphed in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, may have formed this sea corrupted by the salt, the sulphur and the pitch, the usual aliments and ordinary productions of volcanoes; such is the fact and such is the probability. This, however, neither adds nor diminishes in the least, the actions of that sovereign and eternal will, which some call miracle and others call nature—nature and miracle are they not all one? and the whole universe, is it anything else than one eternal miracle?

Same date.

We returned by the southern coast of the Dead Sea, on the side of the valley of St. Sabba. The desert is in this part much more uneven; it is distinguished by enormous billows of earth and sand, which we were obliged every moment to cross over, or to travel round them. The file of our caravan shewed itself in an undulating form on the back of these billows, like a long fleet on a stormy ocean, on which the different vessels are by turns seen and lost in the trough of the waves.

After travelling for three hours, sometimes on small level plains, on which we could gallop our horses, sometimes on the ridges of deep ravines of sand, into which some of our horses rolled, we perceived before us the smoke of the houses of Jericho. The Arabs broke loose, and galloped towards the smoke, two of them only remaining with us to show us the road. On approaching Jericho, some of the principal Arabs returned to march before us. We encamped in the middle of a plain shaded by a few palms, and through which flowed a small river. Our tents were soon pitched, and we found

a supper prepared for us, thanks to the presents of all sorts which the Arabs brought to our camp. The Arab, who rode the handsome horse that I wished to possess, appeared himself to admire the turcomanian steed, which I rode on the preceding day. The conversation was cleverly carried on as to the merits of our respective horses, the Arabs passing the highest eulogiums on several belonging to me. I proposed to him to exchange my turcomanian for his, and we debated the whole of the evening on the surplus which I was to give, but we could not arrive at any decisive bargain. Every time that I agreed to his price, he testified so much grief in parting with his horse, that we went to sleep without deciding the matter. On the following day, at the moment of departure, the horses being all bridled and mounted, I made him a fresh offer. At last he determined that he would mount my turcomanian, and he galloped him across the plain ; attracted by the brilliant qualities of the animal, he sent me his own by his son. I sent him nine hundred piastres, mounted the horse and took my departure. All the tribe seemed to regret the loss of this animal ; the children talked to him, the women pointed at him with their finger, the schiek turned back repeatedly to take another look at him, and made certain cabalistic signs to him, which the Arabs always take the precaution of making to the horses, which they either sell or buy. The animal himself appeared to understand the separation, hung down his head mournfully, which was shaded by a superb mane, and looked right and left on the desert with a sad and restless eye. The eye of the Arab horses is a language of itself. By their beautiful eye, whose fiery pupil starts from the large and blood-streak'd orbit, they say and comprehend everything.

For several days, I had declined riding the horse, which I preferred to all the others. In consequence of the innumerable Arab superstitions, they have seventy good and bad signs for the horoscope of a horse, and it is a science possessed by almost all the men of the desert. The horse of which I am speaking, and which I called Lebanon, because I bought him amongst those mountains, was a young and superb stallion,

large, strong, courageous, indefatigable, and active, and in whom I never discovered even the shadow of a vice during the fifteen months that I had rode him, but he had on his chest in the accidental disposition of his beautiful cindery grey skin, one of those windgalls, which the Arabs place amongst the bad signs. When I bought him, I was apprised of this defect, but I obtained him by a mode of reasoning at once simple, and within their comprehension, that a bad sign for a Mahommetan was a good sign for a christian. They could make no answer to this, and I mounted Lebanon every time that I had to make a long day's journey, or one more fatiguing than in common. When we approached a town or a tribe, and that they came out to meet our caravan, the Turks and Arabs struck by the beauty and vigour of Lebanon, began to complime it me, and admire the animal with an eye of envy, but after a few moments of admiration, the fatal sign, which was nevertheless partially covered by the silken collar and amulet suspended to the neck, which is always worn by every horse, began to show itself, and the Arabs approaching me, altered their behaviour, assumed a grave and afflicted air, and made a sign to me, not to mount the animal again. This might be of little importance in Syria, but in Judea, and amongst the tribes of the desert, I feared that it would prove injurious to my reputation, and destroy the respect and habits of obedience, which were every where paid to us. I therefore declined riding him, and he was led by the hand in my suite. I make no doubt that we were indebted to a great portion of the deference, and the fear which every-where attended us, to the beauty of the twelve or fifteen Arab horses which we rode, or which followed us. A horse in Arabia constitutes the fortune of a man; the opinion of him is formed by his horse, his respectability depends upon it, and to have a fine horse with the Arabs is synonymous with keeping a carriage amongst the Europeans. The Arabs consequently entertained a very high opinion of me, who possessed so many beautiful horses, and more so than those of their sheik or their pacha.

We returned to Jerusalem by the same valley, which we

crossed on the night of our arrival. Previously to our entering the first pass in the mountains, we beheld on a fine and broad table-land that commanded the plain, the evident traces of ancient edifices, and we supposed that it was the real site of the ancient Jericho. A considerable progress in civilization was required, before the towns were built on the plain, nor are we ever deceived, when we seek for the olden cities on the heights.

It is in this pass that the affecting parable of the Samaritan, places the scene of murder and of charity. It appears that in the time of the Evangelists, these valleys were in very bad repute.

We had a fatiguing day's journey of fourteen hours, owing to the monotony of the road, and the excessive heat of the sun reflected from the steep sides of the valleys; during the whole of this time, we did not meet with a single person, with the exception of a solitary Arab shepherd, tending an innumerable flock of black goats on the declivity of a hill.

Encamped near Solomon's Pool, under the walls of Jerusalem.
November 2nd, 1832.

It was our wish to consecrate a day to prayer in the place towards which all the christians turn in praying, as the Mahommetans turn towards Mecca. We requested the priest, who alone, performed the sacred service at Jerusalem, to celebrate for our relations, living and dead; for our friends of all times and places, and finally for ourselves, the commemoration of that great and mournful sacrifice, which watered this earth with the blood of the All-just Being, in order that charity and hope might spring from it. We all joined in the sentiments, with which our reminiscences, our sorrows, our losses, our desires and our different modes of piety and faith inspired each of us. We chose for our temple and our altar the grotto of Gethsemane in the bosom of the vale of Jehosophat. It was in this cavern at the foot of the Mount of Olives that Christ retired, according to the traditions, to escape sometimes from the persecutions of his enemies, and the importunities

of his disciples, it was there that he communed with his divine thoughts, and that he demanded from his father that the too bitter cup which he himself had filled, as we fill it for ourselves, should pass away from him; it was there that he said to his three friends, on the evening before his death, that they should watch and pray and not sleep, and that he was obliged to awaken them three times, so ready is the zeal of human charity to relax and grow cool; and, finally, it was there that he passed the terrible hours of his agony, the ineffable contest between life and death, between will and instinct, between the soul that wishes to be free, and the matter which resists, because it is blind. It was here that he sweated blood and water, and that weary of struggling with himself without the victory of intelligence imparting peace to his mind, he uttered those final words—those words in which is summed up all that is man and all that is God;—those words, which have become the wisdom of all sages, and which ought to be the epitaph of all the lives and the only inscription of all created things "MY FATHER! NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE."

The site of this grotto, hollowed in the rock of Cedron, is one of the most probable and best justified sites from the aspect of the places, of all those, which pious popular credulity has assigned to each of the scenes of the evangelical drama. It is truly the valley placed in the shadow of death; the hidden abyss under the walls of the city; the deepest cave, and probably at that time the most shunned by men, in which Christ, who was to have all men as his enemies, because he came to attack and overcome all their falsehoods, retired to seek a shelter and collect his scattered thoughts, to meditate, to pray and suffer. The feculent brook of Cedron flowed a few paces distant. It was then nothing but a sewer of Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives inclines itself, as it were, to join itself with the hills on which is placed the tomb of the kings, and appears there like a fractured joint, where clumps of olive, mastick and fig trees, and those fruit trees which the poor people always cultivate even in the dust itself

of the rocks in the vicinity of a great city, must have concealed the entrance of the grotto; besides this site has not been altered and rendered impossible to be recognized by the ruins that buried Jerusalem. If the disciples who watched and prayed with Christ were to return, they might say, on pointing to the rocks and trees, "*It was there.*" A valley is not destroyed like a street, and the smallest rock lasts longer than the most magnificent of temples.

The grotto of Gethsemane, and the rock which covers it are surrounded at present by the walls of a little chapel, kept closely locked, the key of which is deposited in the hands of the Latin priests of Jerusalem. This grotto and the seven olive trees of the adjoining field belong to them. The door hewn in the rock opens upon the court of another holy sanctuary, which is called the tomb of the Virgin; this belongs to the Greeks. The cave is high and deep, and divided into two cavities, which communicate with each other by a kind of subterranean portico. There are also altars cut out in the solid rock, and this sanctuary, the gift of nature, has not been disfigured by so many artificial ornaments, as all the other sanctuaries of the holy sepulchre; the roof, the floor and the sides are all of the rock itself, still sweating, like tears, with the cavernous humidity of the ground, which surrounds it. There is simply placed above each altar an ill-executed representation in plates of copper painted of a flesh colour and as large as life, of the scene of Christ's agony, with the angels presenting to him the cup of death. If we were to take away these ugly figures, which destroy those which the pious imagination loves to form for itself in the gloom of this empty cave, if we allow our eyes, moistened with tears to rise freely and without any sensible images, towards the thought, with which that night is pregnant, this cave would be the most perfect and the most religious relic of the hills of Zion. But it so happens that men always spoil in some degree whatever they touch. Alas! if they had only spoiled and disfigured the stones and the ruins of these visible scenes! but how many dogmas, doctrines and examples have they not

made of that religion of reason, simplicity, of love and humility, which the son of God had taught them at the price of his blood. When God permits a truth to fall upon the earth, men begin to curse and stone him who brings it; they afterwards take possession of that truth, which they have not been able to kill with him, because it is immortal; it is his remains, as it is their heritage, but like the precious stone which the wicked take from the holy pilgrim, they enclose it in such a mass of counterfeit stuff, that it cannot be recognized, until the light shines upon it afresh, and that after the lapse of ages, on separating the diamond from the dross in which it has been set, Wisdom exclaims, *Behold the true! Behold the false! This is the truth! This is error.* Hence it is that all religions have two natures, the association of which astonishes every mind; a popular nature formed of miracles, legends and scandalous superstitions, an impure alloy with which the ages of ignorance and darkness have adulterated and tarnished the thought of Heaven; the other is a rational and philosophical nature, which is discovered to be brilliant and immutable on rubbing off with the hand the human rust; and which, exposed to the eternal and corruptible light, which is reason, reflects it pure and complete, and illumines all things and all minds with that light of truth and love, at the bottom of which we see and adore the EVIDENT BEING—GOD.

Same date.

Not far from the cave of Gethsemane, there is a little nook of earth shaded by seven olive trees, which the popular traditions declare to be the same trees under which Jesus repair'd and wept. These olive trees, in fact, really bear on their trunks and their enormous roots, the date of the eighteen centuries which have passed since that eventful night. Their trunks are of an immense size, and are formed like all those in old olive trees, of a great number of stems, which appear to be incorporated with the tree, under the same bark, and look like a fasces of united pillars. Their branches are almost withered, but they still bear a few olives. We gathered

those which were strewed upon the ground under the trees; we shook a few more from the tree with a pious caution, and we filled our pockets with them to carry them to our friends, as the relics of this sacred spot. I can easily conceive the placid delight which the christian soul must experience when rolling in his hand the kernels of the olives of these trees, of which Jesus watered, and perhaps fertilized the roots, when he himself prayed for the last time on the earth. If they be not the same trunks, they are probably the sprouts of those sacred trees, but there is not anything to disprove that they are not the identical trunks. I have travelled through almost every part of the globe where the olive tree grows; it is a tree which lives for ages, but in no part have I met with any of such magnitude, although planted on a rocky and arid soil. I have seen on the summit of Lebanon the cedars, the age of which, the Arab traditions carry as far back as the era of Solomon, nor is this by any means impossible; nature has bestowed on certain vegetables a greater longevity than that of empires; particular oaks have surpassed in age many dynasties, and the acorn that we tread under our feet, the olive kernel that I roll between my fingers, the cone of the cedar which is swept away by the wind will be re-produced, will flourish and cover the earth with their shade, when the hundreds of generations that follow us, will have restored to the earth the handful of dust which they have alternately borrowed from it. This is by no means a mark of any contempt that creation entertains for man. The relative importance of beings is not measured according to their duration, but to the intensity of their existence. There is a greater degree of life in an hour of thought, of contemplation, of prayer or of love, than in an entire existence of a man, purely physical. There is more of life in a thought, which traverses the world and ascends to Heaven, in an incalculable period of time, in the millionth part of a second, than in the eighteen centuries of the vegetation of the olive trees under which I am now reclining, or in the two thousand five hundred years of Solomon.

Same date.

We breakfasted, seated on the steps of the fountain of Silhoa. I wrote some poetry, tore it up, and threw the scraps into the spring. Speech is like a broken weapon. The most beautiful verses are those, which cannot be written. The words of every language are incomplete, and every day, the heart of man discovers in the shades of his sentiments and imagination, as well as in the impressions of visible nature, those things which the tongue cannot express, for want of words. The heart and the mind of man are like a musician who is constrained to play an endless piece of music on an instrument, which has only a few notes. It is better to be silent altogether. Silence is in certain moments the most beautiful kind of poetry. The mind understands it, and God comprehends it—that is quite sufficient.

Same date.

On retracing our steps along the vale of Jehosophat, we passed near the tomb of Absalom. It is a block of stone hewn in the rock itself of the mountain of Silhoa, and which is not detached from the primitive rock, that serves as its foundation. It is about thirty feet in height, and twenty broad on every side. This calculation is, however, given at random; for measurement is not my forte. The measure belongs only to the architect. The form is a square basement, with a Grecian doorway in the middle, having a Corinthian cornice, with a pyramid on its top. There is neither a Roman nor a Grecian character about it. The appearance of it is heavy, grotesque, monumental and fresh like the Egyptian monuments. The Jews did not possess any style of architecture peculiar to themselves, but they borrowed from Egypt, Greece, and, it is my belief, principally from India. The key of everything is to be found in India. The generation of ideas and of the arts appears to me to be easily traced to the eastern world. They have sprung up in Assyria, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria, the great cities of the desert, like Balbec, afterwards in Egypt, then in the

islands, like Crete and Cyprus, then in Etruria, and finally in Rome; then the night of barbarism came on, and christianity, brooded at first by the platonic philosophy, and afterwards by the ignorant barbarism of the middle ages, gave birth to our civilization and our modern arts. We are still young, and have scarcely passed the age of virility. A new world of the mind, of the social forms and the arts will probably emerge before the lapse of many ages, from the grand ruin of the middle age, to which our assistance will be given. We are sensible that the moral world produces its fruits, the bringing forth of which is attended with pains and convulsions. Language, written and multiplied by the press, by inviting discussion, criticism, and above all, analysis, by diffusing the light of intelligence on every point of fact or of dispute in the world, brings on, with an invincible power, the age of reason for mankind. Revelation is made to all, by all. The reflection of the divine light, which is reason and religion transfused through all the centres of humanity. A beautiful volume might be made of the history of the Divine Spirit in the different phases of humanity, and of the history of divinity in man, where that religious principle will be found acting immediately, in the earliest known times of the human race by blind instincts and impulses; then being heard in the voice of the poets, *mens divinior;* then manifesting itself on the tablets of the legislators, or in the mysterious initiations of the Indian, Egyptian and Hebraic Theocraties. When these mythological forms had vanished from the human mind, worn out by time, and exhausted by the credulity of men, it was seen, scattered and disseminated amidst the great philosophical schools of Greece and Asia Minor, and amidst the Pythagorean sects, searching in vain for universal symbols, until the time when Christianity summed up all speculative and contested truths in those two practical and incontestable truths, the adoration of one only God, and charity and fraternity amongst mankind. Christianity itself, obscured and intermixed with error, like every doctrine that is become popular, by the credulity of the ages, through which it has passed, ap-

peared destined to transform itself; to emerge in a more rational manner, and purified of those superabundant mysterie with which it has been enveloped, and to confound its divine lights with that of the religious reason which it caused to come to light the first, and was exalted so high on the horizon of humanity.

Same date.

A little above the entrance of the vale of Cedron, to the north of Jerusalem, we crossed some fields of a reddish and more fertile earth, covered with a wood of olive trees. About five hundred paces from the city, we found ourselves on the edge of a deep quarry, into which we descended. On our left, a mass of rock, richly sculptured, extended the whole breadth of the quarry, and exposed to view beneath, a narrow opening, half closed by the earth and fallen stones; a man could scarcely creep into it by crawling. We, however, penetrated into it, but as we had no means of obtaining a light, we immediatly returned, without visiting the interior chambers. They were the sepulchres of the kings. The frieze, magnificently sculptured, and of the most beautiful Grecian workmanship, which appeared conspicuously on the exterior rock, places this decoration of the monuments in the most flourishing epoch of the arts of Greece; nevertheless it is perhaps of the epoch of Solomon, for who can tell what that grand prince had borrowed from the genius of the Indies or of Egypt?

Same date.

The plague which had extended its ravages more in Jerusalem and its vicinity, prevented us from entering Bethlehem, the monastery and sanctuary of which were closed. We, however, mounted our horses in the evening, and after having crossed a plain of about two leagues, which is situated to the eastward of Jerusalem, we arrived at an eminence a short distance from Bethlehem, and from which the whole of this small town could be completely discerned. We had scarcely seated ourselves, before a numerous cavalcade of Bethlemite Arabs arrived, and requested to be introduced to me. After

the customary compliments, they informed me, that they were deputed by the population of Bethlehem to entreat me to use my influence with Ibrahim Pacha for the diminution of the tax which he had imposed upon their city ; that they knew from report, and from the Arabs of Abougosh their chief, that Ibrahim Pacha was my friend, and that he certainly would not refuse me, were I to solicit his forbearance towards them. As the Bethlemite Arabs are the most detestable race of those countries, always at war with their neighbours, or putting the Latin monastery of Bethlehem under ransom, I answered them with great solemnity, making them some severe reproaches for their rapine and depredations, but that I would pay the proper regard to their request, and that I would present it to the pacha, on one condition, however, that they would respect the Europeans, the pilgrims and all the monasteries of Bethlehem and of the Desert of St. John, and that if they committed the slightest violation of the abodes of these poor monks, Ibrahim Pacha had formed the resolution to exterminate them to the very last man, or to drive them into the deserts of Arabia Petræa. I added, and it appeared to make a strong impression upon them, that if the forces of Ibrahim Pacha were not sufficient, the Pachas of Europe had determined to come themselves and bring them to their senses. In the mean time, I persuaded them to pay the tax. From this moment to the time of my departure, I had constantly in my suite, notwithstanding all the objections that I urged, a certain number of the Bedouin sheiks of Bethlehem, of Hebron and of the Desert of St. John, who never ceased to importune me to obtain for them a reduction of the tax. On our return to the camp in the valley of the Pool of Solomon, under the walls of Zion, I received a visit from Abougosh, who arrived with his uncle and his brother to make some inquiry respecting us. I presented him with coffee and pipes, and we conversed about an hour at the entrance of my tent, each of us seated under an olive tree.

Same date.

A courier from Jaffa brought me some letters from Europe

and Beirout, and delivered them to me under the walls of Jerusalem. These letters conveyed to me the pleasing intelligence of the health of my daughter, but as she added in a postscript to her mother's letter, that it was her particular wish that I should not extend my journey, under the present aspect of affairs, into Egypt, I changed my route; I countermanded my caravan of camels at El-Arisch, and determined to return by the coast of Syria. We struck our tents; I sent a present of five hundred piastres to the monastery, independently of the fifteen hundred piastres which I had paid for chaplets, relics, crucifixes &c., and we again took the road to the Desert of St. John.

The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be depicted in a few words; mountains without shade; valleys without water, earth without verdure, rocks without terror or grandeur: some blocks of grey stone projecting through the friable and cracked ground, with now and then a fig tree near them, a gazelle or a jackal creeping now and then between the fractures of the rock; a few vines crawling along the grey or reddish cinders of the soil, and here and there a clump of pale olive trees casting a slight spot of shade on the steep sides of the hill. On the horizon, a mastick or black carob tree standing melancholy and solitarily in relief with the blue of the firmament; the walls and the grey towers of the fortifications of the city appearing at a distance on the brow of Zion. Such is the earth. A lofty sky, pure, unspotted and deep on which not the slightest cloud ever floats across, nor is it coloured with the purple of the night and morning. On the side of Arabia, an enormous gulf descends between the black mountains, and leads the eye to the dazzling waves of the Black Sea, and to the violet coloured horizon of the summits of the mountains of Moab. Not a breath of wind murmurs amongst the battlements or between the dry branches of the olive tree, the notes of a bird are never heard, nor a grasshopper chirping in the grassless furrow; a leaden eternal silence reigns in the city, on the roads and in the country. Such was Jerusalem during the days which we passed under

its walls. I never heard anything but the neighing of my horses which could scarcely bear the heat of the sun, in their stations round our camp, knocking the ground into dust with their feet. At intervals we heard the melancholy chant of the Muetzlin, calling the hour from the top of the minarets, or the measured lamentations of the Turkish mourners, accompanying in long files, the pestiferous bodies to the different cemeteries, which surround the city. Jerusalem, if it be the wish to visit a sepulchre, is itself the tomb of a people, but it is a tomb without cypress, without epitaphs, without monuments, the stones of which have been broken and the ashes of which covers the ground that surrounds them, with mourning, silence and sterility. On leaving it, we often cast our eyes towards it from the top of every hill, from which we could still obtain a glimpse of it, and finally we saw for the last time the crown of olive trees, which commands the mount of that name, and which hovers for a long time on the horizon, after having lost sight of the city, and then sinks in the sky, like those garlands of pale flowers which are thrown on a sepulchre.

Poet as I am, it cannot be considered but as belonging to my character, to look for the poets of other countries. Man has not any thing about him of which he knows so little as man himself. The phenomena of his mind, the laws of his civilization, the phases of his rises and his falls, are the mysteries which he has penetrated the least. He possesses a more accurate knowledge of the course of the celestial globes, which roll at millions of leagues beyond the reach of his feeble senses, than he possesses of the terrestrial courses by which the human destiny conducts him, contrary to his will. He feels that he is ascending towards something, but he knows not the point to which his mind is directed, nor can he tell at what exact part of his road he finds himself. Cast far from the view of the shore on the immensity of the ocean, the pilot must take his observation and mark with his compass the line of the globe which he traverses, or which he follows; it is, however, otherwise with the human mind; it

has nothing exterior to it by which it can measure its course, and every time that it says, I am here—I go thither, I advance, I retrograde, I stop, it finds that it has deceived itself, and that it has falsified its history; a history, which is not written until a long time after it has passed, which marks out its traces after it has impressed them upon the ground, but which could not, beforehand, trace out its course. God alone knows the aim and route; man knows nothing; false prophet as he is, he prophesies every thing at random, and when future things turn out contrary to his foresight, he is no longer there to receive the disappointment of his destiny, he is at best in his darkness and his silence; he is sleeping his last sleep, and succeeding generations write on his dust, their dreams as vain and as fugitive as his own. Religion, politics, philosophy, systems, man has given his opinion of them all, and he has deceived himself in all; he has believed every thing definitive, and he has found every thing modified—he believed every thing immortal, and every thing has perished—he believed every thing to be true, and every thing he found to be false. But to my poetry and my poets, Job, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, Rousseau, and above all Ossian and Paul and Virginia. These friends—these books have spoken to me in my solitude the language of my heart, a language of harmony, of images and of passion. I lived first with one, then with another, changing them only when it might be said that I had exhausted them. As long as my life may last, I shall remember particular hours of the summer that I have passed, reclining on the grass in a glade of the woods under the shade of an old trunk of a crab tree, reading Jerusalem Delivered, and how many evenings of autumn or winter I have also passed in wandering on the hills already covered with fog and hoarfrost, with Ossian or Werther as my companion; at one time elevated by the enthusiasm which pervaded me, scouring over the heaths, as if impelled by a spirit which prevented my feet from touching the ground; at another, seated on a rock hoary with time, my forehead resting on my hand, listening with a feeling for which no name exists, to

the shrill and plaintive sound of the north-east winds of winter, or the rustlings of the heavy clouds, which broke against the angles of the mountain, or to the aerial voice of the lark, borne, whilst singing on the wings of the whirlwind, like my thought, which stronger than myself carried away my soul. Those impressions—were they those of joy or sadness, of pain, or suffering? I am not able to solve this question—they participated of all those feelings at the same time. They partook of love and religion, of ecstacies and disheartenings, of horizons of light, and abysses of darkness, of the future and despair—it was nature speaking by its thousand voices to the yet virgin heart of man, but after all it was poetry, and it was that poetry which I attempted several times to express in verse; but those verses, I had no one to whom I could recite them; for some days I read them to myself, and I discovered with astonishment, and with pain, that they bore no resemblance to any of those which I read in the journals or in any of the works of the present day I said to myself, they will never be read; they will appear strange, extraordinary, vapid, and I therefore burnt them, as soon as I had written them. In this manner I destroyed whole volumes of this first and indefinite poetry of the heart, and I acted right, for at that time, they would have been subject to every species of ridicule, and smothered in the contempt of every thing which belonged to literature. That which I have since written is not of much greater value; but the times have changed; poetry has returned to France with the liberty, the mind and the moral life which the restoration has imparted to us. It appears that the return of the Bourbons and of liberty in France has given a new inspiration, another soul to literature, at that period oppressed and discouraged, and we then saw burst forth a crowd of those celebrated names in poetry and philosophy, which adorn our academies, and which form the brilliant link of the transition of the two epochs. Who would then have told me that in fifteen years afterwards, poetry would fill the whole soul of the French youth, that an accumulation of talent

of a different and original order would have arisen upon their dead and inert soil: that the press, although infinitely multiplied, would not be sufficient to promulgate the fervent ideas of a host of young authors; that dramas at every kind would crowd upon each other at the doors of all the theatres that the lyric and religious soul of a generation of christian bards would invent a new language, in order to reveal enthusiasm yet unknown; that liberty, faith, philosophy, politics, doctrines the most ancient, as well as the most modern, would teem in open daylight with genius, glory, talents, and zeal, and that a vast and sublime mixture of intelligence would cover France and the whole world, with the most beautiful as well as the most daring intellectual movement, which any of our previous ages had ever witnessed. Had any one told it to me, I should not have believed it, but it is nevertheless the case. Poetry is therefore not dead in the souls, as it was reported in those years of scepticism and algebra, and as it did not die in that unpropitious period, it will never die. Arabia may be said to be the cradle of poetry, the natives of which appear to have a soul for it superior to any other people, even further advanced in civilization. They idolize their poets, and with them Antar, stands foremost in the ranks. The remembrance of having passed many hours in listening to the verses of that poet, without being able to comprehend them, induced me to collect with great trouble some fragments of the popular Arab poems, and especially of the heroic poem of Antar. I succeeded in obtaining a certain number, and I had them translated by my dragoman, during the winter evenings that I passed on the Lebanon. I began to have some slight comprehension of the Arabic, but not sufficient to read it, my interpreter translated the fragments of the poem into vulgar Italian, and I translated them verbatim into French.

The poems of Antar, as I have already remarked, are the national poetry of the wandering Arab; they are the holy books of his imagination. How many times have I seen the groups of my Arabs, squatted at night round the fire of

my bivouac, stretching their necks, bending their ears, and directing their fiery eyes towards one of their companions, who was reciting to them some passages of their admirable poems; whilst a cloud of smoke rising from their pipes formed above their heads the fantastic atmosphere of dreams, and whilst our horses, their heads inclined towards them, appeared themselves to be attentive to the monotonous voice of their masters. I seated myself not far from the circle, and listened also, although I could not comprehend the meaning of the verses; but I understood the sound of the voice, the play of their physiognomies, the shudderings of the auditors. I knew that it was poetry, and I figured to myself some affecting, dramatic, and wonderful recitals, which I repeated to myself. It is thus that in listening to a melodious or impassioned music, I fancy I hear the words, and that the poetry of language when sung, discloses to me the poetry of language written. Ought I to tell all? but I never yet read any poetry to be compared to the poetry which I heard in the, to me, unintelligible language of these Arabs. The imagination always surpassing the reality, I fancied that I understood the primitive and patriarchal poetry of the desert; I saw the camel, the horse, the gazelle, I saw the oasis rearing its tops of yellowish green palm trees above the immense downs of red sand. I saw the combats of the warriors, and the young Arab beauties carried off and re-taken amidst the fight, and in their liberation recognizing their lovers. This reminds me that I always experienced greater pleasure in reading a foreign poet in a detestable and vapid translation, than in the original itself, the reason is that the most beautiful original leaves always something to desire in the expression, and that the bad translation only indicates the mind—that is, the poetic motive, and further, that the imagination itself embellishing that, motive with words, which it supposes to be as pellucid and transparent as the idea, enjoys a pleasure in itself complete, and which she has created for herself. The mind being itself infinite, it supposes to find it in the expression, and the pleasure thus becomes infinite. In order, however, to in-

part that pleasure, an individual must be either a musician or a poet—and where is the man who is neither one nor the other.

Antar, at the same time, the hero and the poet of the wandering Arab, is little known amongst us; with his history we are very little acquainted, we are even ignorant of the precise date of his existence. Some learned men pretend that he lived in the sixth century of our era; the local traditions, however, carry his life to a much older date. According to those traditions, borrowed partly from his poems, Antar was a negro slave, who gained his liberty by his exploits and his a virtues, and obtained his mistress, Ablla, by the force of his love and heroism. The poem of Antar, is not like that of Homer, written entirely in verse, it is in poetic prose of the most pure and classical Arabic, interspersed with verses. The most singular feature of this poem, however, is, that the part of the story written in prose is infinitely superior to the lyrical fragments that are added to it. The poetical part is laboured, and partakes of the affectation and style of literature in its decline; on the contrary, nothing is more simple, more natural, more really impassioned, than the recitative. Everything that I have read of the Arab poems, ancient or modern, partakes more or less of that unfortunate labour which distinguishes the poetry of Antar; they are, if not exactly a play of words, at least a play of ideas and images, composed rather to amuse the mind than to affect the heart. Centuries are required for the art of poetry to arrive at the simple expression of nature. In regard to the Arabs, the verses are nothing more than an ingenious method of sporting with their mind and sentiments. In these remarks, I except some religious poems, written about thirty years ago by a Maronite bishop of Lebanon. I brought away with me a few fragments worthy of the places which inspired them, and of the sacred subjects to which this pious hermit exclusively devoted his masculine genius. These religious poems are more solemn and affecting than any with which I am acquainted in Europe; there is something in them of the accents of Job, of the grandeur of Solomon, and the melancholy of David.

I much regret that some talented orientalist does not undertake for us the entire translation of Antar; this would be better than a voyage, for nothing depicts the manners so well as a poem; it would also renovate our own inspirations by the colours so fresh, which Antar has drawn in his solitudes; it would, besides, be as amusing as Ariosto, and affecting as Tasso. I cannot entertain a doubt that the Italian poetry of Ariosto and of Tasso is sister to the Arabian poetry; the same association of ideas, which produced the Alhambra, Seville, Grenada, and some of our cathedrals, has also produced the Jerusalem Delivered and the charming dramas of the poet of Reggio. Antar is more interesting than the Arabian Nights, bacause he deals less in wonders. The whole of the interest is centred in the heart of the man, and in the real or probable adventures of a hero and his beloved. The English have a translation almost entire of this delicious poem, we, however, possess only a few beautiful fragments interspersed in our literary reviews.

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

[We insert here, before the author quitted Jerusalem and the caves of Gethsemane which he has just described, the verses which he wrote fourteen months after the loss of his only child; verses the scene and images of which refer to the places which he has just visited. These verses, which he has been so kind as to allow us to insert in this volume, have never been published, nor even read by him to any of his most intimate friends.]

They will be understood on perusing them.

REMEMBRANCE,

or

THE DEATH OF JULIA.

Day follows day, nor leaves behind
Or trace or image in my mind,
Nor chance nor change shall e'er destroy
My early dream of love and joy.

My years of youth have passed away,
And age creeps on me day by day;
So round the oak the seared leaves fall,
And winter o'er it spreads its pall.

My head is white as snow-robed plains,
My blood is frozen in my veins;
Sluggish and chill as winter brooks,
On which the icy north wind looks.

But round thy image young and bright,
Regret still sheds a holier light;
It fills my breast, and shares with me
My soul's own immortality.

No, thou hast never left these eyes,
For when, rapt from them to the skies,
They ceased to gaze upon thee here,
They found thee in a brighter sphere.

There, there I see thee, still the same
As when my heart first felt love's flame;
The same as when that fatal day
Snatch'd thee from life and love away.

Thy pure and touching loveliness
Survives in its celestial dress;
Its early light extinct, thine eye
Is bright with immortality.

And still th' enamour'd zephyrs bear,
And sport amid thy long black hair,
Whose jetty tresses on thy breast
Sink, like o'er-wearied waves to rest.

And still beneath that veil, thy face
Half hides, and half reveals each grace,
As morning in the eastern skies,
Breaks through the clouds that round her rise.

Yon rolling sun, tho' bright it burns
With night and day departs, returns;
My love knows neither night nor change,—
My heart from thee can never range.

I hear thee still, I see thee still—
In cities, deserts—vale and hill;
Thy image in the wave I see,
And zephyr breathes thy voice to me.

If when the earth in slumber lies
The night wind round my casement sighs,
Methinks thy angel voice I hear
Whispering softly in mine ear.

If I admire those orbs of light,
Which gem the swarthy brow of night,
'Tis that in every star I see
Something reminds my heart of thee.

And if I love those summer hours,
When zephyrs frolic with the flowers,
'Tis that on every od'rous gale
Thy own sweet breathings I inhale.

It is thy hand which dries my tears,
When sorrows touch, my spirit sears,
And I to holy altars go,
T' unburden my sad heart of woe.

Where'er I sleep, thy heavenly wings
Seem, with celestial hoverings,
To watch o'er my defenceless head,
And call sweet dreams around my bed.

O that when sunk in slumbers bland,
Some night thy kind and pitying hand
This weary web of life would break,
That on thy bosom I might wake.

4th November, 1832.

I passed the evening and night in the Desert of St. John, for the purpose of taking leave of our excellent monks, the memory of whom will accompany us every where; the remembrance of humble and perfect virtues remains in the soul, like the perfume of the incense of a temple which we have traversed. We left with these good fathers an alms scarcely sufficient to idemnify them for the expences which we had occasioned them; they, however, took not into the account the peril which we had caused them to run; they implored me to recommend them to the terrible protection of Abougosh, whom I was to see again at Jeremy.

We took our departure before daybreak in order to avoid the importunities of the Bedouins of Bethlehem and the Desert of St. John, who would not desist from following me, and even began to threaten me. By eight o'clock in the morning we had cleared the lofty mountains which crown the tomb of the Maccabees, and we were seated under the fig-trees of Jeremy, smoking our pipes and drinking coffee with Abougosh, his uncle and his brothers. Abougosh lavished upon me fresh proofs of his regard and politeness; he offered me a horse, which I refused, not being disposed to make him any present myself, because it would have appeared as an acknowledgement of the tribute which he generally imposes upon pilgrims, and from which Ibrahim has exonerated them. I placed under his protection the fathers of St. John, of Bethlehem and of Jerusalem. I afterwards learned that he actually went to deliver them from the imposts and annoyances of the Bedouins of the desert. He little thought, without doubt, at the time when I besought his protection for the poor religious Franks exiled in his mountains, that eight months afterwards, he would have to send to implore my influence for the release of his own brother, conducted a prisoner to Damascus, and that I should be so fortunate as in my turn to be useful to him.

Having taken our coffee and our horses being refreshed, we took our departure, escorted by the immense population of

Jeremy, and we proceeded to the camp beyond Rama, in a superb wood of olive trees which surrounds the town. Borne down with fatigue, and destitute of provisions, we sent to request the hospitality of the monks of the monastery of the Holy Land, which, however, they refused, as if we had been infected with the plague, which in reality we might have been. We therefore went supperless to sleep, lulled by the murmur of the sea breeze playing amongst the tops of the olive trees. It was here that the Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Child passed the night in the country on their flight into Egypt, and this thought softened the ruggedness of our beds.

There is not any thing more delightful than these journeys, *en caravane*, when the country is beautiful; when the horses after a good rest, travel lightly at daybreak on a smooth and sandy soil; when the sites succeed each other without monotony, and especially when the sea which carries to our faces the fresh undulations of the air, produced by its supple and regular waves, unrolls itself eitheir green or blue at the feet of your horse, and casts towards you every moment the dusty drops of its foam. Such was the pleasure which we experienced on coasting along the charming gulph which separates Caiphas from St. Jean d'Acre. The desert formed by the plain of Zebulon, is hidden from the sight by the high tufts of reeds and by the tops of the palm trees which separate the shore from the land; we travelled on a bed of fine and white sand, continually watered by the wave, which breaks on it, and spreads over it is white and chanelled sheet. The gulf, enclosed to the eastward by the high point of Cape Carmel, surmounted by its monastery, and to the westward by the white shattered walls of St. Jean d'Acre, resemble a vast lake in which the small barks may allow themselves to be cradled with impunity; there is, however, scarcely one to be seen. The coast of Syria, dangerous in every part, is particularly so in the gulph of Caiphas; the vessels which take refuge in it and cast their anchor to avoid the tempest in a sand that will not hold, are frequently thrown upon the coast, the truth of which was confirmed by the melancholy but

picturesque wrecks which every where met our eye; the whole coast is lined with the hulls of vessels half-wrecked and almost buried in the sand: some of them still show their shattered prows, in which the sea birds have built their nests; many of them, however, have only their masts projecting out of the sand; those immoveable and leafless trees resemble the funeral crosses, which we plant on the ashes of those who are no more. Some of them have still their yards and rigging encrusted by the saline vapours of the sea, hanging about their masts. The Arabs never despoil these ruins of shipwrecked vessels; time and the tempests of winter must alone take upon themselves the office of accomplishing their final destruction, or the sand may day by day bury them for ever. We saw here, as in almost all the other seas of Syria, the mode of fishing adopted by the Arabs. A man, holding a small net folded above his head and ready to be cast, advances a few steps into the sea, chooses the time and the place when the sun is at his back, and illumines the waves without dazzling him. He waits for the waves as they approach, rising and breaking before him and sinking at his feet on the rocks or sand. He darts a keen and practised eye upon the foam of every wave, and if he perceives that it abounds with fish, he throws his net at the moment when the wave breaks, and would carry back in its reflux that which it contains. The net falls, the wave retires, and the fish are caught. It requires rather rough weather for this mode of fishing on the coasts of Syria, for when the sea is calm, the fisherman cannot discover anything; the wave only becomes transparent when rising to the sun on the surface of the sea.

The infectious stench of fields of battle announced to us the vicinity of Acre, and we were only about a quarter of an hour's journey from its walls. It is a heap of ruins; the domes of the mosques are completely perforated, the walls exhibit immense breaches, the towers have fallen in ruins in the harbour; the city has just sustained a siege of a year, and has been carried by assault by the forty thousand heroes of Ibrahim.

The policy of the East is but imperfectly understood in Europe; certain designs are imputed to it, but it is solely governed by caprice—it is supposed to be influenced by plans, it has nothing but passions, and the worst of passions to direct it—it is supposed to be looking forward to the future—it has but the present day and the morrow. In the aggression of Mahommed Ali, the premeditation of a long and progressive ambition has been discovered, it was nothing but the forcible impulse of good fortune, which from one step to another led him on, almost voluntarily, even till he shook the throne of his master to the base, and conquered half of his empire—a new stroke of chance may lead him on still further.

The following was the cause of the quarrel. Abdallah, pacha of Acre, an inconsiderate young man, came to the government of Acre by a freak of chance and favour, had raised the standard of rebellion against the Grand Signior; but being vanquished, he implored the protection of the Pacha of Egypt, who had purchased his pardon from the Divan. Abdallah, soon forgetting the gratitude, which he owed to Mahommed, refused to adhere to certain conditions which he had contracted to keep with Mahommed during a time of his misfortune. Ibrahim marched against him to force him to keep his treaty, but at Acre he met with a resistance wholly unexpected by him, on which he became highly irritated, and demanded fresh troops from his master, which were accordingly sent, but were again repulsed. On this Mahommed Ali desisted and recalled his son in the most peremptory manner. The self-love and pride of Ibrahim were, however, wounded, and he resisted the authority of his father, being determined to die under the walls of Acre, or force it to submission. He at last, with the sacrifice of a great number of lives, forced the gates of the city. Abdallah was taken prisoner, and fully awaited his death. Ibrahim had him brought to his tent, addressed to him some bitter sarcasms, and sent him off to Alexandria. Instead, however, of the bowstring or the sabre, Mahommed sent him

a horse, made him enter the city in triumph, seated him by his side on the divan, extolled him for his bravery and fidelity to the Sultan, and rewarded him with a palace, slaves and immense riches.

Abdallah deserved this treatment on account of his bravery. Shut up in Acre with three thousand Islams, he resisted for a year all the forces of Egypt by land and sea. The fortune of Ibrahim, like that of Napoleon, was nearly wrecked upon this rock: if the Grand Signior, although in vain solicited by Abdallah, had sent to him a few thousand men at a proper time, or had only launched on the seas of Syria two or three of those beautiful frigates which were riding uselessly at anchor before the castles of the Bosphorus, the fate of Ibrahim would have been decided, and he would have returned to Egypt convinced of the impotency of his rage; but the Porte was faithful to its system of fatality, and allowed the ruin of its pacha to be accomplished. The suburb of Syria was overthrown, and the Divan awoke from its legarthy, when it was too late. In the meantime, Mahommed wrote to his general to return, but Ibrahim, a man of courage and enterprise formed the revolution to push his fortune to the extreme, and try how far the weakness of the Porte would extend.

He advanced. Two important and badly contested victories, that of Homs in Syria, and that of Konia in Asia Minor rendered him absolute master of Arabia, Syria, and all the kingdoms of Pontus, Bythinia, and Cappadocia, which at the present day constitute Caramania. The Porte might still have cut off his retreat, and by disembarking a few troops in his rear, have re-taken possession of the towns and provinces, where he could not have left a garrison sufficient for their protection. A body of six thousand men thrown by these means into the defiles of the Taurus and Syria would have made him and his army their prey, and have imprisoned him in the midst of his victories. The Turkish fleet was infinitely superior to that of Ibrahim or in other words, the Porte had an immense fleet, whilst Ibrahim had only two or three frigates; but from the commencement of the

campaign, Kali Pacha, a young man of elegant manners, a favourite of the Grand Signior, and appointed by him to the post of Capitan Pacha, retired from the sea before the lilliputian fleet of Ibrahim. I myself saw him take his departure from the Bay of Rhodes, and shut himself up in that of Marmorizza, on the coast of Caramania at the bottom of the gulf of Macri. Having once entered this port with his vessels, the entrance of which is excessively narrow, Ibrahim with his two ships could have completely blocked him in. He in fact never did leave it, and during the whole of the winter, in which the military operations were the most decisive and important on the coasts of Syria, the vessels of Ibrahim had the command of the seas, and carried to him his re-inforcements, and his provinces without the slightest opposition; and yet Kali Pacha was neither a traitor nor destitute of courage; but thus it is constructed with the affairs of a people who remain stationary, while around them is progressing. The fortune of nations lies in their genius; the genius of the Mussulmans now trembles before that of the lowest of its pachas. The remainder of the campaign is well known and which recalls us to that of Alexandria. Ibrahim is incontestably a hero, and Mahommed Ali a great man, but all their fortune rests upon their own heads. With the removal or the death of these two men, Egypt is no more, the Arab empire is no more;—the Maccabees for Islamism are no more, and the east returns to the west by that invincible law of things, which carries dominion and power, where ever there are knowledge and intellect.

Same date.

The sands, which border the Gulf of St. Jean d'Acre became more and more fœtid. We began to perceive the bones of men, horses and camels, strewn about on the sand, and bleaching in the sun, washed by the foam of the waves. At every step, these accumulations multiplied before our eyes; in a short time the whole strand, between the land and the ridge of mountains appeared to be covered with them, and the sound of our horses feet disturbed whole packs of

wild dogs, hideous jackals and birds of prey, which had been busy for two months in devouring the remains of the horrible feast, which the cannon of Ibrahim and Abdallah had prepared for them. Some of them in their flight carried away the limbs of the half-buried dead, whilst others dragged away the legs of the horses to which the skin still adhered. Some eagles, perched on the bony heads of the camels, rose on our approach with the cries of anger, and returned to hover, notwithstanding the firing of our guns, over their horrible prey. The tall herbage, reeds and shrubs of the shore were also equally strewed with these remains of men and animals. All, however, were not the effects of the war. The typhus fever, which had been raging in Acre for several months, had finished what the weapons of war had spared, and there scarcely remained twelve or fifteen hundred men in a city of twelve or fifteen thousand souls, and every day there were thrown outside the walls, or into the sea, some fresh corpses, which the sea again threw up at the bottom of the gulf, or which the jackals disinterred in the plains. We arrived at the eastern gate of this unfortunate city. We could scarcely breathe the air, and therefore we did not enter the city, but turning to the right along the ruined walls where some slaves were working, we crossed the field of battle in its whole extent, from the walls of the city, to the country house of the ancient pachas of Acre, built in the middle of the plain at one or two hours journey from the shore.

On approaching this house of magnificent appearance, and flanked by kiosques of elegant indian architecture, we saw some long ridges rather higher than those made by the plough in our strong lands. These ridges might be about half a league long, and nearly as broad, their tops rising one or two feet above the level of the ground. It was the site of the camp of Ibrahim and the tomb of fifteen thousand men, whom he had cause to be buried on these sepulchral trenches. We travelled for some time with great difficulty on this ground, which scarcely covered the remains of so many victims of the ambition and caprice of a man, that is called a hero.

We pushed on our horses, the feet of which were incessantly stumbling over the dead, crushing the bones which the jackals had left bare, and we proceeded about an hour's journey from this funereal spot, to pitch our tents in a delightful site of the plain, refreshed by a limpid stream, and entirely shaded by palm, orange and sweet lemon trees, beyond the influence of the wind from St. Jean d'Acre, the emanations of which had hitherto followed us. These gardens, placed like an oasis in the nakedness of the plain of Acre, had been planted by the last pacha but one, the successor of the famous Djezar Pacha: some poor Arabs, who had taken refuge in these huts of earth and mud, supplied us with oranges, eggs and fowls. We rested here for the night.

On the following day M. de Laroyère could scarcely rise from his mat and mount his horse; all his limbs stupified with pain, were bereft of the powers of motion. He felt the first symptoms of the typhus fever, which his medical science enabled him to distinguish better than ourselves. The place, however, in which we were, being destitute of all shelter and resources for a sick man, we hastened our departure before his malady became more virulent, and we encamped about fifteen miles off, on the plain of Tyre, on the margin of a river shaded by immense rushes, and not far from an isolated ruin, which appears to belong to the time of the crusades. The motion and the heat raised the spirits of M. de Laroyère, and instilled fresh animation into him. We laid him to sleep under the tent, and sallied forth to kill some wild ducks and geese, which rose like a cloud from the rushes on the borders of the river. Our whole caravan was fed during the day on these birds.

On the following day we met on the sea shore, in a delightful place, shaded by maritime cedars and magnificent plaintains, a Turkish aga returning from Mecca, with a numerous suite of men and horses. We encamped under a tree near the fountain, not far from another tree, where the aga was at breakfast. His slaves were exercising his horses. I was struck with the perfection of the make, and the activity of a

young thorough bred Arab stallion. I commissioned my dragoman to enter into conversation with the aga, and by way of a present we sent him some of our travelling provisions, and a brace of pistols; in return he presented me with a Persian yatagan. I ordered my horses to be exercised before him, in order to lead the conversation in a natural manner to the subject which I had at heart. We thus so far succeeded, but the great difficulty lay in making the proposal to him to sell his horse. My dragoman reported to him that one of our travelling companions was so ill that he could not find a horse of a pace sufficiently gentle to carry him. The aga then said that he had one, on the back of which the rider could drink his coffee at full gallop without spilling it from the cup. It was precisely the handsome animal which I had so much admired, and which I wished so much to obtain possession of for my wife. After much circumlocution, we concluded our bargain and led away the horse, which I called El-kantara, in remembrance of the place and fountain, where I had purchased it. I instantly mounted it myself to finish the day's journey, and I never mounted an animal so light in hand. I scarcely felt the elastic motion of his shoulders, nor the re-action of his hoofs on the rocks, nor the slightest weight of his head on the bit. His fore end short and slender, and raising his legs like a gazelle, we might imagine ourselves mounted on a bird, whose wings supported its insensible progress. His pace was also as swift as any Arab horse which I ever tried. His skin was of a bright pearl grey. I presented it to my wife, who, during the whole of our sojourn in the East would not mount any other horse. I shall always regret this most beautiful animal. It was bred in the Khorassan, and was only five years old.

At night we arrived at the Wells of Solomon, and the following day at an early hour, we entered Saida, the ancient Sidon, escorted by the Franks of the country and the sons of M. Giraudin, our excellent vice consul at Saida. We also met there with M. Cattafago, whom we had known at Nazareth with his family. He had just had a house built for him

in the town, and was at this time making the necessary preparations for the marriage of one of his daughters. The ancient Sidon not offering to us any vestige of its former grandeur, we employed our time entirely in partaking of the kindness and attention of M. Giraudin, and the pleasure of conversing with that venerable personage about Europe and the East. Having become a patriarch in the land of patriarchs, he exhibited to us in himself and his family the image of all the patriarchal virtues, and in his own manners forcibly reminded us of theirs.

All the symptoms of the typhus fever now showed themselves in the increasing malady of M. de Laroyère. Not being able any longer to mount his horse, we freighted a bark at Saida to convey him by sea to Beirout. We, however, set forth with the remainder of the caravan, and I despatched a courier to Lady Stanhope, conveying to her my thanks for the obliging steps which she had taken in my favour with the chief, Abougosh, and requesting her at the same time to seize any opportunity which might present itself of announcing my approaching arrival to the Arabs of the desert, of Bkaa, of Balbec and Palmyra.

5th November, 1832.

We slept in an old deserted mud dwelling on the sea shore, and during the night I wrote some verses on the pages of my Bible. I experienced considerable satisfaction on approaching Beirout, after a journey so fortunately accomplished. On the road I met an Arab horseman, the bearer of a letter to me from my wife. The tidings conveyed to me were highly pleasing: the health of Julia being confirmed and promising a continuance. I am expected to pass a few days at the monastery of Antoura, in the Lebanon, with the catholic patriarch, who has just arrived with an invitation to us.

At four in the afternoon, we had a terrible storm; the dense mass of clouds appeared to fall on a sudden on the mountains to our right; the noise of the flux and reflux of

these heavy clouds against the peaks of Mount Lebanon which rent them asunder, was mingled with the roar of the sea, which appeared to be a plain of snow set in motion by a furious wind. The rain does not fall as in the west, in drops more or less crowded, but in dense and continual streams which strike upon and weigh as heavily upon both man and horse as if the whole weight of the hand of the tempest was upon them. The light of day was completely eclipsed, and our horses proceeded in the middle of torrents, interspersed with rolling stones, and in danger every moment of being carried away into the sea. When the clouds had passed over, and the light had re-appeared, we found ourselves on the ridge of the table land of the pines of Fakardin, about a mile and a half from the town. Country and home have something in them dear to man as well as animals, and such of my horses, who recognized the place, as having often carried us thither, although worn down with the fatigue of a journey of three hundred leagues, began to neigh, pricking up their ears, and bounding with delight on the sand. I left the caravan to defile slowly amongst the pines, and ascended the Lebanon at full gallop, and with a heart trembling with joy and anxiety, I flew into the arms of my wife. Julia was amusing herself in a neighbouring house with the daughters of the prince of the mountain, who during my absence had become governor of Beirout. She espied me from the terrace galloping towards the house, and I heard her flying to meet me, exclaiming, Where is he—Is it really my father? She rushed into the room and threw herself into my arms, overpowering me with her caresses. She ran about the room, her beautiful eyes sparkling with tears of joy, raising her arms and crying out, Oh! how happy I am! how happy I am! She then returned and sat upon my knee, almost smothering me with her caresses. There were in the room two young Jesuit fathers of Lebanon on a visit to my wife, and for a long time I could not address them with even a single word of politeness. Themselves struck dumb at this simple and passionate expression of tenderness of soul of a child for her parent, and

at the celestial brightness which beauty imparted to that radiant head, they remained outside, struck with silence and admiration. Our friends and suite arrived, and covered the fields of mulberry trees, with our horses and our tents. We passed several days of rest and happiness, in receiving the visits of our friends of Beirout. The sons of the Emir Beschir, having come from the mountains, in pursuance of the order of Ibrahim, to occupy the country which threatened to rise in favour of the Turks, are encamped in the valley of Nar-el-kelb about an hour's journey from my house.

November 7th, 1832.

The Sardinian Consul, M. Bianco, who has been for some time on intimate terms with those princes, invited us to a dinner, which he gave them. They arrived, clad in the most magnificent caftans, woven entirely with golden threads; their turbans were also made of the richest cachemere stuff. The elder of the princes, who commands the army of his father, wore a poniard, the handle of which was entirely encrusted with diamonds of an incalculable value. Their suite was numerous and extraordinary. In the midst of a vast number of Mussulmans and black slaves, there was a poet, similar in all his attributes to the bards of the middle ages. His office consists in singing the virtues and exploits of his master, in composing tales when he is called before him to amuse him, to stand behind him during his meals as an improvisatore, repeating verses, a kind of political toasts to his honour or that of his guests, particularly distinguished by the prince. There was also a chaplain or Maronite catholic confessor, who never quits him, not even at table, and to whom alone the entrance into the harem is permitted. He was a monk of a jovial and warlike figure, in every thing resembling what we should understand by the messman of a regiment. The chaplain, by virtue of his ecclesiastical character is allowed a seat at the table; the poet, however, always stands. These princes, particularly the elder, appeared not in the least embarrassed by our customs, nor by the pre-

sence of the European women. They conversed by turns with us, with the same polished manners, the same ease and freedom, and the same frankness of disposition, as if they had been brought up in the most polished court of Europe. The oriental civilization is always on a level with the European, because it is of an older date, and originally more pure and perfect. To an unprejudiced eye, there is no comparison, between the nobility, the decency, the severe grace of the Arab, Turkish, Indian and Persian manners, and our own. They perceive in us an infant people, emerging with difficulty from a hard, coarse, and incomplete civilization; we behold in them the children of a good family, the inheritors of ancient wisdom and virtue. Their nobility, which is but the descent from father to son of primitive virtues, is written on their foreheads, and stamped on all their customs; independently of which, there are no rabble amongst them. The moral civilization, the only one to which I attach any consequence, is every where on a level. The shepherd and the emir are both of the same family, speak the same language, have the same customs, and participate of the same wisdom, and the same grandeur of traditions, which may be called the atmosphere of a people.

During the dessert the wines of Cyprus and Lebanon circulated freely, the Christian Arabs and the family of the Emir Beschir, who are also christian, or believe themselves to be, emptied their glasses without the slightest repugnance, whenever the occasion required it. Toasts were drank to the victory of Ibrahim; to the deliverance of Lebanon, and amity between the Franks and Arabs, and at last, the prince proposed one to the ladies, who had been present at the fete. His bard then began to improvisatise, in pursuance of the order of the prince, and sang at the highest pitch of his voice, some Arab verses, of which the following is nearly the sense—

"Let us drink of the juice of Eden, which intoxicates and rejoices the heart of the slave and prince. It is the wine of the plants, which Noah himself planted, when the dove, in-

stead of the olive branch, brought him from Heaven the branch of the vine. By the virtue of this wine, the poet becomes in an instant a prince, and the prince becomes a poet.

"Let us drink it in honour of those young and beautiful Franks, who come from the country where all women are queens. The eyes of the women of Syria are mild, but they are veiled. In the eyes of the women of the west there is more intoxication, than in the transparent cup, which I drink.

"To drink of wine and to look at the countenance of women is a two-fold sin for a Mussulman; for an Arab, however, it is a double delight and a two-fold manner of blessing God."

The chaplain himself appeared enchanted with these verses and joined in the chorus of the bard, laughing and emptying his glass; the prince proposed to us the diversion of hunting with falcons, an amusement much in vogue with all the princes and sheiks of Syria. It was from this country that the Crusaders brought falcon hunting into Europe.

November 9th, 1832.

The climate, with the exception of a few squalls at sea, and some storms of rain about the middle of the day, is as beautiful as the month of May in France. As soon as the rains begin, a new spring commences; the walls of the terraces which support the cultivated declivities of Lebanon, and the fertile hills in the environs of Beirout are so covered with vegetation in a few days, that the ground is entirely hidden under the moss, the grass, the creeping shrubs and the flowers; the green barley carpets all the fields, which on our arrival were nothing but dust; the mulberry trees, which have shot forth their second leaves, formed all round the houses a forest impenetrable by the sun. We perceive here and there the roofs of houses scattered on the plain, which rise from this ocean of verdure, on which are reposing he Grecian and Syrian women in their brilliant costumes,

resembling some queens taking the air on the pavilions of their gardens. Some narrow enclosed footpaths in the sand lead from house to house, and from hill to hill across this continued range of gardens from the sea to the foot of Lebanon. On following these paths we meet with, all on a sudden, on the threshold of these diminutive houses, the most delightful scenes of patriarchal life, consisting of the women and the young girls grouped under a mulberry or a fig tree at their door, weaving the rich woollen carpets of the most beautiful and varied colours; others tying the ends of threads of silk to distant trees, winding them into skeins as they walk slowly and singing from tree to tree; whilst on the other hand the men walking backwards from tree to tree are employed in making pieces of silk and throwing the shuttle, which another man casts towards him; the children are sleeping in their rushen cradles or on mats in the shade, some of them are suspended to the branches of the orange trees; the large Syrian sheep with their immense tails dragging behind them, and too heavy to enable them to shake them, are lying in the holes, which are dug expressly for them in the fresh sand before the door; one or two handsome goats with their long pendent ears, like those of our fox-hounds, and sometimes a cow, complete this rural picture; the horse of the master always forms one of the group, equipped in its magnificent harness, and ready to be mounted. He appears to be a member of the family, and seems to take an interest in every thing which passes and every thing which is said around him; his physiognomy becomes animated like that of a human being; when a stranger appears and speaks to him, he pricks his ears, raises his lip, extends his nostrils, bends his head to the wind and snuffs and snorts at the unknown person who coaxes him; his placid eyes, but deep and pensive, shine like two flaming coals, beneath the long and handsome mane of his forehead.

The Grecian, Syrian and Arab farming families, who inhabit these houses at the foot of Lebanon, are neither savage nor barbarous in their disposition; better educated than the

peasants of our provinces, they all know how to read, and all understand two languages, the Arabic and the Greek; they are mild, peaceable, laborious and sober; employed during the whole of the week in the labours of the field, or with their silk, they recreate themselves on a Sunday, by attending with their families the long and imposing service of the Greek or Syrian worship; they then return home to partake of a repast rather more luxurious than in the week days; the women and the young girls, dressed in their richest costume, their hair plaited, and thickly strewn with orange flowers, scarlet july-flowers and carnations are seated on their mats before the door of the house with their neighbours and their friends. It is impossible to describe with the pen the admirable groups of picturesque happiness, of richness of costume, and of feminine beauty, that are at such a time formed by these women in the country. I there see every day the countenances of young women or of girls, of which Raphael never obtained a glimpse, even in his dreams, as an artist. It is something far more impressive than either Grecian or Italian beauty; it is the purity of shape, the delicacy of contour, in one word, every thing which Roman or Grecian skill has left us that is perfect; but all this is rendered still more bewitching by a primitive and simple ingenuousness of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by a celestial light which a look of blue eyes, fringed with black lashes, throws over the features, and by an archness of smile, a harmony of proportions, an animated whiteness of the skin, an indescribable transparency of complexion, a metallic lustre of the hair, a grace in every motion, a singularity of attitude, and a clear and vibrating voice, all these combined make the young Syrian girl the houri of the paradise of the eye.

These admirable and varied beauties are also by no means rare. I never take an hour's walk into the country without meeting many of them going to the fountain or returning with their Etruscan vases on their shoulders, and their naked legs encircled by silver bracelets. The men and the boys repair on a Sunday for their amusement and recreation

to a fountain, where they repose themselves, stretched upon mats beneath the shade of some great sycamore. They rest there in an inactive state during the whole of the day, relating marvellous stories, and drinking at intervals a cup of coffee or of fresh water; others repair to the top of the hills, and they are there perceived in peaceful groups under their vines and olive trees, appearing to enjoy with delight the sight of the sea, which these coasts command—the clearness of the sky, the song of the birds and all those instinctive delights of the simple and unsophisticated man, which our societies have exchanged for the obstreperous intoxication of the tavern or the fumes of the orgies of Bacchus. Never were the beautiful scenes of creation peopled and animated by more pure or finer impressions. Nature here is in reality a perpetual hymn to the goodness of the Creator; not a false sound, not a single spectacle of misery or of vice, disturbs for the stranger, the ravishing harmony of this hymn—Men, women, birds, animals, trees, mountains, ocean, sky and climate, all is beautiful—all is pure, all is splendid and religious.

November 10th, 1832.

This morning I sallied forth with Julia at an early hour to saunter about on the hill, that the Greeks call San-Dimitri, about a league from Beirout on the road to Lebanon, and following obliquely the curve of the line of the sea. Two of my Arabs accompanied me, one to act as a guide, the other to walk at the head of Julia's horse, and to receive her in his arms, should the horse become too frisky. When the paths became too steep, we dismounted for a short time, and traversed on foot the natural or artificial terraces, which form steps of verdure of the whole of the hill of San-Dimitri. In my infancy I had often fancied to myself this terrestrial paradise, this Eden, which every nation has in its remembrance, whether as a beautiful dream, or as a tradition of a period and an abode more perfect. I have followed Milton in his delightful descriptions of this enchanting abode of our first parents, but here, as in every thing else, nature infinitely

surpasses the imagination, God has not bestowed upon man the power of conception equal to the reality. I have dreamt of Eden; I can now say that I have seen it.

When we had strolled for half an hour under the arches of nopals, which line all the paths of the plain, we began to ascend by little paths more narrow and steep, all of which lead to successive table-lands or platforms, from which the horizon of the country, of the sea, and Lebanon becomes more successively developed. These table-lands of a middling breadth are all surrounded by forest trees, unknown to our climates and of the names of which, I am unfortunately ignorant; but their trunks, the bearing of their branches, the novel and grotesque shape of their conical, dishevelled, and pyramidal tops, sometimes spreading themselves out like wings, impart to this profuse ornamental style of vegetation, a grace and a novelty of aspect which are so decidedly Asiatic. Their foliage is also of every form and every colour, from the black verdure of the cypress to the pale green of the olive, or the bright yellow of the citron; and orange from the broad leaves of the mulberry tree of China, each of which would be sufficient to hide the sun from the face of a child, to the light ramifications of the tea tree, the pomegranate and other innumerable shrubs, the leaves of which resemble those of parsley, and interpose between the spectator and the horizon a light drapery of vegetable network. Along these belts of wood, appears a border of verdure covered with flowers under the shade. The middle of the platforms is sown with barley, and in some one or other of the angles, two or three tops of palm trees or the dark and rounded dome of the colossal carob tree, indicate the spot where an Arab labourer has built his cabin, surrounded by some vines, with a ditch, protected by green palisades of indian fig trees, covered with their prickly fruit, and a little garden of orange trees, wall-flowers and carnations for the purpose of decorating the hair of his daughters. If, by chance, the path conducted us to the door of one of these hidden dwellings, similar to human nests amidst these waves of verdure, we never perceived on the countenance of

these good and happy inhabitants, neither surprise, ill-humour nor anger. They saluted us, whilst smiling at the beauty of Julia, with the pious salutation of the orientals, *Saba-el-Kaïr*, "May it be a blessed day to you." Some of them invited us to rest under their palm tree, bringing to us, according to their riches, either a carpet or a mat, and offering to us some fruit, some milk, or flowers from their gardens. We sometimes accepted of their offer, and promised to come back, bringing with us in return, some european present. But neither their politeness nor hospitality was combined with self-interest. They love the Franks, who know how to cure all maladies, who are acquainted with the virtues of all plants, and who adore the same God, as themselves.

From each of these table lands, we ascended to another, presenting the same scenes, the same enclosures of trees, the same diversity of vegetation on the ground, which they encompass; from table land to table land the magnificent horizon extends itself, whilst the lower ones appear like a draught board of all colours, where the hedges of shrubs, brought nearer and grouped by optical effect, form woods and dark spots under our feet. We followed these platforms from hills to hills, descending at intervals into the valleys which divide them;—valleys a thousand times more shaded, more delightful, even than the hills; all veiled by the curtain of the trees of the terraces, which command them, all buried in these waves of odoriferous vegetation, but all of them having nevertheless, at their opening, a narrow vista towards the plain and the sea. Accordingly as the plain disappears on account of the elevation of these valleys, they appear to decline towards the shore; their trees stand forth in black relief with the blue of the waves, and we amused ourselves sometimes, seated at the foot of a palm tree, with watching the sails of the vessels, which were in reality four or five leagues distant from us, glide slowly from one tree to another, as if they were sailing on a lake, the shore of which was immediately formed by these valleys.

We reached at length, by mere chance, one of the most

complete and perfect landscapes, which my eyes ever beheld. I shall often visit it again.

It was one of the highest of the valleys, open to the east and to the west, and enclosed in the folds of the last chain of hills, which stretch forward over the large valley, in which flows the Narh-Beirout. No words are able to express the immensity of the vegetation which covers its bed and sides: although in both places the latter are formed by the rock itself. They are so clothed with mosses of every sort, so perspiring with humidity, which distils from them drop by drop; so covered with tufts of heath, of fern, of odoriferous herbs, of creeping plants, of ivy and shrubs, strongly rooted in their imperceptible fissures, that it is almost impossible not to believe that it is the rock itself, which produces such exuberant vegetation. It was a thick carpet of one or two feet in thickness, a velvet of thickly interwoven vegetation, shaded with tints of every colour; scattered all over with nosegays of unknown flowers of a thousand forms and odours, which in one place, sleep motionless like the painted flowers on the curtains of our drawing rooms, and in another place when the sea breeze passes over them, raise themselves with the herbs and branches from which they project, like the hair of an animal stroked backwards, shaded with undulating tints, and resembling a river of verdure and flowers, rolling with perfumed waves. At those moments gusts of intoxicating odour fill the air; multitudes of insects with their coloured wings sport in the noontide beam; innumerable birds are perched on the neighbouring trees. The air is filled with their songs, mingling with the hum of swarms of wasps and bees, and with that soft murmur of the earth in spring, which is perhaps properly considered as the sensible noise of the thousand vegetations of its surface. The drops of the dew of night fall from every leaf, sparkle on every blade of grass, and refresh the bed of this little valley, accordingly as the sun rises, and begins to dart its beams above the high tops of the trees and the rocks, by which they are encompassed.

We here breakfasted on a stone, at the edge of a cavern,

in which two gazelles had taken refuge at our approach. We took particular care not to disturb these charming animals in their asylum, which are in these deserts what the lamb is in our meadows, the tame pigeons on the roofs or in the courts of our cottages.

The whole of the valley was hung with the same moving curtains of foliage and carpeted with moss and vegetation; at every step we could scarcely refrain uttering an exclamation of delight; I never remember to have seen so much of life in nature, accumulated and overflowing in so small a space. We traversed the whole length of this valley, seating ourselves from time to time, where the shade was the coolest, and inflicting now and then a blow upon the grass with the hand, to make the drops of dew sparkle, and force it to exhale its gusts of odours, and cause the clouds of insects to rise from its bosom as if from, a golden dust.

How great is God! how infinite and deep must be the source, from which flow so much life, and splendour and goodness. If there be so much to see, to admire, to surprise and confound us in a single small nook of nature, how will it be when the veil of all the worlds will be raised for us, and we shall be able to contemplate the whole of the stupenduous work in its infinity. It is impossible to see and ponder, without being overpowered with the internal evidence in which is reflected the idea of God. All nature is strewn with splendid fragments of the mirror, in which God is depicted.

On arriving near the western entrance of the valley, the sky gradually extends itself; the cliffs become lower; the slope inclines gently under our feet. The summits glittering with the snow of Lebanon, shoot up into the sky, waving with burning vapours. The eye descends from these eternal snows on those black patches of firs, of cypress or cedars; afterwards on those deep ravines, where darkness reposes as if in its nest, and finally, on those rocky peaks of a golden colour, at the foot of which are situate the lofty dwellings of the Maronites and the villages of the Druses; the whole view is finally closed by a belt of woods of olive trees, which

is lost on the borders of the plain. The plain itself, which extends between the hills on which we were, and the bases of the lofty Lebanon, may be about a league in breadth. It is of a sinuous form, and with the eye we can only take in about two leagues of its length; the remainder was concealed from us by hillocks covered with black forests of pines. The Narh-Beirout, or river of Beirout, which issues a few miles distant, from one of the most profound and rocky ravines of Lebanon, divides the plain in almost two equal sections. It flows gracefully full to the banks, at one time contracted within its banks bordered with reeds, similar to fields of sugar cane, at another bursting over upon the mossy ground or under the mastick trees, and forming here and there on the plain some small glittering lakes. All its banks are clothed with vegetation, and we perceived asses, horses, goats, black buffaloes and white cows, scattered in herds along the river, and also some Arab shepherds fording the river on the back of their camels. A little further off we perceived on the first steeps of the mountain, the Maronite monks, clothed in their black robe and cowl, silently driving the plough under the olive trees of their fields. The sound of the convent bell was heard at times calling them to prayer. They then stopped their oxen, resting their pole against the handle of the plough, and throwing themselves on their knees for a few minutes, gave their team a little breathing time, whilst their own aspirations ascended for a moment to Heaven.

On advancing further, and beginning to descend towards the river, we on a sudden came in sight of the sea, which the sides of the valley had hitherto concealed from our view, and of the broad mouth of the Nahr-Beirout, which flowed into it. Not far from this mouth, a Roman bridge, almost in ruins, with very high arches, and without parapets spans the river. A long caravan from Damascus, on its road to Aleppo, is crossing it at this very moment; we perceive them one by one, some on dromedaries, some on horses, emerging from the rushes which shade the abutments of the bridge, mounting slowly to the top of the arches, shewing themselves

for a moment on the blue waves of the sea with their equipage, and their splendid and grotesque costume, then we observed them redescending from this pinnacle of dilapidation and disappearing with their long file of asses and camels under the tufts of reeds, oleanders and plaintains, which shade the opposite bank of the river. A little further off, they are seen re-appearing on the sandy shore, where the high waves have rolled their fringe of foam, even to the feet of the animals on which they are mounted. The immense perpendicular rocks of a projecting cape at last hid them entirely from our view, and which jutting into the sea, form on that side the boundary of the horizon. At the mouth of the river, the sea was of two colours, blue and green in the offing, and sparkling like moving diamonds; yellow and dull at the place where the waters of the river come into contact with the waves and tinge them with their golden sands, which they continually carry along with them into this roadstead. Seventeen vessels at anchor in the gulf labour heavily on the huge waves, with which it is always furrowed; their masts rising and falling like long reeds bent by a gust of wind. Some had their masts bare like the trees in winter, others had their sails unfurled to dry them in the sun, resembling those large white birds of these seas, which hover in the air without the slightest motion of their wings being discernible. The gulf, more glittering than the sky which is over them, reflected a part of the snows of Lebanon, and the monasteries with their embattled walls, at the tops of the jutting peaks. Some fishing boats were passing in full sail to take shelter in the river. The valley under our feet—the declivities towards the plain —the river under the pyramidal arches—the sea with its creeks amongst the rocks—the immense mass of Lebanon with the innumerable varieties of its structure—the pyramids of snow about to plunge themselves, like cones of silver in the depths of the sky, where the eye looks for them like stars—the insensible buzzing of the insects around us—the chanting of a thousand birds on the trees—the lowing of the buffaloes and the moaning, almost human, of the camels of the caravans,

—the hollow and periodical roar of the heavy waves breaking on the sand at the mouth of the river—the illimitable horizon of the Mediterranean—the green and serpentine bed of Narh-Beirout on our right—the embattled and gigantic wall of Lebanon in front—the serene and beaming vault of Heaven, broken only by the summits of the mountain or by the conical shaped tops of the giant trees—the coolness of the perfume of the air in which every thing appear to swim, like an object in the transparent water of a Lake of Switzerland—all these views—all these sounds—all these shadows—all this light—all these impressions formed of this scene, one of the most sublime and graceful landscapes with which my eyes were ever inebriated. What was it then to Julia? she was all emotion—all beaming—all trembling with ecstasy and inward rapture—in regard to myself, I delighted to imprint such spectacles on her infantine imagination. The deity is there more forcibly depicted than in the lines of a catechism, he is there delineated in traits worthy of him; the sovereign beauty, the immense goodness of an all perfect nature, reveal him such as he is to the infant soul; that physical and material beauty is translated for it into a sentiment of moral beauty. The statues of Greece are exhibited to the artist, to inspire him with the instinct of what is beautiful; on the same principle the grand and beautiful scenes of nature should be shown to the youthful soul, in order that the idea which it forms to itself of its Creator may be worthy of it and of him.

We mounted our horses at the foot of the hill, in the plain on the margin of the river; we crossed the bridge; we ascended a few wooded hills of Lebanon as high as the first monastery, which rose, like a strong castle, on a pedestal of granite. The monks recognized me by the report of their Arabs, and received me into the convent. I was shown the cells, the refectory and the chapels. The monks, returning from their labour, were employed in unharnessing their oxen and buffaloes in the large court, which had all the appearance of a large farm yard, encumbered as it was with ploughs, beasts,

dunghills, poultry, and all the implements of an agricultural life. The labour was carried on without any noise or clamour, but without any affectation of silence, and as if by men under the influence of an innate sense of decorum, but not under the dominion of a severe and inflexible rule. The figures of these men were mild, and serene, breathing peace and content, with the aspect of a community of labourers. When the hour of their repast had arrived, they entered the refectory, not in a body, but one by one, or two by two, accordingly as they had finished sooner or later the labour of the moment. The repast consisted, as it did every day, of two or three cakes of flour, kneaded and dried, rather than baked on a hot stone—of water and a few olives preserved in oil; sometimes a little cheese or sour milk is added—such is the nourishment of these hermits: they take their meals either standing or seated on the ground. All the furniture of our countries is unknown to them. After having partaken of their repast, and eaten some of their cake, and drank a glass of excellent wine of Lebanon, which the Superior ordered to be served to us, we visited some of their cells, all of which were alike. A small chamber of five or six feet square, a rush mat and a carpet being the only furniture; a few images of saints nailed against the wall, an Arabic Bible a few Syrian manuscripts, were the only decorations. A long interior gallery covered with thatch, serves as a passage to all the chambers. The prospect enjoyed from the windows of this monastery, as of all the monasteries in general, is most beautiful; the first declivities of Lebanon beneath us; the plain and river of Beirout; the aerial domes of the forests of firs intersecting the horizon of the desert of sand; the sea, encircled, as it were, with the promontories, gulfs, creeks, and rocks, with its white sails crossing it in every direction—such is the prospect constantly before the eyes of these monks. They made us several presents of dried fruits, and some leathern bottles of wine, with which the asses were laden, and we parted from them to return by another route to Beirout. I shall have more to say of these monks at a future period.

We descended by some steep steps cut in the loose blocks of a yellowish and friable free stone, which covers almost all the lower levels of Lebanon. The path winds round these blocks, and in the interstices of the rocks, some shrubs and herbs have struck their roots. There are some beautiful flowers, resembling the tulips of our gardens, but considerably larger. We started several gazelles and a few jackals, that had taken shelter in the hollows, formed by the rocks. A great number of partridges, quails and woodcocks flew away, alarmed at the tread of our horses' feet.

On our arrival in the plain, we again found barley, the vine and the palm tree under cultivation; we traversed nearly the half of it, in the midst of this rich vegetation, and we soon found ourselves at the foot of a large hillock, covered by a forest of Italian pines, with large glades or meadows, on which we could perceive at a distance some herds of camels and goats. This hillock concealed from us the Nahr-Beirout, which it was our desire to cross at its southern part. We made our way under the lofty domes of these beautiful umbelliferous pines, and after having travelled for about a quarter of an hour beneath their shade, we on a sudden heard some loud cries, and the noise of the feet of a multitude of men, women and children running to meet us with the beating of drums, and the music of flutes and fifes. In an instant we were surrounded by five or six hundred savage-looking Arabs. The chiefs clad in their magnificent costumes, but dirty and in tatters, advanced towards us at the head of their music, they saluted us in the oriental style, and paid us many compliments, in appearance of a very respectful kind, but which we were not able to comprehend. Their gestures and their clamours, added to those of the whole tribe, assisted us in some degree to interpret the meaning of their words. They requested us, and it might be said, they almost compelled us, to follow them into the interior of the forest, where their tents were pitched. It was one of the tribes of the Kurds, who come hither from the neighbouring provinces of Persia to pass the winter, sometimes in the

plains of Mesopotamia in the vicinity of Damascus, at another time in those of Syria, bringing with them their families and their flocks. They take possession of a wood, a plain or a hill that has been deserted, and there fix their residence for five or six months. Being far more barbarous than the Arabs, their invasions and proximity are much dreaded in the country. They may be said to be the armed Bohemians of the East.

Surrounded by this crowd of men, women and children, we travelled for some minutes to the sound of their discordant music, and to the exclamations of the multitude, who regarded us with a curiosity, half smiling, half ferocious. We soon found ourselves in the middle of their camp before the entrance of the tent of one of the scheiks of the tribe. They made us dismount; they committed our horses, which they much admired, to the care of some young Kurds, and brought us some Caramanian carpets, on which we seated ourselves at the foot of a tree. Pipes and coffee were brought to us by the slaves of the scheik, whilst the women of the tent brought some camel's milk for Julia. The sight of this camp of savage nomades, in the midst of a gloomy forest of pines, merits a minute description.

The forest in this particular part was but thinly scattered with trees, and intersected with large glades. At the foot of every tree a family had pitched their tent. These tents, however, for the most part, were nothing more than a piece of black cloth, made of goats' hair, attached to the trunk of a tree by a cord, and at the other end, supported by poles stuck into the ground. The cloth seldom covered the whole space occupied by the family; but a fragment only hung down on the windward side, and where the sun shone, shading the floor of the tent and the fire on the hearth. No kind of furniture was to be seen, with the exception of some jars of a blackish earth, laid on their sides, with which the women repaired to the neighbouring fountain to fetch water; a few bottles of goats' skin, sabres and long muskets suspended like fasces to the branches of the trees; some mats and car-

pets and some male and female dresses, scattered here and there on the ground, may be said to constitute the *materiel* of this wandering tribe. A few of these Arabs had two or three square wooden chests painted red, with designs of gilt-headed nails, in which to keep their effects. I could only perceive two or three horses amongst the whole tribe. The greater number of these families had nothing more about their tent than a single ruminating camel lying before the entrance, with its high and intelligent head directed towards it; a few handsome goats with their long black silky hair, and pendent ears; some sheep and buffaloes. Almost all of them had one or two magnificent greyhounds, of a large stature and milk-white skin. These dogs, contrary to the custom of the Mahometans, were fat and well kept; they appeared to know their masters, from which I conjectured that these tribes make use of them for the chace.

The schieks appeared to enjoy an absolute authority, and the slightest signal on their part, re-established that order and silence, which the tumult of our arrival had disturbed.

A few children, having from a spirit of curiosity, committed some slight indiscretions towards us, they had them seized instantaneously by the men, who surrounded us, and driven away towards another quarter of the camp. The men were in general, tall, strong, athletic, handsome and well-made. Their dress, although not exactly denoting poverty, was still decidedly characteristic of negligence. Many of them wore vests of silk, in which were interwoven threads of gold and silver, and blue silk pelisses, lined with rich furs. Their arms were equally remarkable by the chasings and the silver incrustations, with which they were ornamented. The women were neither confined nor veiled; they were even half-naked, especially the young girls of ten or fifteen years old. Their whole dress consisted of pantaloons with very large folds, leaving the legs and feet bare; they all wore bracelets of silver above the ancles. The upper part of the body was covered with a chemise of cotton or silk stuff, tied round the waist, leaving the bosom bare. Their hair, generally of a

jet black, was plaited in long tresses hanging down to the heels and ornamented with pieces of threaded coin; their neck and loins were literally like a cuirass, encased in a net work of piastres, jingling at every step, they look like the scales of a serpent. These women were neither tall, nor fair, nor modest, nor graceful like the Syrian Arabs, nor had they the ferocious and fearful aspect of the Bedouins; they were in general small, and thin, the skin tanned by the sun, but gay, brisk, sportive, active, singing and dancing to the sounds of their music, which had not for a moment suspended its lively and animating air. They showed not the least embarrassment at our looks, nor the least shame at their almost total nakedness before the men of their tribe. The men themselves did not appear to exercise any authority over them, contenting themselves with laughing at their indiscreet curiosity, respecting us, and pushing them gently away with a joke. Some of these young girls were extremely handsome and what in Europe would be called "a killing beauty." The edges of the eyelids of their black eyes were tinged with henna, which greatly added to the vivacity of their look. Their legs and arms were also equally stained of a mahogany colour; their teeth were as white as ivory, which contrasted with their lips tattooed blue, and their sun-burnt complexions imparted to their countenances and smiles, a savage, but not a ferocious character. They bear some resemblance to the girls of Provence or Naples, with their arched forehead—their free and active gait, their smile of frankness, and the ease and freedom of their manners. Their figure is deeply engraven on the memory, because figures of this character are seldom seen twice.

We were encircled by about one or two hundred persons of the tribe; when we had completed our observations uqon their camp, their figures and their labours, we gave them to understand, that we were desirous to remount our horses. As soon as our horses were brought forward, they were so frightened by the singular aspect, and the cries of the surrounding multitude, and the sound of the tambourins, that the

scheik ordered two of his women to carry Julia to the outskirts of the forest, the whole tribe accompanying us the whole of the distance.

We remounted our horses, but previously to our departure, the scheik offered us a goat and a camel, which, however, we declined. In return, we gave them a handful of Turkish piastres, which the young girls divided amongst them, to add to those of their necklaces, and we gave two gazzis of gold to the wives of the schiek. At a short distance from the forest, we fell in again with the river, which we forded, and beneath the oleanders which fringed its banks, we met about a hundred young girls of the tribe of Kurd, on their return from Beirout, where they had been to buy some earthen jars, and some pieces of stuff for a bride of their tribe. They were halting here to have a dance in the shade, each holding in her hand one of the articles of the domestic economy or of the dress of their companion. They followed us a long way with their usual cries and clamour, frequently laying hold of Julia's dress and the manes of our horses, with the view of obtaining some pieces of money, which we had no sooner thrown to them, than they ran away and threw themselves into the river, to rejoin their camp with all possible speed. After having crossed the Nahr-Beirout and the other half of the cultivated plain, shaded by young palm trees and firs, we entered upon the hills of red sand which extend eastward of Beirout, between the sea and the valley of the river. It is a portion of the desert of Egypt, touching the foot of Lebanon, and surrounded by magnificent oasises, the sand of which is as red as ochre, and as fine as an impalpable dust. According to the report of the Arabs, this desert of red sand has not been carried thither by the winds, nor accumulated by the waves, but vomited forth by a subterranean torrent, which communicates with the desert of Gaza and El-Arisch, affirming that springs of sand exist as well as springs of water and by way of substantiating their hypothesis, they show the colour and the form of the sand of the sea, which in not one of its essentials, resembles that of the desert; the

contrast of their colour is also as great, as between a quarry of marble and one of granite. Be it, however, as it may, whether this sand be vomited by subterranean springs, or scattered there by the violent winds of winter, it spreads out in plains of five or six leagues in breadth, or forms itself into mountains or vallies, which change their form with every tempest. After a person has travelled for a short time amongst these undulating labyrinths, it becomes next to an impossibility to determine where he is; the hills of sand conceal the horizon from him on every quarter; no path presents itself on the surface of these billows of sand; the horse and the camel passing over them without leaving any more visible trace, than a vessel leaves upon the water; the slightest breeze effaces every mark. Some of these sandy downs were so steep that our horses could scarcely descend them, and we consequently proceeded with the greatest caution, for fear of being engulfed in the numerous quagmires, occasioned by these oceans of sand. Not a single trace of vegetation is to be seen, with the exception of a few large bulbs of plants, which roll'd at times under the feet of our horses. The impression of these moving solitudes is sad and mournful; it is a tempest without a noise, but with all its images of death. When the Simoon, the wind of the desert rises, these hills undulate like the waves of the sea, and rolling back in silence over the deep vallies, often engulf the camels and caravans; they make an inroad every year of some few paces over those portions of cultivated land, which surround them, and on their ridges are seen the tops of palm or fig trees, which rise defoliaged on their surface, like the masts of a vessel, swallowed up by the waves; we heard no other noise than the distant and heavy sound of the waves of the sea breaking about a league from us upon the rocks; The setting sun tinged the crests of these mountains of red dust with a colour resembling that of a red hot iron immediately from the furnace, or darting its rays upon the vallies, inundated them with fire like the avenues of a burning edifice. At intervals, on finding ourselves at the top of a hill, we

discerned the white peaks of Lebanon or the sea, with its fringe of foam, lining the long sinuous coasts of the gulf of Saida; then suddenly we plunged again into the ravines of sand, and we could see no other object than the sky above our heads.

I followed Julia, who often looked back towards me, with her beautiful countenance suffused with emotion and fatigue, and I read in her eyes, which appeared to wish to penetrate into my feelings, the impressions of terror mingled with enthusiasm and delight. The roar had increased, and indicated our vicinity to the shore, and we on a sudden discovered it from a steep, perpendicular hill, immediately at the feet of our horses, about two hundred feet at least from the Mediterranean. The ground, solid and sonorous under our feet, although still covered by a light layer of white sand, indicated that rock was the substratum of the land; it was, in reality the rock which lines all the coasts of Syria. We had arrived by chance at one of the points of this coast, where the contest of stone and water presents to the eye the most extraordinary spectacle. The repeated shock of the waves, or the earthquakes have detached in this place from the continuous mass of the coasts immense hillocks of stone, which rolling into the sea, and fixing themselves in a perpendicular position, have been worn, smoothened and polished by the waves of centuries, and have assumed the most extraordinary shapes. At about a hundred feet distant from us, one of these upright rocks rose before us, projecting out of the sea, and rearing its peak above the level of the coast. The waves in beating incessantly against it, have split it in the middle, and thereby formed a gigantic arch, similar to the entrance of a triumphal monument. The interior sides of this arch were as polished and shining as the marble of Carrara; the waves, on retiring, leave the sides, exposed to the view, streaming with the foam which fall on them with the waves; then, on the return of the waves, they rush with the roar of thunder into the arch which they fill to the very roof and contracted by the shock, they rebound from it in a torrent of fresh foam, which

they spouted out in furious breadths even to the summit of the rock, from which they fell in tresses or dazzling showers of dust.

Our horses shuddered with alarm at every return of the wave, and we could not withdraw our eyes from this conflict of the elements. During our journey of about half an hour, the coast is inundated with these magnificent sports of nature; in some places there are embattled towers, covered all over with the nests of the sea swallow, and natural bridges connecting the shore with the rocks and under which may be heard, in passing, the roar of the subterranean waves; there are in certain places some rocks perforated by the ebbing of the waves which spout forth the foam of the sea under the feet of our horses, like the conduits of fountains of water. The water rises several feet from the ground in an immense column, and then recedes murmuring into its abysses on the retiring of the wave. At the moment that we passed it, the sea came rolling on, in broad and high blue billows, raising their transparent crests on approaching the rocks, and breaking against them with such a crash, that the shore trembled to a great distance, and we fancied that we could see the vacillation of the marine arch, which was before us. After these terrible and silent solitudes which we had just traversed, the illimitable prospect of an immense ocean without a single vessel, at that hour of the night when the first shadows began to throw a dark shade over its abysses; those gigantic fractures of the coast, and the tumultuous roar of the waves, which made enormous rocks to roll over as easily, as the feet of a bird make a grain of sand; the gusts of the breeze on our foreheads and the manes of our horses; those immense subterranean echoes which multiplied the heavy roar of the tempest—all these objects made such a diversified, solemn and strong impression on our souls, that we could scarcely speak, whilst some tears of emotion glistened in the eyes of Julia.

We entered again in silence the desert of red sand, crossing it in its narrowest part, on approaching the hills of Beirout, and at the setting of the sun, we found ourselves under the

grand forest of firs of the Emir Fakar-el-din. There, Julia, recovering her voice, turned towards me, and said in a tone of enthusiasm. Have I not had the most delightful journey, which the world could offer me? Oh! how great is God, and how great is his goodness to me, she added, in having selected me, when so young to contemplate such beautiful objects.

It was night when we dismounted at the door of the house, and we projected some other excursions during the days, that might intervene before our journey to Damascus.

THE COLONIES OF LEBANON.

THE MARONITES.

The Maronites, of whom I am now speaking, have their history from its very cradle, veiled in darkness. History, which is in itself so incomplete and fabulous in everything which relates to the primitive ages of our era, leaves considerable doubt existing on the different causes which have been assigned to their institutions. They have very few books, subject, however, neither to criticism nor censorship. Nevertheless, as it is always better to refer to what a people know of themselves, than to the vain speculations of travellers, the following may be considered as the result of their own history.

A holy hermit, of the name of Marron, lived about the year 400, of whom Theodoric and St. Chrysostom, both make mention. Marron chose the desert as his residence, and his disciples being scattered amongst the different regions of Syria, built there several monastries, the principal of which was in the vicinity of Apamea, on the fertile banks of the Orontes. All the Syrian Christians, who were not at that time infected with the heresy of the Monothelites, took refuge amongst these monasteries, and from this circumstance took the name of Maronites. Volney, who lived a few months amongst them, has collected the best and most authentic information of their origin. It agrees in a great measure with that, which I myself collected from their local

traditions. Whatever, however, may be their early history, the Maronites at this day constitute a people governed by the purest theocracy, which has resisted the influence of time; a theocracy which being incessantly threatened by the tyranny of the Mussulmans, has been obliged to remain moderate and protective, and allow the principles of civil liberty to germinate, which are now on the point of developping themselves among this people. The nation of the Maronites, which according to Volney, computed in 1784, was about one hundred and twenty thousand souls, reckons at this time more than two hundred thousand, and are increasing daily. Their territory is about one hundred and fifty square leagues, but the limits of this territory are by no means definite. It extends over the sides of Mount Lebanon, in the valleys and plains by which it is surrounded, in proportion as the swarms of the population establish themselves in new villages. The town of Zharklé at the mouth of the valley of Bkaa, opposite Balbec, which about twenty years ago counted scarcely a thousand or twelve hundred souls, now contains ten or twelve thousand, and are increasing daily.

The Maronites are subject to the Emir Beschir, and with the Druses and Motoualis form a kind of despotic confederation, under the government of that emir. Although the members of these three nations are different in origin, religion and manners, and that they seldom intermix with each other in the same villages, the interest which they take in the defence of their common liberty, and the strong and politic government of the Emir Beschir, retain them in one common and indissoluble band. With their numerous habitations, they cover a space comprehended between Latakia and St. Jean d'Acre on one side, and Damascus and Beirout on the other. I shall enter into a separate detail of the Druses and Motoualis.

The Maronites occupy the most central valleys and the most elevated ranges of the principal group of Mount Lebanon, from the vicinity of Beirout to Tripoli in Syria. The declivities of these mountains, which decline towards the sea,

are fertile, watered by numerous rivers and inexhaustible waterfalls, and produce silk, oil, barley and wheat. The heights are almost inaccessible and the naked rock projects through the sides of these mountains, but the indefatigable activity of these people, who have no other sure asylum for their religion than behind those peaks and precipices, has imparted fertility even to the rocks; it has erected from stage to stage, even to the highest peaks, even to the eternal snows, some terraced walls formed with the blocks detached from the rocks, and on these terraces, it has deposited the little portion of vegetable earth, which the waters carry down into the ravines; it has even pulverized the rock itself to render its dust fertile, by mixing it with that little portion of earth, and it has converted the whole of Lebanon into a garden full of mulberry, fig, olive and other fruit trees. The traveller can scarcely recover from his astonishment, after having during the whole of the day climbed the almost perpendicular sides of the mountains, which are one entire mass of rock, he finds all on a sudden, in the depths of an elevated ravine or on the platform of a pyramid of mountains, a handsome village built of white stone, inhabited by a numerous and opulent population, with a Moorish castle in the middle, a monastery at a distance, a torrent which rolls foaming at the foot of the village, and all around a horizon of vegetation and verdure in which the firs, the chestnut and mulberry trees give shadow to the vine or to the fields of maize or wheat. These villages are sometimes suspended one over the other, almost perpendicularly; a stone may be thrown from one village to the other; the inhabitants can even speak to each other, and yet the declivity of the mountain requires so many turnings and and windings to trace out the path of communication, that it requires an hour or two to pass from one dwelling to another.

In every one of these villages resides a scheik, a kind of feudal lord, who is invested with the administration of the laws of the country, but although it be exercised summarily and according to the most simple prerogatives of police by

the scheiks, it is neither absolute nor without an appeal. The supreme administration belongs to the emir and his divan. Justice is administered partly by the emir, and partly by the bishops, there is, however, a conflicting jurisdiction between the emir and the ecclesiastical authority. The patriarch of the Maronites reserves to himself the decision of all cases in which the civil is at variance with the religious law, such as marriages, dispensations, divorces &c. The prince is obliged to use the greatest caution, and to act with the most circumspect policy towards the patriarch and the bishops, the authority of the clergy over the minds of their flocks, being all powerful and incontestable. The clergy consist of the patriarch, elected by the bishops and confirmed by the pope; of a legate of the pope sent from Rome, whose residence is either at the monastery of Antoura or of Kenoubin; of bishops; of the superiors of monasteries and the curates. Although the Romish church has strictly maintained the law of celibacy amongst the priests in Europe, and that many of its writers have pretended to discover a dogmatical law in that rule of its discipline, yet, it has been constrained to cede this point in the East, and although the priests are fervent, and devout catholics yet they are amongst the Maronites, almost all, married men. This privilege of marriage, however, does not extend either to the monks, who live in community, nor to the bishops, the secular clergy and the curates being alone in the enjoyment of it. The secluded life of the Arab women; the simplicity of the patriarchal manners of this people, and custom itself obviate all inconvenience, which might arise from this rule of the Maronite clergy. And so far from its being injurious to the purity of the sacerdotal manners, as some pretend to declare, in respect, to the regard of the people for the ministers of their faith, or to the precepts of confession, it may be affirmed with truth, that in no country of Europe, are the clergy so pure, so exclusively devoted to their ministry, so reverenced and possessing so much influence over the people, as is exhibited in this country. If we wish to be a witness of what the imagination has pictured to itself of the

period of christianity in its juvenility and purity, if we have a wish to behold the simplicity and the fervour of the primitive faith, purity of manners, disinterestedness of the ministers of charity; sacerdotal influence devoid of abuse; authority without dominion; poverty without mendicity, dignity without pride, prayer, vigils, sobriety, chastity and manual labour, the residence of the Maronites should be visited. The most rigid philosopher would not find any reform necessary, either in the public or private life of these priests, who have signalized themselves as the models, the counsellors and the servants of the people.

There are at least two hundred Maronite monasteries of the different orders on the surface of Mount Lebanon, which are inhabited by twenty or twenty-five thousand monks, who are neither rich nor mendicant; nor the oppressors, nor the extortioners of the people. They are societies of men simple and laborious, who wishing to devote themselves to a life of prayer, and freedom of thought, renounce the cares incidental to the rearing of a family, in order to consecrate themselves to God and the culture of the earth in one of these retreats. Their life as I have just shown, is that of a laborious peasant. They tend their cattle and their silkworms; they cleave the rocks; they build with their own hands the terraced walls of their fields, they dig, plough and reap. The monasteries possess very little ground, and admit no more monks than the soil can possibly maintain. I have lived a long time amongst these people; I have visited many monasteries, and I never heard of a single immoral act committed by these monks. There is not even a single murmur raised against them. Each monastery is nothing more than a poor farm, the servants of which are voluntary ones, and receive no other salary than the roof which covers them, the food of the anchoret, and the prayers of their church. Useful labour is so much the law of man, and so much the indispensable condition of happiness and virtue here below, that I never saw one of these recluses, who did not carry on his features the imprint of peace of soul, of contentment

and health. The bishops possess an absolute authority over the monasteries, that are within their jurisdiction, which however, is very contracted. Every large village has its own bishop.

The Maronite people, whether descended from the Arabs or the Syrians, partake of all the virtues of the clergy, and form a distinct race from all others in the East; they may be regarded as a European colony, cast by chance into the midst of the tribes of the desert; their physiognomy is nevertheless Arabian; the men are tall, handsome, with a frank and haughty look, and a mild and intellectual smile. Their eyes are blue, the nose aquiline, the beard white, the gesture noble; the voice grave and guttural, the manners polished without servility; the costume splendid, and their weapons glittering. On travelling through a village and beholding the schiek seated at the door of his terraced dwelling; his beautiful horses tethered in the court, and the principal inhabitants of the village clad in their rich pelisses, with their sashes of red silk stuck full of yatagans and silver handled kangiars, their heads covered with an immense turban composed of stuffs of different colours, with a large lappet of purple silk falling on the shoulder, we might fancy ourselves amongst a nation of kings. They are attached to the Europeans as if they were their brothers and compatriots; and particularly to the French by the bond of a communion of religion, the strongest of all ties; it is their belief that the Europeans protect them against the Turks by their consuls and ambassadors. They receive into their villages, our travellers, our missionaries, our young interpreters, who repair thither to study the Arabic in the same manner as distant relations are received into a family; the traveller, the missionary, the young interpreter becomes the cherished guest of the whole country. He is lodged either in the monastery or with the schiek; he is amply provided with every thing which the country affords; he accompanies the sportsmen on their hawking parties, he is introduced with the utmost confidence into the society even of the females; he is always

addressed with the utmost respect, and indissoluble bonds of friendship are cemented between them which are never broken, the remembrance of which the chiefs of families transmit to their children. I make no doubt that if these people were better known, if the magnificent country which they inhabit were more frequently visited, that many Europeans would settle amongst the Maronites. Beauty of scenery—admirable perfection of climate, moderation in the prices of all things—analogy of religion—hospitality of manners, individual safety and tranquillity—all these things concur in rendering a residence amongst these people desirable—and in regard to myself, if man could wholly estrange himself; if he were not obliged to live there, where providence has indicated to him his cradle and his grave, and there to love and serve his compatriots; if an involuntary exile were ever to become my lot, I should not find it in any place more supportable and delightful, than in one of the peaceful villages of the Maronites, at the foot or on the side of the Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, and benevolent people with a view of the sea and of eternal snows, under the palm or orange trees of one of the gardens of these monasteries. The most admirable police, the result of religion and manners, far more than of any refined legislation, predominates over the whole extent of the country inhabited by the Maronites. A person may travel alone, and without a guide, night or day, without being in fear of either being robbed, or suffering any personal violence; crimes are almost unknown. The stranger is a sacred object to the Mahommetan Arab, but far more sacred to the Christian Arab; the door of the latter is open to him at all hours; he kills his goat to do honour to his guest, he surrenders to him his mat of rushes, on which to rest himself.

In every village there is a church or a chapel, in which the ceremonies of the catholic worship are celebrated in the Syriac form and language. At that part of the service where gospel is read, the priest turns to the congregation and reads to them the lesson of the day in Arabic. The religions which

are more lasting than the human race, preseve their sacred language, when the people have lost their own.

The Maronites are brave, and like almost all mountaineers, are by nature, warriors. At the command of the Emir Beschir, they can muster from thirty to forty thousand men, whether for the defence of the inaccessible paths of their mountains, or to rush upon the plain, and make Damascus and the towns of Syria tremble. The Turks never dare make an excursion into the Lebanon, when the Maronites are at peace amongst themselves. The Pachas of Acre and Damascus have never ventured to enter it, except when internal dissensions called them to the aid of one party or the other. I know not if I be mistaken, but I believe that the Maronite people are reserved for a great destiny; a people virgin and primitive in their manners, their religion and their courage; a people, who possess the traditional virtues of the patriarchs, property, a little liberty, much patriotism, and who, by a similitude of religion, and the relations of commerce and agriculture, become daily more and more impregnated with the western civilization. Whilst every thing around them appears to perish from impotency or age; they seem perpetually to renew their youth, and to acquire fresh strength. In proportion as Syria becomes depopulated; they will descend from their mountains, establish commercial towns on the sea shore: they will cultivate the fertile plains, which at the present day belong only to the jackals and the gazelles, and they will establish a new government in those countries, where the old ones have perished. If at some future time, a great man should rise amongst them, whether from the ranks of the all-powerful clergy, or from the bosom of one of those families of the emirs or the scheiks whom they revere; if such a man has an eye to the future, and forms an alliance with one of the powers of Europe, he would easily renew the prodigies of Mahommed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and leave behind him the true germe of an empire in Arabia. Europe is interested in the realization of this speculation; it would be a colony ready made for her on these beautiful shores, and Syria re-

peopling itself with a christian, and industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean with a commerce, which is languishing, it would open the passage to India, drive back the nomade and barbarous tribes of the desert, and revive and re-animate the East. There is here more to be looked for from the future than in Egypt. Egypt has only *one man*, Lebanon has *one people*.

THE DRUSES.

The Druses, who with the Motoualis and the Maronites constitute the principal population of Lebanon, have been considered for a long time as a European colony, left in the East by the Crusaders. Nothing, however, can be more absurd. That which is preserved for the longest time amongst a people, are religion and the language. The Druses are idolators and speak Arabic, they therefore are not the descendants of a frank and christian people. The greater probability exists, that they are like the Maronites, an Arab tribe of the desert, who having refused to adopt the religion of the Prophet, and being prosecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of Lebanon, there to defend their gods and their liberty, and they have succeeded; they often maintained a preponderance over the people, who with them inhabit Syria, and the history of their principal chief, the Emir Fakar-el-din, which by corruption, we call Fakardin, has rendered them celebrated, even in Europe.

It was at the commencement of the seventeenth century, that this prince made his first appearance in history. On his appointment of governor of the Druses, he gained the confidence of the Porte. He repelled the ferocious tribes of Balbec, delivered Tyre and St. Jean d'Acre from the Bedouin Arabs, drove the Aga from Beirout, and established his capital in that city. In vain did the pachas of Aleppo and Damascus issue their threats against him, and denounced him to the Porte; he bribed his judges, and either by stratagem or force triumphed over all his enemies. The Porte, however, warned so often of the progress of the Druses, formed the resolution to suppress them by force of arms, and for that purpose set

on foot a formidable expedition. It was the policy of Fakar-el-din to temporize. He had formed certain alliances and had concluded treaties of commerce with the princes of Italy. He repaired thither himself to solicit of those princes, the assistance which they had promised him. During his absence he confided the government to his son Ali, embarked at Beirout and repaired to the court of the Medicis at Florence. The arrival of a Mahometan prince in Europe excited at that time considerable attention. The report was circulated that Fakar-el-din was a descendant of the house of Lorraine, and that the Druses derived their origin from the companions of a Count de Dreux, who remained in Lebanon after the Crusades. In vain did Benjamin of Tudela, the historian, make mention of the Druses before the period of the Crusades; the skilful adventurer was by no means backward in propagating this new opinion, in order to interest the sovereigns of Europe in his favour.

After a sojourn of nine years in Florence, the Emir Fakar-el-din returned to Syria. His son Ali, had repulsed the Turks, and preserved inviolate the provinces which had been conquered by his father. The emir restored to him the government, and corrupted by the arts and luxuries of Florence he forgot, that he reigned solely under the condition of inspiring his enemies with respect and terror. He built and ornamented, some magnificent palaces, at Beirout, like the Italian palaces with statues and paintings, which inflicted a severe wound upon the prejudices of the orientals. His subjects began to utter their complaints; the Sultan Amurath IV became irritated, and sent afresh the Pacha of Damascus with a powerful army against Fakar-el-din. Whilst the pacha made a descent upon Lebanon, a Turkish fleet blockaded the port of Beirout. Ali, the oldest son of the emir, and governor of Saphad was killed in fighting against the army of the Pacha of Damascus. On this, Fakar-el-din sent his second son on board the ship of the admiral to sue for peace. The dmiral, however, detained the child as a prisoner, and refused to enter into any negotiation. The emir fled in con-

sternation, and shut himself up with a few faithful friends in the inaccessible rocks of Nilka. The Turks, having in vain besieged him for a year and a half, withdrew their forces. Fakar-el-din being at liberty, took the road to his mountain, but betrayed by some of the companions of his fortune, he was delivered over to the Turks and conducted to Constantinople. Prostrate at the feet of Amurath, that prince at first behaved to him with generosity and benevolence. He gave him a palace and slaves, but a short time afterwards on account of some suspicions of Amurath, the brave and unfortunate Fakar-el-din was strangled.

The Turks, according to their politics, are satisfied with the removal of an enemy, who has given them umbrage, but who, in other matters respect the customs of the people and the traditional legitimacies of families, allowed the posterity of Fakar-el-din to reign unmolested. It is scarcely a century ago that by the death of the last descendant of the celebrated emir, the sceptre of Lebanon passed into the hands of another family, that of Chab, originally of Mecca, and the active chief of which, the aged Emir Beschir, governs those countries at the present day.

The religion of the Druses is a mystery, which no traveller has yet been able to penetrate. I am acquainted with several Europeans, who have lived a number of years, in the midst of these people, and who in this particular have confessed to me their ignorance. Lady Stanhope herself, who might form an exception, by her customary residence in the midst of the Arabs of their tribe, and by the devotedness with which she inspires those men, whose language she speaks and whose manners she follows, informed me that even to her, the religion of the Druses was a mystery. The majority of the travellers who have written upon this subject, affirm that their worship is only a schism of Mahometanism; I am, however, thoroughly convinced that those travellers are mistaken. One fact is certain, which is, that the religion of the Druses permits them to adopt the creed of those people, with whom they enter into any communication, and hence has arisen the opinion, that

they were schismatic Mahometans. Such, however, is not the case, for it is an ascertained fact that they worship the calf. They have their institutions like the people of antiquity, being divided into two sects, *the Akkals, or those who know,* and *the Djahels, or those who do not know,* and accordingly as a Druse is of this or that caste, he conforms to this or that form of worship. Moses, Mahomet and Jesus, are the three names, which they hold the most in veneration. They assemble one day in the week, each in the consecrated place according to the degree of initiation which each caste has attained, and accomplish their rites. During the ceremonies, guards are stationed, in order to prevent any profane person from approaching the initiated; the intruder is punished with instant death. The women are admitted to these mysteries. The priests, or Akkals, are married, and have a sacerdotal hierarchy. The chiefs of the Akkals, or the Sovereign Pontiff of the Druses resides at the village of El-Mutna. After the death of a Druse, an assemblage is held round the tomb and testimonies received of his mode of life. Should those testimonies be favourable, the Akkal cries out "May the Almighty have compassion upon thee." Should the testimonies be otherwise; the priests and the assembly preserve a deep silence. The people in general believe in the transmigration of souls, and if the life of a Druse has been pure, he will come to life again in a man favoured by fortune, he will be brave and esteemed by his compatriots; if he has led a vicious or dissolute life, he will revive as a camel or a dog.

The schools for children are numerous, which are under the directions of the Akkals, and the pupils are there taught to read the Koran. Sometimes, when the population is small in a village, and there is a deficiency of schools, they allow their children to attend the schools of the christians; at a future period, when they initiate them in their mysterious rites, they efface from their mind all traces of christianity. The women, as well as the men are admitted to the sacerdotal office. Divorces are frequent, and the crime of adultery may be ransomed. The rites of hospitality are held sacred,

and neither a menace nor a bribe could ever induce a Druse, to deliver up, even to his prince, the guest who had sought an asylum under his roof. At the time of the battle of Navarino, the European inhabitants of the towns of Syria, dreading the vengeance of the Turks, retired for several months amongst the Druses, and there lived in perfect security. Their proverbial moral, like that of the gospel is that all men are brothers, but it is a maxim, with the practice of which they are better acquainted than we are. Our words our evangelical, and our laws are pagan.

According to my opinion, the Druses are one of those people, whose origin is lost in the darkness of time, but which may be carried back to the most remote antiquity; their race, physically considered, has a great affinity with the Jewish, and the worship of the calf would lead me to believe that they are descended from those people of Arabia Petræa, who instigated the Jews to that kind of idolatry, or that they are of Samaritan origin. Accustomed at the present day to a fraternity with the Maronite Christians, and detesting the yoke of the Mahometans; numerous, rich, easily disciplined, attached to agriculture and commerce, they will easily be incorporated with the Maronite people, and will advance with an equal step in civilization, provided their religious rites be respected.

THE MOTOUALIS.

The Motoualis, who constitute about a third of the population of the lower Lebanon are Mahometans of the sect of Ali, which is the predominant one in Persia. The Turks, on the contrary are of the sect of Omar. This schism in Islamism took place about the 36th year of the Hejira. The partizans of Ali denounce Omar as the usurper of the Caliphat. They have two saints, Hassein and Ali; they neither eat nor drink with the sectarians of any other religion than their own, and they break the plate or glass which a stranger has used; they consider themselves defiled, if their garments come into contact with ours; nevertheless as they are generally weak and

despised in Syria, they accommodate themselves to the times, and I have had several in my service, who did not observe in a very rigorous manner those precepts of their intolerance. Their origin is well known. About the sixteenth century they were the masters of Balbec. Their tribe, as it increased extended themselves at first over the sides of the anti-Lebanon, around the desert of Bkaa. At a later period, they crossed the desert, and intermingled with the Druses in that part of the mountains, which reigns between Tyre and Saida. The Emir Yaousouf, uneasy at their proximity, armed the Druses against them, and repulsed them from the side of Saphad and the mountains of Galilee. Daher, Pacha of Acre, took them under his protection and formed an alliance with them in 1760. They were then sufficiently numerous to furnish him with ten thousand horsemen. At this period, they took possession of the ruins of Tyre, a village on the sea shore, now called Sour; they fought valiantly against the Druses, and completely defied the army of the Emir Yaousouf, composed of twenty-five thousand men, whereas they amounted to only five hundred, but rage and revenge had converted them into so many heroes, and the intestine disputes which divided the Druses, one part in favour of the Emir Mansour, and the other part in favour of Yaousouf, contributed not a little to the success of the Motoualis. They forsook Daher, the Pacha of Acre, and their desertion was the cause of his death. His successor, Djezzar, cruelly revenged himself upon them. Since the year 1777, Djezzar Pacha, being master of Saida and Acre, laboured incessantly to effect the destruction of this people. His persecutions compelled them to effect a reconciliation with the Druses; they espoused the cause of the Emir Yaousouf, and although reduced to seven or eight hundred fighting men, they accomplished more for the common cause in this campaign, than the twenty thousand Druses and Maronites assembled at Deir-el-Kamar. By their own prowess alone, they took possession of the fortress of Mar-Djebba and put eight hundred Arnauts to the point of the sword. The following year being driven from Balbec, aftre a

desperate resistance, they took refuge to the number of five or six hundred families, amongst the Druses and Maronites; at a later period they re-descended into that valley, and at the present day they occupy the magnificent ruins of Heliopolis; the greater part of the nation, however, have remained on the declivities and valleys of Lebanon, on the side of the Sour. The principality of Balbec has been in later times the subject of an obstinate dispute between two brothers of the family of Harfousch, Djadjha and Sultan, who have alternately obtained possession of this heap of ruins, and who in this war, have lost more than eighty persons of their own family. Since the year 1810, the Emir Djadjha has reigned definitively over Balbec.

THE AUSARIANS.

The most correct information relative to the nation of the Ausarians, who occupy the western part of the chain of Lebanon and the plains of Latakia, has been furnished us by Volney, and to which, I can add but little of my own. Idolators like the Druses, they conceal, like them, their religious rites in the dark mysteries of initiation, but, if any thing, they are more barbarous. I shall merely refer to that part of their history posterior to 1807.

At that period, a tribe of Ausarians, feigning a quarrel with their chief, quitted his territory in the mountains, and proceeded to seek for an asylum and protection from the Emir Maszyad, who eagerly taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity of weakening his enemies by dividing them, received the Ausarians as well as their schiek Mahmoud within the walls of Maszyad, and extended his hospitality so far as to dislodge a number of the inhabitants to make room for the fugitives. During several months, the greatest tranquillity prevailed, but one day, when the greater portion of the Ismaelites of Maszyad, had left their town to work in the fields, on a signal being given, the Ausarians attacked the emir and his son, stabbed them both, took possession of the castle, massacred all the Ismaelites, who were in the town,

and set fire to it. On the following day, a considerable number of Ausarians came to Maszyad and joined the perpetrators of this abominable conspiracy, the secret of which was kept by a whole people for about four or five months. About three hundred Ismaelites perished in this affair. The remainder took refuge in Hama, Homs, or Tripoli.

The pious practices and manners of the Ausarians induced Burchhardt to believe that they were an expatriated tribe from Hindostan. Without stopping to investigate that point, it is certain that they were established in Syria a long time before the conquest of the Ottomans; some amongst them are even to this day idolators. The worship of the dog, which appears to have been held in high honour by the Syrians and given the name to the River of the Dog, *Narh-el-Kelb* near the ancient Berytus, is, it is said, still preserved amongst some Ausarian families. These people are on the decline, and would be easily expelled or subjugated by the Druses and the Maronites.

November 18th, 1832.

I am just arrived from an excursion to the monastery of Antoura, one of the most beautiful and celebrated of all Lebanon. On leaving Beirout, we travelled for about an hour along the sea shore, under an arch of trees of all kinds of foliage and forms, the greater part of which were fruit trees, figs, pomegranates, oranges, aloes, sycamore figs, a gigantic tree, the innumerable fruit of which, similar to small figs, instead of hanging from the extremity of the branches, are attached to the trunk and branches like moss. After having crossed the river by the Roman bridge, which I have previously described, we travelled over a sandy beach, as far as Cape Batroun, formed by an arm of the Lebanon projecting into the sea. This arm, however, is nothing more than a rock, in which in remote ages a shelving road has been cut, from which the prospect is magnificent. The sides of the rock are covered in several places with Grecian, Latin and Syriac inscriptions, and with figures sculptured in the rock itself, the symbols and significations of which are lost. It is probable

that they refer to the worship of Adonis, formerly practised in these countries, for according to tradition, temples were erected, and funeral ceremonies performed in honour of him, near the spot where he perished. It is supposed that this event took place on the border of the river, which we had just crossed.

On descending this high and picturesque road, the character of the country becomes on a sudden wholly changed. The look of the traveller is lost in a narrow, deep ravine, entirely filled by another river, Narh-el-Kelb, or the River of the Dog. It flows sluggishly and silently between two sides of perpendicular rocks, two or three hundred feet in height. In some places it fills the whole valley, in others it leaves only a narrow margin between its waters and the rocks. This margin is covered with trees, sugar canes, reeds, and climbing plants, which form a green and thick arch over banks, and in some instances, cover the entire bed of the river. A ruined khan is situate on the rock, on the edge of the water, opposite a bridge, so slenderly built, that it cannot be crossed without considerable alarm. On the sides of the rocks, which form this valley, the patience of the Arabs has cut some paths of stone steps, which hang almost perpendicularly over the river, but which must be ascended and descended on horseback. We placed our whole confidence in the instinct of our hind-footed horses, but it was impossible, in some places, not to shut our eyes, that we might not see the height of the steps, the polish of the stones, the inclination of the path, and the depth of the precipice. It was here that the last legate of the pope to the Maronites was, a few years ago, precipitated into the abyss by a false step of his horse, and perished. On egressing from this path, we found ourselves on some high table lands, with cultivated grounds, vineyards, and small Maronite villages. Before us we perceived on a hillock, a new pretty house of Italian architecture, with a portico, terraces, and balustrades. It was the residence of Signor Lozanna, bishop of Abydos, and resident legate of the Holy See in Syria, built by him as a winter

retreat. During the summer he resides in the monastery of Kanobin, the residence of the patriarch, and the ecclesiastical metropolis of the Maronites. This monastery, situated at a greater elevation in the mountain, is almost inaccessible, and buried during the winter amongst the snows.

Signor Lozanna, a man of elegant manners, of Italian habits, of a cultivated mind, of profound erudition, and an acute and solid understanding, has been fortunately selected by the court of Rome, as the representative of the politics and the director of the catholic influence amongst the superior Maronite clergy. At Paris or Vienna, he would make a most able representative, being the type of one of those Roman prelates, heirs of the great and noble diplomatic traditions of that government, in which power is not considered, but talent and personal dignity above every thing.

Signor Lozanna is by birth a Piedmontese, and it is certain that he will not remain long in these solitudes, as Rome will have occasion for his services on a more stormy theatre. He is one of those men by whom fortune is justified, and which is written before hand on an intelligent countenance. He judiciously assumes amongst these people an oriental luxury, and a solemnity of costume and manners, without which the men of Asia would not acknowledge either sanctity or authority. He has adopted the Arabian costume; his immense beard, carefully combed, falls down in golden locks on his purple robe, and his Arabian full blood mare, lively and docile to his hand, bids defiance to the most beautiful steed of the scheik of the desert. We recognized him coming to meet us, followed by a numerous escort, and wheeling about on the precipices of the rocks, on which we could only advance with the greatest caution.

After the first compliments had passed between us, he conducted us to his delightful villa, where a collation was spread out for us, and afterwards accompanied us to the monastery of Antoura, where he occasionally resides. Two young Lazarite priests, who have arrived from France since the revolution of July, are the only persons who occupy this vast

and beautiful monastery, originally built by the Jesuits, who have attempted several times to establish their mission and influence amongst the Arabs, but they never succeeded, and they do not appear to be destined to meet with greater success in our times; the reason of which is simple. There are no politics in the religion of the men of the East; completely separated from all civil power, it has neither influence nor action upon the state. The state itself is Mahometan; Catholicism is free, possessing no human means of government; but, it is especially by human means, that the system of the Jesuits has attempted to act, and does act in a religious sense. This country is not suitable for them. Religion is divided into orthodox or schismatic communions, the belief of which forms a portion of the blood, and the hereditary spirit of families. An aversion and an irreconcilable hatred exist to a greater degree amongst the christian communities, than amongst the Turks and Christians. Conversions are not to be looked for, they are in fact impossible where a change of community would be an opprobrium, which would be an everlasting disgrace, and often subject a tribe, a village or a family to the penalty of death. In regard to the Mahometans, the fact of a single conversion has never been known amongst them. Their religion is a practical deism, the moral of which is the same in principle as that of Christianity, with the exception of the dogma of the divine incarnation. The dogma of Mah metanism is nothing more than a belief in the divine inspiration, manifested by a man more wise and more favoured with the celestial emanation than the rest of his fellow creatures; at a later period, some miraculous deeds were intermingled with the mission of Mahomet, but those miracles of the legends of Islamism are not the basis of the religion, and are not admitted by the Turks of an enlightened character. All religions have their legends, their absurd traditions, their popular side; the philosophical side of Mahometanism is divested of these grosser mixtures. It consists of resignation to the will of God, and charity towards all men. I have seen a

great number of Turks and Arabs, profoundly religious, who admit nothing into their creed but what is rational and human. Thus reason had no effort to make to admit those dogmas from which it revolted. It is a practical and contemplative theism. Such men are not to be converted. We descend from marvellous dogmas to simple ones, and we ascend not from simple dogmas to marvellous ones.

The intervention of the Jesuits was attended with another inconvenience amongst the Maronites. By the very nature of their institutions, parties and pious factions are easily formed amongst the clergy and the people; they inspire by the very ardour of their zeal either enthusiasm or hatred. Nothing partakes with them of a medium. The superior Maronite clergy, although simple and good, could not witness with a charitable eye the establishment amongst them of a religious body, which would have enticed a part of the catholic population from their spiritual government. The Jesuits therefore exist no more in Syria. Within these few years two young fathers have arrived, one a Frenchman, the other a German, who came over at the instance of a Maronite bishop, as professors to the Maronite school which he was founding. I became acquainted with these two excellent young men, both of them full of faith, and influenced by a disinterested zeal. They suffer no opportunity to escape them of propagating amongst the Druses, their neighbours, some ideas of christianity; but the effect of their proceedings has been hitherto confined to baptizing in secret, without the knowledge of their parents, little children in the families, in which they introduced themselves, under the pretext of administering some medical advice. They appeared to me little disposed to submit themselves to the somewhat ignorant customs of the Maronite bishops in matters of education, and it is my belief that they will return to Europe, without having succeeded in naturalizing a taste for a higher kind of instruction. The French father was worthy of being a professor either at Rome or Paris.

The monastery of Antoura passed, after the extinction of

the order of the Jesuits, into the possession of the Lazarists. The two young fathers, who resided in it, often came to Beirout to pay us a visit. We found in them a society as amiable as it was unexpected; good, simple, modest, solely occupied with severe and exalted studies, communicative on all the affairs of Europe, and participating in the intellectual emotion which distinguishes the spirit of the times; their general and intelligent conversation imparted to us a charm, the greater, because the occasion so seldom presents itself in these deserts.

On passing an evening with them, conversing on the political events of our country, of the intellectual parties which have fallen, or those which have sprung up in France; of the authors who dispute the command of the press; of the orators who by turns carry off the palm of victory from the tribune; of the doctrines of *L'Avenir*, or those of the St. Simonians, we might have fancied ourselves about two leagues from the Rue de Bac, discoursing with men, who had left Paris in the morning to return at night. These two Lazarists were at the same time the models of holiness and of simple and pious fervour. One of them was a great invalid. The keen air of Lebanon affected his chest, and was shortening the number of his days. He had only to write one word to his superior in order to obtain his recall to France, but he would not burden his conscience with it. He came to consult M. de Laroyère, who was with me at the time, and asked him if in his capacity as a physician, he could give him his formal and conscientious opinion, that the air of Syria was fatal to his constitution. M. de Laroyère, whose conscience was as scrupulously severe as that of the young priest, dared not give him his opinion so explicitly, and the good priest said no more, but remained in the country.

These ecclesiastics, lost in the vast monastery, in which they have only one Arab as their servant, received us with that cordiality, that the name of our country inspires those, who meet at a distance from it. We passed two days with

them; each of us being accommodated with a large cell, a bed and some chairs, a kind of furniture seldom used in these mountains. The monastery is situated in the hollow of a valley, at the foot of a wood of firs; but this valley itself, half way up the Lebanon, has through a ravine an illimitable vista of the coasts and sea of Syria. The remainder of the horizon is filled up by the summits and peaks of the grey rocks, crowned with villages, and with large Maronite monasteries. A few firs, orange and fig trees grow here and there amidst the fissures of the rocks, and in the vicinity of the rivers and springs. It is a scene altogether worthy of Naples and the Gulf of Genoa.

The monastery of Antoura is in the immediate vicinity of a convent of Maronite nuns, the inhabitants of which belong to the principal families of Lebanon. From the windows of our cells we could see those of the young Syrians, amongst whom the arrival of a company of foreigners in their proximity appeared to excite a considerable emotion. These female convents are in this place destitute of all social utility. Volney, in his travels in Syria, speaking of this convent in the vicinity of Antoura, mentions the horrible atrocities committed on the novitiates, by a woman of the name of Hindra. The name and history of this Hindra are still very common amongst these mountains. Imprisoned a a number of years by order of the patriarch, her repentance and good behaviour obtained her liberty. She died a short time ago, in the odour of sanctity, according to the estimation of a few christians of her sect. She was a female fanatic, either voluntarily or in imagination, and she succeeded in instilling the same fanatical spirit into some other weak and credulous minds. This country of Arabia is the land of prodigies, every thing takes root in it, and every man, credulous or fanatical, can become a prophet in his turn. Lady Stanhope furnishes a striking instance of this remark. This disposition to the marvellous arises from two causes, one is a highly developped religious sentiment, and the other is the want of an equilibrium between the imagination and reason.

Ghosts only appear in darkness, and the country of ignorance is always that of miracles.

The terrace of the monastery of Antoura, on which we took our daily promenade, is shaded by magnificent orange trees, already mentioned by Volney, as the most beautiful and the most ancient of Syria. Not one of them has died; similar to the walnut trees of fifty years growth in our gardens, they throw their thick and embalmed shade over the garden and the roof of the monastery, and still bear on their trunks the name of Volney, and those of the English travellers, who, like us, have passed a few moments at their feet.

The range of mountains in which Antoura is included, is known by the name of Kesrouan, or the chain of Castraven. This country extends from Narh-el-Keber to Narh-el-Kelb. It is the country, properly speaking, of the Maronites. The land belongs to them and it is here only that their privileges extend, although they are daily spreading themselves over the country of the Druses, and carry thither their laws and their manners. Silk is the principal production of these mountains. The *Miri*, or the territorial impost, is fixed according to the number of mulberry trees which each person possesses. The Turks exact from the Emir Beschir, one or two miris annually by way of tribute, and the emir frequently appropriates several more to his own proper use. Notwithstanding these demands, and the complaints of the Maronites on the severity of the taxes, these imposts are not to be compared with those which are paid in France and England. It is not the assessment of the tax, but it is its arbitrary nature and its irregularity which oppress a nation. If the taxes in Turkey were legal and definite, they would not be felt, but where the tax is not determined by the law, there is no actual property, or at least it is uncertain and languishing; the riches of a people consist in a good constitution and protection of property. The scheiks of the village collect the taxes, and appropriate a portion to themselves. In reality, however, these people are happy. Their rulers fear them and dare not settle themselves in their provinces; their religion is free

and respected; their monasteries and chapels cover the summits of their hills; their bells, which they love as the voice of liberty and independence, chime the hour of prayer, night and day in the valleys: they are governed by their own chiefs, elected amongst themselves, according to ancient custom, or by the heads of the principal families according to hereditary right. Their police is strict, but just, and maintains order and security in the villages. Property is acknowledged and guaranteed, and transmissible from father to son; trade is in a state of activity, and the manners perfectly simple and pure. I never saw any people on the world who carried in their countenances a stronger impress of health, nobility and civilization, than is exhibited by the men of Lebanon. The education of the people, instead of being confined to reading, writing, arithmetic, the catechism, embraces almost every subject, and imparts to the Maronites a legitimate ascendency over the remaining Syrian people. I can only compare them to the peasants of Saxony and Scotland.

We returned to Beirout by the sea shore. The mountains which line the coasts are covered with monasteries, constructed in the style of the Florentine villas of the middle age. A village is situated on every eminence, crowned by a forest of umbelliferous firs, and crossed by a rivulet, which, falls like a sparkling cascade to the bottom of a ravine. Small fishing harbours abound on every part of the indented coasts, and are filled with little barks attached to the moles or rocks. Beautiful fields of corn, vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees descend from the villages to the sea. The spires of the monasteries and the chapels project above the sombre verdure of the fig trees or cypresses: a strand of white sand separates the foot of the mountains from the blue and limpid waves like those of a river. There are here two leagues of country which would deceive the eye of the traveller, if he did not remember that he was eight hundred leagues from Europe: he might fancy himself on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevay; or on the enchanting banks of the Soane, between Macon and Lyons. The frame

of the picture is only more magnificent than at Antoura, and when the traveller raises his look, he espies the snowy summits of Sannin, piercing the sky, like tongues of fire.

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NOTE OF THE EDITOR.

[The journal of the author was here interrupted. At the beginning of December, he lost his only daughter, being carried off in two days, when it was fondly supposed that her health, which had been declining in France, appeared to be completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, in the country house in the vicinity of Beirout in which M. de Lamartine had domiciled his family for the winter. The vessel which M. de Lamartine had sent back to Europe was not to return till the month of May 1833, and take up the travellers on some part of the coast of Syria. They remained six months on the Lebanon after this melancholy event, overwhelmed by this severe infliction from the hand of Providence, and without any other diversion to their grief, than the tears of their travelling companions and their friends. In the month of May, the Alceste, according to the agreement, returned to Beirout, and the travellers, in order to spare the afflicted mother an additional pang, declined re-embarking on the same vessel which had brought them in happiness and confidence, with the interesting being whom they had lost. M. de Lamartine had the body of his daughter embalmed for the purpose of conveying it to St. Point, where, in her last moments, she had testified her desire to be buried: he confided this precious and sacred deposit to the Alceste, and freighted another vessel, the brig Sophia, Captain Coulonne, in which he embarked with his wife and family.

The journal of his notes is not resumed until four months after his loss. Previously to leaving Syria, he visited Damascus, Balbec, and several other distant and remarkable places; which is the subject of his notes that begin with the date of the 28th March 1833.]

FRAGMENTS
OF THE
POEM OF ANTAR.

FIRST FRAGMENT.

One day on Antar, paying a visit to his uncle Mallek, he was agreeably surprised at the favourable manner in which he was received. For a reception so new and unexpected by him, he was indebted to the earnest and pressing remonstrances of King Zoheir, who, the same morning had been strongly soliciting Mallek to accede at length to the desire of his nephew, by giving him his cousin Ablla in marriage, whom he loved most passionately. The preparations of the marriage were discussed, and Ablla wishing to know from her cousin what his real intentions were, said to him, I intend to do every thing which may be agreeable to you.

Well, replied Ablla, I only ask for myself what has been awarded to others; that which Kaled-Eben-Mohareb did on his marriage with his cousin Djida.

Insensate, cried her father, with an angry air, who related to you that story? No my nephew, he added, we will not follow that example.

Antar, however, happy in seeing his uncle for the first time so friendly disposed towards him, and anxious to satisfy his cousin, solicited him to relate the particulars of this marriage.

The following, she said, is the account which the women gave me, who came to compliment me on your return,—Kaled on the day of his marriage killed a thousand camels and twenty lions, the latter all with his own hand. The camels belonged to Malaeb-el-Assené, the emir renowned as one of the most valiant of warriors. For three days, he entertained three grand tribes, whom he had invited. Every dish which he placed before his guests contained a slice of the flesh of the lions. The daughter of the king, Eben-el-Nazal led by its natter the naka (female camel) which Djida rode.

What is there so astonishing in all this, said Antar. By

the King of Lanyam and of Hattim, no one shall lead your naka but Djida herself, with the head of her husband in a bag, suspended at its neck.

Mallek, feigning to be displeased at it, scolded his daughter for having introduced this subject, at the same time that it was himself, who had secretly employed his women to lay all these details before Ablla, in order that Antar might be thrown into a dilemma. After the oath which his nephew had taken, and being satisfied and desirous to break off the conversation, he had some wine poured out for him, hoping that he would engage more and more the affections of his daughter.

At the close of the evening, when Antar was about to take his leave, Mallek entreated him to forget the demands of Ablla; it being his wish thereby to remind him indirectly of them. On his arrival at home, Antar told his brother Chaiboub to saddle his horse, El-Abjea, for him, and he took his departure immediately, directing his course towards the mountain of Beni-Touailak. As they journeyed along, he related to Chaiboub what had taken place during the evening with Ablla.

Cursed be your uncle, cried his brother, what a wicked man he is; from whom could Ablla hear every thing which she related to you, but from her father, who wishes to get rid of you, by plunging you into such imminent dangers.

Antar without paying the least attention to the words of Chaiboub, told him to hasten his pace, in order that he might arrive a day earlier, so great was his anxiety to fulfil his engagement: he then recited the following verses

I travel over the rugged roads during the obscurity of the night, I journey across the desert, full of the most lively ardour, without any other companion than my sabre, and paying little regard to my enemies. Follow me, ye lions, you will see the earth strewed with carcases, supplying the birds of Heaven with their food.

Kaled shall be no longer mentioned, since I am in search of him, Djida shall have no further reason to be proud.

This country is no longer in safety. The tigers will soon be its only inhabitants. Ablla! receive beforehand my congratulations on every thing which is to decorate your approaching triumph.

O thou, whose looks, similar to the murderous arrows, have caused me innumerable wounds, thy presence is a paradise; thy absence a devouring fire.

O Allan-el-Fandi, be thou blessed by the omnipotent God.

I have drank of wine more sweet than nectar, for it was poured out to me by the hand of beauty.

As long as I can see the light, I will celebrate her virtues, and if I die for her, my name will not perish.

When he had finished, daylight began to appear. He continued his course towards the tribe of Beni-Zobaid. Kaled, the hero of that tribe, had a high degree of respect paid to him, greater than to the king himself. He was so formidable in war, that his name alone made the neighbouring tribes to tremble. The following is his history, and that of his cousin Djida.

Two emirs, Mohareb, father of Kaled, and Zaber, father of Djida, governed the Bedouins called Beni-Aumaya, and were celebrated for their bravery. They were brothers. Mohareb, the elder, was commander in chief, whilst Zaber served under his orders, One day, at the close of a violent quarrel, Mohareb raised his hand against his brother, who returned home with his heart full of resentment. His wife, on being apprised of the cause of the angry state in which she saw him, said to him, you ought not to put up with such an insult, you, the most valiant warrior of the tribe; you, celebrated for your strength and your courage—

I ought, he answered, to show a proper respect to an elder brother—

Well then, resumed the wife, go and establish your dwelling elsewhere; remain not here in your degradation: follow the precepts of the poet, whose verses are as follows—

If you experience any disaster or misfortune in a place,

remove yourself from it, and leave the house to regret him, who built it.

Your subsistence is the same every where, but your soul once lost, you know not how to recover it.

Never entrust the management of your affairs to others, they are always the best transacted by yourself.

The lions are proud because they are free.

Sooner or later man must submit to his destiny—what matters the place where he dies.

Follow therefore the advice of experience.

These verses induced Zaber to form the resolution of removing with all the property that belonged to him, and at the moment of his departure, he recited the following verses.—

I will go far from thee to the distance of a thousand years, every one a thousand leagues in length. If you would give me a thousand Egypts, to induce me to stop, each watered by a thousand Niles, I should prefer moving from you and your territories, repeating, in order to justify our separation, a couplet which has not its equal, Man should fly from the place, where barbarism holds its sway.

Zaber commenced his journey, and arrived at the tribe of Beni-Assac, where he was received in the most distinguished manner, and elected as their chief. Zaber, actuated by a principle of gratitude, settled amongst them. Sometime afterwards he had a daughter, named Djida, whom he passed for a boy, and who grew up under the name of Giaudar. Her father made her ride on horseback with him, exercised her in warlike pursuits, and thus developped her natural dispositions and courage. A sage belonging to the tribe taught her to read and write, in which she made the most rapid progress. She was perfection herself, for to these brilliant qualities, she united the greatest beauty. Thus was it said every where—happy the woman who shall marry the emir Giaudar.

Her father having fallen dangerously ill, and believing that he was at the point of death, sent for his wife, and thus

addressed her, I conjure you after my death not to contract a second marriage, which would separate you from your daughter, but take those measures that she may continue to pass for a man. If, after my death, you have not the same consideration paid you, return to my brother; I am certain, he will receive you with kindness. Take particular care of your riches. Money will make you respected every where. Be generous and affable, and you will receive your reward for it; finally act in every respect as you do at present.

After a few days illness, Zaber recovered, whilst Giaudar continued her warlike excursions, and on every occasion showed the most signal proofs of valour, that it became at last a proverb, Beware of approaching the tribe of Giaudar.

In regard to Kaled, he accompanied his father, Mohareb, in his daily exercises, in which the most courageous of the tribe always took a part. It was an exhibition of a real battle, each side having generally their wounded, and in some instances, death itself ensued. Kaled was seized with a spirit of emulation to become a formidable warrior, an emulation which tended considerably to augment the reputation of his cousin for valour. He longed most ardently to see this cousin, but dared not undertake the task, knowing the dissensions which existed between their parents. At the age of fifteen, Kaled had become one of the most valiant warriors of his tribe, when he had the misfortune to lose his father, on which occasion he was elected to supply his place, and as he exhibited the same virtues as Mohareb, he was not long in gaining universal esteem and respect. Having one day proposed to his mother to pay a visit to his uncle, they set forward on their expedition, carrying with them rich presents in horses, harness, arms, and other acceptable things. He was received by Zaber in the most flattering manner, who treated his nephew with the utmost attention. Kaled tenderly embraced his cousin Giaudar, aud during the time that he passed with his uncle, he imbibed a very strong attachment for Giaudar. He followed every day his military exercises, and gave great delight to Giaudar, who saw in him

an accomplished warrior, full of courage and generosity, affable, elegant, and of a masculine beauty. They passed whole days together, and sometimes even the night. At length Giaudar became so passionately attached to Kaled, that one day she entered the apartment of her mother, and said to her, If my cousin returns to his tribe without me, I shall die of grief, for I love him better than life itself.

I am far from disapproving of your attachment, her mother answered, you have good cause to love him, for he possesses every quality which is calculated to please; he is your cousin —you are of the same blood, almost of the same age, and he could never meet with a more suitable match, than with you; but let me speak immediately to his mother, that I may inform her of your sex. Wait, therefore, until to-morrow, and when she pays me a visit according to her usual custom, I will inform her of every particular; we will make the necessary arrangements for your marriage, and we will all depart together.

On the following day, the mother began to comb the hair of her daughter, at the time when the mother of Kaled generally paid them a visit, and when the latter, on entering the tent, had inquired who that beautiful girl was, she related to her the history of Djida, and the will of her father that her sex should be concealed, by assuming the dress of a man. I now disclose this secret to you, she added, because it is my wish to give her in marriage to your son.

I most willingly consent, answered the mother of Kaled. What an honour for my son to possess so great a beauty. She then went in search of Kaled, to whom she related the whole of the history, affirming at the same time that there was not a female, whose beauty could be compared to that of his cousin. Go then, she added, and demand her in marriage of your uncle, and if he approves of the union, you will be the happiest of mortals.

I had formed the resolution, answered Kaled, not to be separated again from my cousin Giaudar, so strong is my attachment towards her, but since my cousin has turned out

to be a female, I will not have any thing more to do with her. I prefer the society of warriors, battles and hunting the elephants, and the lions to the possession of female beauty; let me, therefore, hear no more of this marriage, or I will take my instant departure. In fact, he gave orders that preparations should be immediately made for his departure, and went to take leave of his uncle, who asked him the reason of his sudden departure, and begged him to stay a few days longer.

Impossible, answered Kaled, my tribe is without a chief; it is necessary that I return to them. With these words, he took his departure with his mother, who had bidden adieu to the mother of Djida, having previously informed her of the conversation, which she had had with her son.

On being informed of the refusal of her cousin, Djida gave herself up to the most violent grief; she could neither eat nor sleep, so great was her affection for Kaled. Her father, on seeing her in that condition, conjectured her that she was ill, and desisted from taking her with him in his excursions.

One day, when he was gone to some distance, to surprise a hostile tribe, she said to her mother, I would not wish to die for a person who has treated me with so little respect, but by the aid of providence, I shall know in my turn, how to make him experience every suffering, even that of love; then rising with the fury of a lioness, she mounted her horse, informing her mother that she was going to the chace, and departed for the tribe of her cousin, clad in the costume of a Bedouin of Kegiaz. She took up her abode with one of the chiefs, who supposing her to be a warrior, received her in the most hospitable manner. On the following day, she presented herself at the military exercise commanded by her cousin, and began with him a combat which lasted until mid-day. The battle between these two heroes was the admiration of all the spectators. Kaled, astonished in the highest degree to meet with a warrior, who could in any way compete with him, issued his orders that every possible respect should be paid to him. The following day, the battle was

renewed, which continued the third and fourth day. During the whole of this time, Kaled used every possible means to discover who the stranger was, but without the slightest success. The fourth day, the battle lasted till night, during which time neither was able to inflict a wound on the other. On its termination, Kaled said to his antagonist, In the name of that God, who has given you so much courage, disclose to me your country and your tribe. Djida then raising her mask, said I am she, who enamoured of you, wished to marry and you refused her, preferring, as you said, the battle and the chace to the possession of a woman; I am come to give you a specimen of the bravery and courage of her, whom you have rejected.

On saying these words, she replaced her mask, and returned home, leaving Kaled sorrowful, irresolute, deprived of all strength and courage, and so filled with admiration of his cousin, that he became insensible. On recovering, his inclination for war and the chace of furious animals gave place to love. He sought his home and imparted to his mother the sudden change that had taken place, relating to her at the same time the battle with his cousin. You deserve richly what has happened to you, said his mother; you were not willing before to believe me; your cousin has acted as she ought to have done, in punishing you for your haughtiness towards her. Kaled having remarked to her, that he was not in a condition to support her reproaches, but that he much rather stood in need of compassion, implored his mother to go and demand the hand of his cousin in marriage. She departed immediately for the tribe of Djida, immersed in grief for her son, whom she had left in so melancholy a condition.

In regard to Djida, after having made herself known to her cousin, she bent her steps homewards. Her mother had been in great uneasiness about her absence, and Djida related to her, her adventure, and astonished her by the recital of so much bravery.

Three days after her return, the mother of Kaled arrived,

and expressed her desire to have an immediate interview with Djida, whom she informed that she was come on the part of her cousin to arrange their marriage, apprising her at the same time of the deplorable condition in which she had left him.

A marriage of that kind, said Djida, is henceforth impossible. I will never marry him, who has rejected me, but I was willing to teach him a lesson, and to punish him for the sufferings which he has caused me to endure.

On her aunt, representing to her, that if he had caused her any pain, he was at that moment more miserable than herself. Djida answered, though my death were to be the consequence of my refusal, I will never be his wife.

Her father not being yet returned, the mother of Kaled had no opportunity of speaking to him. Finding in other respects that she could make no impression upon Djida, she returned to her son, whom she found sick with love, and very much altered.

She gave him an account of the result of her mission, which tended to augment his despair and misery. There remains, she said, but one course for you to adopt, take with you the chiefs of your tribe, and those of the tribes with whom you are in alliance, and go and demand her of her father; if he says to you that he has not a daughter, relate to him your history, he cannot long persist in denying it, and will be obliged to accede to your demand.

Kaled lost no time in summoning his chiefs and the old men of his tribe, and imparted to them the events which had happened to him. The recital struck them with astonishment. It is a marvellous history, said Mehdi-Karab, one of the elders, it deserves to be written in ink of gold. We were ignorant that your uncle had a daughter; we knew only that he had a son, named Giaudar. Whence then has sprung this heroine? we will accompany you, whenever you will go and demand her hand; no one is more worthy of her than yourself.

Kaled on being apprised of the return of his uncle, took his departure, accompanied by twenty of the principal chiefs of

his tribe, and a hundred horsemen, taking with him a vast number of presents. Zaher received them with the utmost hospitality, without comprehending the cause of the sudden return of his nephew, of whose rencontre with his daughter he was wholly ignorant. On the fourth day after his arrival, Kaled having kissed the hand of his uncle, demanded the hand of his cousin in marriage; supplicating him at the same time to return and take up his abode with him, and on Zaher assuring him that he had only a boy, named Giaudar, the only child, he said, which God had given him. Kaled related to him every circumstance which had occurred to him with his cousin. Zaher being much embarrassed with this recital, maintained for a few moments, a deep silence. He then said, I did not believe that one day this secret would be discovered, but as it is otherwise, you, more than any other person, can pretend to the hand of your cousin, and I therefore bestow it upon you.

The price which was to be paid for Djida was afterwards fixed before witnesses at a thousand red-haired camels, laden with the most beautiful productions of Yemen. Zaher then repaired to his daughter and announced to her the agreement into which he had entered with Kaled. I subscribe to it, she answered, on condition that on the day of my marriage, my cousin will kill a thousand camels chosen amongst, those of Malaeb-el-Assené of the tribe of Beni-Hamer. Her father smiling at this demand, undertook that his nephew should fulfil the condition. The latter, by the urgency of his solicitations, having induced his uncle to return with him, they both departed the following day. Zaher was received amongst his ancient tribe with every demonstration of respect and esteem, and he was immediately appointed to the chief rank.

On the day after his arrival, Kaled at the head of a thousand chosen warriors made an attack upon the tribe of Beni-Hamer, the battle was furious and bloody; Malaeb was dangerously wounded, and Kaled took a greater number of camels than what was demanded by Djida, and returned in triumph to his home. A few days afterwards, on his pressing his

uncle to expedite his marriage, his cousin told him, that she would never see him under her tent, if he did not bring with him the wife or the daughter of one of the most valiant emirs of Kail, to hold the bridle of her steed on the day of her marriage, for it is my wish, she said, that all the young girls should envy me.

In order to satisfy this new condition, Kaled, at the head of a numerous army, attacked the tribe of Nihama Eben-el-Nazal, and at the close of several battles, he succeeded in obtaining possession of Aniamé daughter of Nihama, whom he conducted to his residence. Djida having no further conditions to impose upon him, he commenced the hunt of lions.

On the day previous to his marriage, as he was in pursuit of those animals, he met a warrior, who, advancing towards him, called upon him to surrender and to dismount immediately under the forfeiture of his life. Kaled, by way of an answer, attacked his unknown enemy furiously; the battle became terrible, and lasted more than an hour; at last, weary with the resistance of an enemy, that he could not overcome, Kaled exclaimed, Son of an accursed race, who are you? to what tribe do you belong? and for what reason do you come to prevent me continuing a chace of so much importance to me? a curse be upon you, let me know at least, whether I be fighting against an emir or a slave.

His adversary raising the visor of her helmet, answered him, with a smile: How can a warrior speak in such terms to a young maiden?

Kaled having recognized his cousin, could not make an answer, so much was he overcome with shame.

I thought said Djida, that you might be exposed to some danger in the chace, and I am come to assist you.

By the All Powerful, exclaimed Kaled, I know not any warrior whose valour is equal to thine. O thou queen of beauties.

They then separated, with the stipulation, that they should be married that night on the same spot. They met accordingly, Kaled having killed a lion and Djida a lion and lioness.

They then parted, more than ever enraptured with each other.

The nuptials lasted three days in the midst of rejoicings of every kind. More than a thousand camels and twenty lions were killed, the latter, all by the hand of Kaled, with the exception of the two, the produce of the chace of his cousin. Aniamé led by the bridle the female camel which Djida rode. The bride and bridegroom were on the pinnacle of happiness.

Zaher died a short time after the marriage, leaving the chief government to his two children, Kaled and Djida. In a short time this hero and heroine became the terror of the desert.

Let us now return to Antar and his brother. On their arrival in the vicinity of their tribe, Antar despatched his brother, to reconnoitre the state of the ground and the establishment of the tent of Kaled, for the purpose of adopting the necessary measures for the attack. Chaiboub returned on the following day with the information, that his good fortune surpassed the villainy of his uncle, as Kaled was absent, adding that there were but a hundred horsemen of the whole tribe with Djida. Her husband had taken his departure with Mehdi-Karab, and she was herself deputed to watch over the public safety. Every night she sallied forth on horseback, followed by twenty horsemen, to take her rounds of observation, and sometimes rode to a considerable distance. Such was the information, which he had obtained from the slaves.

Antar delighted with this intelligence, told his brother that he hoped to take Djida prisoner that very night, that in regard to Chaiboub himself, his office would be to waylay her companions on their route, in order that not one of them might carry the intelligence to the tribe, who would immediately join in the pursuit of them. If, said Antar, you suffer a single one to escape, I will cut off your right hand.

I will fulfil your demands to the uttermost, said Chaiboub, as I am here to render you every assistance.

They remained in ambush during the whole of the day, and it was not until after the setting of the sun that they drew

near to the tribe. They soon saw several horsemen approaching them, with Djida at their head, singing the following verses:—

The dust of horses is very thick. War is my delight.

The hunt of lions is a glory and a triumph for other warriors, but nothing for me.

The stars know that my bravery has effaced that of my fathers.

Who dare approach me, when in the night I traverse the mountains and the plains.

I have acquired greater glory than any other person by the overthrow of the most redoubtable warriors.

Antar having listened to these verses, directed his brother to station himself on the left, whilst he placed himself on the right, and then uttered his war cry in a voice so terribly strong, that he struck alarm into the breasts of twenty horsemen who formed the suite of Djida. Antar, without further loss of time rushed upon her; slew her horse with a single stroke of his sabre, and inflicted so severe a blow on her head that she became insensible. He then left her to go in pursuit of her companions of whom he killed a dozen in a very short time, and put the others to flight. Chaiboub, who was waiting for them in the pass, slew six of them with his arrows, and Antar coming up to his assistance, killed the remaining two. He then directed his brother to run with all possible expedition and bind Djida, before she could recover her senses, and to take with him one of the horses, whose rider they had just killed, on which she was to be placed. But Djida, after having remained an hour in an insensible state, recovered, and finding a horse without its rider, had taken possession of it. Roused by the voice of Antar, she drew her sabre and said, "Do not flatter thyself, son of an accursed race, to see Djida within thy power, I am here to make thee bite the dust, and never wouldst thou have seen me on the ground, if thou hadst not had the good fortune to kill my horse.

With these words, she rushed upon Antar, with the fury

of a lioness, who had been robbed of her young. Antar bravely sustained the shock, and a most terrible battle took place between them, which lasted three hours, without any visible advantage on either side. Both were now overcome with fatigue. Chaiboub stood at a distance to prevent any assistance being given to Djida, who although weakened by her fall and wounded in several places, still made an obstinate resistance, hoping in vain, that some one would come to her assistance. At last Antar rushing upon her, seized her by the throat, and rendered her again insensible, of which he took immediate advantage and bound her arms. Chaiboub then advised his brother to hasten his departure, before the events of the night should come to the knowledge of the tribe of Djida and their allies, who would immediately commence a pursuit. Antar, however, turned a deaf ear to this advice, not being willing to return to Beni-Abess without some booty. We cannot, he said, abandon in this manner the beautiful herds of this tribe, for we should be obliged to return a second time on the occasion of Ablla's marriage. Let us wait till daybreak, and when they lead them to the pasturage, we will seize them, and then return to Beni-Abess.

In the morning, when the herds were driven out to their pastures, Antar took possession of a thousand female, and a thousand male camels, with their conductors, committed them to the care of Chaiboub to lead away, himself remaining behind to drive away the keepers of them, of whom he killed a great number. Those, who were able to escape, hastened to the tribe with the information that a single black warrior had seized their whole herd, after having killed a great number of their keepers, and was then waiting in the field of battle, for some one to attack him. We believe, added the men, that he has either killed or taken Djida prisoner.

Is there a warrior in the world, asked Giabe, one of the most renowned chiefs, who could hold a contest with Djida, and much more, who could conquer her?

The others, knowing that she had left the tents the preceding night, and not seeing her return, supposed that she

was gone to the chace. They agreed at all events to depart immediately to recapture their camels. They set forwards by twenties and thirties, and soon fell in with Antar, who on horseback and resting on his lance awaited the conflict. They all exclaimed at the same time, "Madman! who art thou, thus to come and brave a certain death?

Without deigning to make any reply, Antar attacked them with impetuosity, and in despite of their number, (there being twenty-four of them,) he easily put them to the route, after having wounded several of them. He then formed the resolution of rejoining his brother, fearing that the shepherds might succeed in overcoming him. He was on the point of putting his project into execution, when he saw a cloud of dust rising in the middle of the desert, and thinking that it might be the enemy; "It is to day, he said, that I must show myself a man."

He continued his route, when he met Chaiboub, returning to him, and he immediately inquired of him, what he had done with Djida and the camels?

When the drivers, answered Chaiboub, perceived that cloud of dust at a distance, they all revolted and would not continue their journey, alleging that it was Kaled on his return with his army. I have killed three of them, but knowing that you were single-handed against the whole tribe, I am come to your assistance.

Miserable coward! exclaimed Antar, you were frightened, and have abandoned Djida and the camels, but I swear by the Most High, I will this day perform such wonders, that shall be celebrated for centuries to come.

At these words, he followed the track of Djida, whom the shepherds had unbound after the departure of Chaiboub. She was on horseback, but under great sufferings and unarmed. Antar having killed four of the shepherds, without being able to stop the others, went in pursuit of Djida, who attempted to rejoin the army which was advancing, believing it to be that of her tribe. But when she was in the middle of the troops, she heard them pronounce these words, Antar, most

valiant of heroes, we are come to your assistance, although you do not stand in need of it.

It was in fact the army of Beni-Abess, commanded by the King Zoheir in person. This prince not observing Antar, and fearing that his uncle might, according to his custom, have engaged him in some perilous enterprise, sent for Chidad, his father, to obtain some information respecting him. Not being able to obtain any intelligence in that quarter, he instituted some inquiries of Mallek, who affected to know still less of the matter. Chidad having then questioned Ablla, of whose candour he had a very high opinion, and having been informed of every circumstance, he imparted the information to the king, whose sons, irritated against Mallek, formed the immediate resolution of going in search of Antar, asserting that if they found him safe and sound, his marriage should be celebrated immediately on his return; but that if he were dead, they would kill Mallek, as the cause of the loss of a hero so valuable and precious to their tribe.

The king being informed of the project of his two sons, Chaas and Maalek, resolved to put himself at the head of his most valiant of warriors, and left the tribe, followed by four thousand horsemen, amongst whom was Mallek. During the route, Mallek inquired of the king what was his real design?

It is my desire, answered Zoheir, to rescue Antar from the embarrassment into which you have plunged him.

I assure you, said Mallek, that I have not the slightest knowledge of it, Ablla alone is to blame, and to put an end to it, I will return home and cut off her head.

Chaas, interrupting him said, Mallek, better 'twere that you were dead, and were it not from the respect I owe my father, and the friendship I entertain for Antar, your head should fly from your shoulders. With these words, he struck him violently with his courbach, commanding at the same time, that he and his followers should take their immediate departure.

Mallek on his return to the tribe, having assembled his

relations and his friends, took his departure, followed by seven hundred of his people. El-Rabek one of the most renowned chiefs, and Heroné-Eben-el-Wuard accompanied him with a hundred picked horsemen. They travelled during the whole of the day, and at night pitched their tents for the purpose of holding a council and deciding on the quarter to which they were to direct their route, and the tribe with whom they were to ally themselves. We are, said Rabek, more than seven hundred, let us wait here for some intelligence of Antar, if he escapes from all dangers, and returns to Beni-Abess, Zoheir will certainly come in search of us ; if he perishes, we will establish ourselves at a greater distance. This advice being consented to, they remained in their present quarters.

In regard to Zoheir, he continued his route in search of Antar, and came up with him at last in pursuit of Djida, whose life being spared, she was again bound and confided to the care of Chaiboub.

As soon as Antar perceived the king, he dismounted, and proceeded to kiss his sandal, saying, My lord, you confer too high a honour on your slave, why take so much trouble about me?

What! answered Zoheir, could you expect that I would leave a hero like yourself alone in an enemy's country? you ought to have apprised me of the embarrassments of your uncle, whom I would have satisfied from my own herds, or I would have accompanied you on your enterprize.

Antar having expressed his thanks, saluted the two sons of the king, Chaas and Maalek, and his father Chidad, who informed him of what had happened to the father of Ablla. My uncle, said Antar, knew of my love for his daughter, and abused it, but thanks to God, and the terror which our King Zoheir inspires, I have succeeded in my project, and if I had had with me only fifty horsemen, I would have made myself master, of all the herds of the three tribes, which were left wholly undefended: now that I meet with you here, we will go and take possession of them. It shall not be said we sallied forth upon a fruitless campaign. We must repose

here a day or two, and in the mean time we will go and despoil these tribes of their property.

Zoheir having approved of this project, ordered the tents to be pitched on the spot, recommending above all things to the warriors, who composed part of the expedition, to pay all due respect to the women. The marauding party were absent three days, during which they made, without any fighting, so considerable a booty, that the king was perfectly astonished.

On the following day, the order for departure being given, the army took the road homewards, to the satisfaction of all, with the exception of Djida, who surrounded by several horsemen, travelled on a camel led by a negro. At three days journey from the residence of the tribe, they encamped on a vast plain. Antar remarking, that it was well calculated for a battle, the king observed, that it was equally suitable for the chace. But, answered Antar, I love only war, and I am uneasy, if I remain a long time without fighting.

A few hours afterwards, a thick dust was observed directing its course to the camp, and in a short time the iron points of the lances were seen to glitter, and cries and lamentations soon after reached the ear. Zoheir supposing that it was the army of Kaled, which had attacked the tribe of Beni-Amar, and which was on its return with prisoners, gave instructions to Antar to hold himself in readiness for the combat. Be not uneasy, answered Antar, in a little time, all these warriors will be in your possession. He immediately made the necessary preparations, leaving ten horsemen and some negroes to take care of the booty. He burned with the desire to contend with the enemy.

Before proceeding further in the narrative, it may be necessary to impart to the reader some information relative to the army which was advancing. Kaled, having departed with five thousand warriors and the two chiefs Kaiss-Eben-Mouchek and Medhi-Karab with the view of attacking Beni-Amar, had found the country wholly deserted. The inhabitants being apprized of his approach, had retired to the mountains with their riches. He therefore had not made any

booty, and as he was on his return without having been able to capture a single camel, his companions had urged him to go and surprize the tribe Beni-Abess, the richest of the country. Kaled having taken the road to this tribe, fell in with the camp of the father of Ablla, attacked it, and after a battle which lasted the whole of the day, had taken all the warriors prisoners, as well as the women and the herds. Ablla thus falling into the power of Kaled, rejoiced at the misfortune which had befallen her, inasmuch as it saved her from a marriage which her father intended to force her to contract with one of his relations, named Amara, preferring to be a prisoner, rather than the wife of any other than Antar. She never ceased from calling upon him, saying, Dear Antar, where art thou, O that thou couldst see the situation in which I am placed.

Kaled having inquired of one of his prisoners, who the woman was, that pronounced so often the same name, was answered by the prisoner, who was a sworn foe of Antar, that her name was Ablla, and that she had demanded of her cousin to bring Djida as a captive to hold the bridle of her naka (she camel) on the day of her marriage. We separated ourselves from the tribe, added the prisoner, not being willing to accompany King Zoheir in this enterprize, who has set out with all his troops, excepting three hundred for the purpose of guarding Beni-Abess under the command of Warka, one of his sons.

Kaled enraged at this intelligence, had sent Mehdi-Karab at the head of a thousand warriors, to take possession of the women and herds of Beni-Abess, with the injunction to kill every man he fell in with. In regard to Kaled himself, he continued his route on his return to his tribe, treating his prisoners very ill, and extremely uneasy about Djida. To dispel his chagrin and ennui, he repeated the following verses.

I have led horses on to battle, mailed with iron, and carrying warriors more formidable than lions.

I have been to the country of Beni-Kellab, of Beni-Amar

and Beni-Ketal, at my approach, the inhabitants have fled into the mountains.

Beni-Abess is in imminent danger: its inhabitants weep night and day.

All those, who have escaped being massacred, have fallen into my power.

How many girls there are, whose beautiful eyes shed tears. They call Beni-Abess to their aid, but Beni-Abess is in chains.

Zoheir is gone with his warriors to seek for death in a country, where the women are more valiant than the men. Woe to him, if the truth has been told me. He has left the certain for the uncertain, the shadow for the substance.

The day of battle will prove which of us has been deceived.

My sabre rejoices in my victorious hand. The blade of my enemy sheds tears of blood.

The most formidable warriors tremble at my look.

My name must disturb their slumbers, if terror will allow them to taste of repose.

If I were not afraid of being accused of too much pride, I would say that my arm alone were sufficient to shake the world.

Kaled having continued his route, he perceived himself at last in the presence of the army of Beni-Abess. The cries and lamentations of the prisoners, had reached the ears of Antar and his warriors; they thought they recognized some voices familiar to them, and hastened to inform Zoheir, who immediately despatched a horseman, by name, Abssi to reconnoitre the enemy. Kaled on perceiving him at a distance, cried out, Behold a messenger from Beni-Abess, who comes to make some proposals to me, I will not listen to any one; I intend to wage a war of extermination; all the prisoners shall be slaves. But whence comes the booty which I see? no doubt they have seized upon it, whilst Djida was at the chace of lions.

He then despatched Zèbaïde, one of his warriors, to meet the messenger of Zoheir with his commands, to inquire into

the cause of his mission, and also of the fate of Djida. On their meeting, Zèbaïde, began the discourse, saying, O thou, who comest hither to seek thy death, haste to tell me the purport of thy message, before thy head rolls in the dust at my feet.

I despise thy empty threats, answered Abssi, we shall soon meet each other on the field of battle. I am come here for three things—to give you some information—to give you warning, and to obtain some information. I inform you that we have seized your women and herds; I warn you that we are about to give you battle under the command of the courageous Antar, and I am come to obtain some information of the booty which you have made, for we know that you have attacked the three tribes of Beni-Kellab, Beni-Amar and Beni-Ketal. I have spoken, now do you answer.

The booty, said Zèbaïde, has been obtained without much trouble, the terror of the name of Kaled was sufficient.

He then related what has been already stated respecting the father of Ablla, adding that a thousand warriors had been despatched to take Beni-Abess by surprize. I now, continued he, in my turn ask for some information respecting Djida.

She is a prisoner, answered Abssi, and is suffering considerably from her wounds.

Who has been able to vanquish her, she is as brave as her husband, said the messenger of Kaled.

A hero, answered Abssi, whom no one can resist, Antar, the son of Chidad.

The two herolds having fulfilled their mission, returned to give an account of it to their respective chiefs. Immediately on his arrival, Abssi exclaimed, O Beni-Abess, hasten to arms to wash away the affront which Beni-Zobaid has offered you. Then, addressing himself to Zoheir, he repeated the following verses.

Beni-Abess, surprised by the enemy, remains depopulated. A destructive wind has swept over her; the echo alone has remained.

You have been stripped of your property; the men have

been massacred, your children and your wives are in the power of the enemy. Listen to their cries of distress: they call aloud for your assistance. Beni-Zobaid is triumphant; hasten to vengeance.

O Antar, could you but see the despair of Ablla: it surpasses that of her companions.

Her garments are steeped in tears: the earth even is inundated with them. Ablla, the most beautiful amongst the beautiful.

Fly then to arms. The day is come in which we must conquer or die. Let death follow every blow of your formidable arms.

Zoheir could not refrain from shedding tears at this recital, and his affliction was shared by all the chiefs, who surrounded him. Antar alone experienced a kind of satisfaction on being apprized of the fate of his uncle, as the cause of all his misfortunes; but his love made him speedily forget the pleasure of revenge.

In the mean time, the messenger of Kaled, on arriving in his presence tore his garments, whilst reciting these verses.

O Beni-Zobaid, you have been surprised by the warriors of Beni-Abess, borne on steeds, fleet as the wind.

Your most valuable possessions have been wrested from you.

Will you be generous towards those, who have carried off every thing, even your wives.

O Kaled, if you could but see Djida, her eyes bathed in tears.

O ye the most formidable of warriors, fly with sword in hand and attack your enemies.

The death of the brave is preferable to a life without honour.

Let not the wicked brand us with the name of cowards.

At this recital, the infuriated Kaled issued his orders to march to the battle. Zoheir observing this movement, advanced also, followed by his warriors. The plain and the mountains trembled at the approach of the two armies. Zo-

heir thus addressed himself to Antar. The enemy are numerous. This will be a terrible day.

My lord, replied Antar, man can die but once. At last the day is arrived for which I have so ardently longed, I will rescue our wives and children, even if Kaled had with him Cæsar and the King of Persia—or I will perish. He then recited the following verses.

Man, whatever may be his condition, ought never to bear contempt.

The man who is generous towards his guests should give them the assistance of his arm.

We should know how to support our fate, when valour does not bestow the victory.

He should protect his friends, and make his lance red with the blood of his enemy.

The man, who possesses not these virtues, deserves not any esteem.

I will single-handed, offer battle to the enemy.

I will to-day retake that, of which we have been plundered.

The battle which I am about to fight, shall make the highest mountains tremble.

Let Ablla rejoice, her captivity approaches its end.

On hearing these verses, Chaas exclaimed, O that your voice may be always heard, you, who surpass all the sages in eloquence, and all the warriors in valour.

Kaled, previously to the commencement of the battle issued his orders to take as many prisoners as possible.

Antar directed his movements to the side where the prisoners were, with the hope of rescuing Ablla, but he found them guarded by a considerable number of horsemen. Kaled also approached on the side where Djida was, flattering himself that Beni-Abess would not hold out an hour against him. He began by attacking the warriors who surrounded Zoheir, and succeeded in wounding Chaas. His father defended himself like a lion, and the battle lasted till the close of the day. Darkness alone separated the two armies, who regained their camps. After performing prodigies of valour, Antar

on his return was informed that Kaled had wounded his son.

By the All Powerful, said Antar, to-morrow I will begin by conquering Kaled. I ought to have done it to-day, but I attempted to liberate Ablla, without being able to succeed. Kaled once killed, or a prisoner, his army will soon be dispersed, and we shall then be able to save our unfortunate friends. Beni-Zobaid shall see that we are their superiors in valour.

O thou bravest of the brave, answered Zoheir, I have no doubt of success, but I cannot refrain from trembling when I think that Mehdi-Karab, at the head of numerous warriors, is gone to surprize our tribe, protected only by my son Warka and a small number of our troops. I fear that he will succeed in gaining possession of our wives and children. What will become of us, should we not on the morrow be conquerors.

Antar having promised that on the following day, he would bring the battle to a conclusion, the warriors took a slight repast, and retired to their tents to enjoy a little repose. Instead, however, of retiring to rest like the others, Antar having changed his horse, departed to take a circuit of the camp, accompanied by Chaiboub, to whom as they rode along, he related his ineffectual attempts to liberate Ablla. I have been rather more fortunate than you, said Chaiboub to him, after several efforts I succeeded in obtaining a sight of her, and the following is the account of my enterprize. Whilst the battle was going on in the plain, I went a long round about way across the desert, until I arrived at the place where the prisoners were. I observed Rabek, his brother, Heroné Eben-el-Wuard, your uncle Mallek, his son and the other warriors of our tribe, bound across the camels; near them were the women, and amongst them Ablla, whose beautiful eyes were shedding torrents of tears. She stretched her arms towards our camp, crying out, Beni-Abess, is there not one of thy children who will come and liberate us? is there not one, who will inform Antar of the miserable condition in which I am placed? A hundred warriors encircled the

prisoners as a ring encircles the finger. I nevertheless attempted to carry off Ablla, but I was recognized and pursued, but in my flight, I discharged my arrows at them. I then passed the whole of the day, returning incessantly to the charge, and always pursued, I killed more than fifteen warriors. But you are now privy to the miserable condition of Ablla. This recital drew tears from Antar, who was suffocated with rage. After making a grand circuit, they arrived at last at their destination.

By break of day the two armies being prepared for battle, awaited only the commands of their chiefs to commence the engagement, when the report was circulated in Beni-Abess that Antar had disappeared. This melancholy intelligence discouraged the warriors of Zoheir, who now regarded themselves as vanquished. The king was on the point of demanding a suspension of arms for the purpose of waiting the return of Antar, when a thick cloud of dust was seen rising at a distance, which increased as it approached, and in a short time, cries of suffering and despair were distinctly heard. The attention of the two armies was now directed to the third, which was approaching, and in a short time some horsemen were distinguished, all clothed with mail, but supple as young branches, hastening to the fight. At their head marched a warrior as tall as a cedar, and firm as a rock: the earth trembled under his feet. Before him were some men bound on camels, and surrounded by horsemen leading some dismounted horses. These horsemen exclaimed, "*Beni-Zobaid*," and their voices filled the desert. It was Mehdi-Karab, despatched by Kaled to ransack Beni-Abess, and was now on his return, having successfully accomplished his mission; in fact, arriving at that tribe by sunrise, he seized immediately upon all the horses, the best camels and several daughters of the highest families; Warka, however, having assembled in haste the few warriors at his disposal, set forward in pursuit. Mehdi-Karab finding himself overtaken, after having sent his booty forward under the escort of two hundred horsemen, attacked the corps of Warka, who although

very inferior in numbers, maintained the fight with obstinacy until the close of the day. Beni-Abess having lost the half of their troops, and Warka being taken prisoner, the remainder were dispersed. After the affair, Mehdi-Karab, continued his route, and having hastened his march, arrived in time to take part in the battle which was on the eve of commencing. He placed himself immediately in battle array. Zoheir, on perceiving this, exclaimed, "Behold my fears are realized, but no matter, the sabre must now alone decide it. Envy is preferable to the shame of seeing our wives reduced to slavery and becoming as bodies without a soul."

Mehdi-Karab being received with transports of joy, after having given an account of his expedition, inquired after Kaled, and heard with astonishment that having mounted his horse the preceding night to inspect the guard, he had not yet returned. Concealing his uneasiness, he rushed with impetuosity on Beni-Abess, followed by all his troops, vociferating their war cry. The warriors of Zoheir in a state of desperation sustained the terrible shock, preferring to die, rather than live separated from their friends. Streams of blood inundated the field of battle, and at mid-day the victory was still undecided, although Beni-Abess began to show evident symptoms of weakness; the enemy making a dreadful havoc amongst their ranks. Zoheir, who was on the left wing with his children and his principal chiefs, observing the centre and the right wing giving way, was thrown into the greatest embarrassment, not knowing how to stop his army, which was on the point of dispersing, when he saw in the rear of the enemy a corps of a thousand picked warriors, vociferating *Beni-Abess*. This corps was commanded by Antar, who like a tower of brass, and cased in mail, rushed forward with the utmost precipitation, preceded by Chaiboub, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Woe to you, children of Beni-Zobaid. Seek your safety in flight. Save yourselves from the death which is about to descend upon you. If you believe not me, raise your eyes, and behold on the point of my lance the head of your chief, Kaled-Eben-Mohareb."

SECOND FRAGMENT.

Antar, during his captivity in Persia, having rendered some important services to the king of that country, that prince restored him to liberty, and sent him home laden with valuable presents in silver, horses, slaves, cattle and arms of all sorts. Antar having met on his route a warrior, celebrated for his valour, who had taken Ablla prisoner, killed him, and carried back his cousin with him. Previously to his arrival with his tribe, he sent to inform his relations, who for a long time considered him dead. The information of his return overwhelmed them with joy, and they set out to meet him accompanied by King Zoheir himself and the principal chiefs. On perceiving them, Antar, intoxicated with joy, sprang from his horse and ran to kiss the stirrup of the king, by whom he was immediately embraced; the other chiefs, happy in seeing him again, threw their arms around him, with the exception of Amara, his rejected rival, who appeared alone dissatisfied.

To do honour to his sovereign, Antar continued to ride by his side, confiding the guardianship of his betrothed to ten negroes, who during the night slept on their camels. Ablla having also slept on her houdah, was alarmed on awakening, to find herself at a distance from the troop. Her cries roused the negroes, who then perceived that their camels had deviated from the road. During their absence, endeavouring to regain the road, Ablla having descended from her houdah, found herself seized by a horseman who took her in his arms, and placed her on his horse behind him. It was Amara, who enraged at the respect, which was shown his rival, had retired from the troop, and finding his cousin alone, resolved to carry her off. On her reproaching him with his baseness, unworthy of an emir, I would rather, said he, carry you off with violence, than die of chagrin in beholding you the wife of Antar. Then, continuing his route, he went in search of an asylum amongst a powerful tribe, the enemies of Beni-Abess. During this time, the negroes having found out the right road,

returned to take up the houdah not doubting that Ablla had quitted it. Antar having accompanied the king to his residence, returned to meet his betrothed, when to his great astonishment, he found the houdah empty; his inquiries amongst the negroes proving wholly ineffectual, he mounted his horse, and spent several days in search of his beloved, lamenting her loss in the following verses.

Sleep has forsaken my eyelids; my tears have furrowed my cheeks.

My constancy is torture to me, and leaves me no repose.

We have seen each other for so short a time, that it has only aggravated my sufferings.

This estrangement, these continual separations lacerate my heart. Beni-Abess, how much I regret your tents.

What useless tears have I shed at a distance from my affectionate friend.

I only prayed to be happy near you for so long a time as it would be granted to a miser to contemplate his treasure.

Antar, on his return after long and fruitless researches, determined to despatch his brother Chaiboub concealed under a disguise, who after a long absence returned with the information that he had discovered Ablla in the tent of Mafarey-Eben-Hammarn, who had carried her off by force from Amara, with the intent to marry her, but Ablla, not being willing to consent to the marriage, feigned that she was mad, and Mafarey in revenge, and with the view of punishing her, forced her to act in a menial capacity in his family, where she found herself exposed to the ill-treatment of the mother of Mafarey, who employed her in labours of the most degrading kind. I heard her, added Chaiboub, mention your name, in repeating the following verses.

Come and deliver me my cousins, or at least inform Antar of my melancholy situation.

My sorrows have exhausted my strength: all kinds of misfortunes have beset me, since I have been at a distance from the lion.

A slight wind is sufficient to destroy my health; judge then

what I experience in the state of suffering to which I am reduced.

My patience is worn out; my enemies ought to be content; what humiliations have I endured since I lost the hero of my heart.

Oh! if it be possible, restore me to Antar; the lion alone can protect the gazelle.

My sorrows would soften the rocks.

Antar not being willing to listen any longer, instantly took his departure, and after many long and sanguinary battles, succeeded in obtaining possession of Ablla.

MAXIMS OF ANTAR.

Let your enemies fear your sword; remain not where you are contemned.

Establish yourself amongst the witnesses of your triumphs, or die gloriously with the sword in your hand.

Be a despot amongst despots—a villain amongst villains.

If your friend forsake you, seek not to bring him back to you, but shut your ear to the calumnies of his rivals.

There is no refuge from death.

Better to die fighting, than live in slavery.

During the time I was numbered amongst slaves, my actions traversed the clouds, that they might rise to the heavens.

I owe my renown to my sword, not to the nobility of my birth.

My great achievements will make my birth respected by the warriors of Beni-Abess, who might be tempted to despise it.

The warriors and the coursers themselves are there to attest the victories of my arms.

I have spurred my horse into the midst of my enemy, in the dust of the battle during the heat of the action.

I have led it back, spotted with blood, complaining of my unequalled activity. At the close of the battle, he was all of one colour.

I have killed the most formidable warriors, Rabiha-Hafre-Ban, Giaber-Eben-Mahalka, and the son of Rabiha-Zabikan was left on the field of battle.

Zabiba (the mother of Antar) blames me for exposing myself at night, she fears that I shall be overpowered by numbers.

She wishes to make me alarmed at death, as if we were not destined one day to die.

Death is a fountain, I answered her, at which sooner or later we must all drink.

Cease then to torment yourself, for if I do not die, I ought to be killed.

I will conquer all the kings, who are already at my feet, fearing the blows of my formidable arm.

The tigers and the lions themselves crouch before me.

The coursers appear mournful, as if they had lost their masters.

I am the son of a woman of a black forehead, with legs like an ostrich, and hair resembling pepper corns.

O ye, who return from the tribe, what is passing there?

Be the bearer of my greetings to her, whose love has preserved me from death.

My enemies are desirous of my humiliation, cruel fate! their triumph consists in my degradation.

Tell them that their slave deplores their distance from him.

If your laws permitted you to kill me; satisfy your desire; no one will call you to an account for my blood.

Antar having precipitated himself into the midst of the enemy, disappeared from the sight of the troops, who being alarmed for his life, were on the point of hastening to his assistance, when he appeared, carrying the head of the chief of the enemy, when he repeated the following verses.

If I do not slake my sabre in the blood of my enemy, if it flow not from its edge, may my eyes know no repose, even renouncing the bliss of seeing Ablla in my dreams.

I am more active than death itself, for I burn to destroy those for whom it would consent to wait.

Death, on beholding my exploits, ought to respect my person. The arms of the Bedouins will be short against me, the most formidable of warriors—me, the lion in his rage—me, by whose sword and lance souls obtain their liberty.

When I shall see death, I will make him a turban of my sword, the blood of which will heighten its brightness.

I am the lion, which protects every thing which belongs to it.

My actions will go down to immortality.

My black complexion will become white, when the ardour for battle inflames my heart; my love will become extreme, persuasion then will no longer have any control over me.

Let my neighbour always be triumphant, my enemies always humbled, full of fear and without an asylum.

By the All-powerful! who has created the seven heavens, and who knows the future, I will not cease to fight, until the destruction of my enemy. I, the lion of the earth, am ready for war.

My refuge is in the dust of the battle field.

I have made the hostile warriors fly, by laying prostrate on the earth the corpse of their chief.

Behold his blood which flows from my sabre.

O Beni-Abess! prepare your triumphs, and be proud of a negro who has a throne in the heavens.

Inquire my name of the swords and lances, they will tell you that it is Antar (courageous).

The father of Ablla being resolved not to give his daughter in marriage to Antar, had quitted the tribe in his absence. On his return, that hero no longer finding his cousin, repeated the following verses.

Why deny the love which I entertain for Ablla, when my tears bear witness to the grief which her absence occasions. Far from her, the flame which devours me becomes every day more ardent. I know not how to conceal the sufferings which are incessantly renewed.

My patience diminishes, whilst my desire to see her again is increased.

To God alone I complain of the tyranny of my uncle, since no one comes to my assistance.

My friends! love will kill me; me, so strong, so formidable.

O daughter of Mallek; I prohibit sleep to my wearied body; could it indeed enjoy repose on a bed of charcoal?

I weep so much that the birds themselves will know my grief, and will weep with me.

I kiss the earth on which thou hast trodden: perhaps its freshness will extinguish the fire of my heart.

O beautiful Ablla! my mind and heart are distracted, whilst your herds remain in safety under my protection.

Have compassion on my miserable condition. I will be faithful to you to all eternity.

In vain do my rivals rejoice, my body will not enjoy any repose.

FRAGMENTS OF ARABIC POETRY.

A caliph being at the chace, lost his way; after being separated from his attendants, he arrived near a spring, where there were three Bedouin girls drawing water. Having asked them for a draught of water, all three pressed forward to present him with the pitcher. Delighted with their kindness the caliph wished to bestow upon them some reward, but finding himself without money, he broke several of his arrows, which were of gold, and distributed the pieces amongst them, for which each of them returned her thanks in verse.

The first said,

Thy arrows are of gold, it is to show thy generosity, even towards an enemy. Thus, dost thou bestow on the wounded the means of curing them, and to the dead the means of paying for their funerals.

The second said,

In battle, thy hand, too open, extends its bounty, even to its enemies; thy arrows are of a precious metal to prove that war does not prevent thee from bestowing thy gifts.

The third said,

In the day of battle, he throws amongst his enemies, arrows of massy gold, in order that the wounded may not be driven to despair, and that the dead may buy their winding sheet.

An Arab, having caused a blush to tinge a maiden's face by staring at her, said to her,

My looks have sown the roses on your cheeks, why prevent me from gathering them? the law permits him to reap who has sown.

Tanbé-Eben-Homager composed a great number of verses for his beloved Lailla-el-Akeatial, amongst others were the following.

After my death, if Lailla-el-Akeatial should visit my resting place to speak to me, my voice, in answer, would pierce the earth and the stones which cover me, or the echo of my tomb itself would make itself heard.

The passion of Tanbé was so violent, that it proved his death. Sometime afterwards Lailla being married, passed not far from the tomb of Tanbé, accompanied by her husband, who told her to go and speak to the fool, to see if he would answer her, as he had announced in his verses. As she attempted to make some excuse, her husband repeated his orders in an angry tone. Being obliged at length to comply, she turned the head of her camel towards the tomb, and on arriving at it, she exclaimed, Tanbé, art thou there?

At these words, an enormous bird took to its wings from a neighbouring thicket and frightened the camel, which rearing, threw Lailla on the ground. She was killed in falling and was buried by the side of Tanbé.

Ehnassondi said to me, I have known you to shed tears of blood, so great was your constancy. Why are those tears become white?

I answered, It is not on my part either forgetfulness or infidelity, but I have wept so much that time has bleached my tears.*

* The introduction of rhyme into the modern European languages is generally ascribed to the Arabs, but we do not recollect in the course of our studies to

LANDSCAPES AND REFLECTIONS IN SYRIA.

On the 28th March I departed from Beirout on my journey to Balbec and Damascus; the caravan consisted of twenty-six horses, and eight or ten Arabs on foot, as servants and as our escort.

On leaving Beirout, we ascended by paths cut in a red sand, the edges of which are festooned with all the flowers of Asia; with all the forms and all the odours of spring; with nopals and prickly shrubs, with bunches of flowers as yellow as gold, resembling the broom of our mountains; vines, suspended from tree to tree, and beautiful carob trees with their leaves of a black and bronzed green, their branches intertwined, their trunks with their brown, polished, shining bark, forming on the whole the most beautiful tree of these climates. After travelling about half an hour we arrived at the summit of the peninsula which forms the Cape of Beirout,

have met with any authority, corroborative of that fact. It is admitted that the Arabs are the most ancient people in whose poems rhyme is to be found, as it was well known even before the time of Mahomet, not only in their poems but even in their sacred prose. But we are not thence warranted in drawing the conclusion that they were the inventors of rhyme, and that they had promulgated it amongst the remaining people of the earth. The only conclusion we are thence entitled to draw, is that they are the most ancient people from whom similar poetical relics have been handed down to us; but, perhaps, some grounds may exist for invalidating that conclusion, for when St. Patrick, anno 400, preached the gospel in Ireland, he found there both poets and rhyme, he himself composed the following gaelic verses in rhyme,

Ailbe umal Patric mumam, mo goch rath
Teclam Patric naudeisi ag theolan go brath.

It is by no means proved that there are any examples of Arabic rhymes antecedent to that period. If we were in possession of the old German songs, which Charles the Great ordered to be collected, we should without doubt be able to affix a higher antiquity to German rhyme than to the Arabic. The greatest improbability also exists that the whole of Europe should have adopted an invention from a people so different to them in manners, morals and religion, and with whom the intercourse amounted in the earlier ages to a positive prohibition. How also are we to account for the many nations in the northernmost parts of Europe and America, who adopt the use of rhyme, and who could not possibly have derived it from the Arabs?—*Translator*

terminating in a rounded point in the sea, and its base formed by a large and beautiful plain through which flows the Nahr-Beirout. This plain, which is well irrigated, cultivated, and everywhere planted with handsome palms, green mulberry trees, and firs with their large and tufted tops is lost at the foot of the first rocks of Lebanon. At the southern point of the plain of Beirout extends the beautiful scene of Fakar-el-din, or Fakardin. It is the promenade of Beirout. It is here that the Turkish, Arab, and European horsemen repair to exercise their horses and run the jereed; it is hither that I resorted every day to pass a few hours on horseback, at one time galloping on the desert sands which command the blue and immense horizon of the Syrian Sea, at another, ambling along, meditating beneath the alleys of the young firs which cover a part of the promontory. It is the most beautiful spot I ever saw in the world; gigantic pines, whose sturdy trunks slightly bent by the wind of the sea, raising their umbelliferous heads like domes, are scattered in groups of two or three, or placed singly at every twenty paces on a golden sand, studded here and there with a light green turf and anemonies. They were planted by Fakar-el-din. whose wonderful adventures have spread his fame throughout Europe. They still go by his name. I beheld every day with grief a hero of a more modern date, hewing down the trees which another great man had planted. Ibrahim Pacha has had some cut down for his navy, but a sufficient number still remain to mark out the promontory to the eye of the mariner, and to the admiration of every lover of the most beautiful scenes of nature.

It is from this quarter that, according to my opinion, the most splendid view of Mount Lebanon is to be obtained. We are, it is true, at its foot, but still at a sufficient distance not to be within its shade, but where the eye can take in the whole of its height, plunge in the obscurity of its ravines, discern the foam of its torrents, and roam at liberty round the first peaks by which it is flanked, on each of which is a Maronite monastery, peering above a clump of pines, of

cedars or black cypresses. The Sannin, the highest and most pyramidal peak of Lebanon, commands all the lower peaks, and forms with its almost eternal snows, the majestic, gilded, violet, and roseate extremity of the horizon of the mountains which drowns itself in the firmament, not as a solid body but as a vapour, a transparent smoke, through which one might be supposed to distinguish the other side of the sky; a delightful phenomenon of the mountains of Asia, which I never observed in any other quarter, and which I enjoyed every evening without being able to account for the illusion.

On the southern side, Mount Lebanon gradually declines towards the projecting cape of Saida, formerly Sidon. Its summits are no longer covered with snow, only here and there on two or three of the summits at a greater distance and elevation than the others, and the remainder of the Lebanon chain; they follow like the wall of a ruined town, now rising, now falling, the line of the level of the sea and, fade away in the vapours of the west towards the Mountains of Galilee on the shores of the Sea of Genesareth, formerly the Lake of Tiberias. On the northern side is perceived an arm of the sea, advancing like a stagnant lake into the plain, half hidden by the mossy verdure of the enchanting hill of San-Dimitri, the most beautiful hill of Syria. On this lake, the junction of which with the sea cannot be perceived, a few vessels are always at anchor, riding gracefully on the waves, the foam of which moistens the flowers and shrubs, which decorate its shores. From the harbour, a bridge constructed at first by the Romans, and restored by Fakar-el-din, throws its arches, raised in ogives, over the river of Beirout, which flows across the plain, where it diffuses life and verdure, and loses itself in the sea not far from the harbour.

The last excursion which I took with Julia was to this place. She rode for the first time a horse of the desert, which I brought for her from the Dead Sea, and the bridle of which was held by an Arab servant. We were alone; the weather, although in the month of November was splen-

did with light, warmth and verdure. Never before did I see that amiable and beloved child so completely entranced with nature, and with emotion and the happiness of life, of feeling and of sight. She turned every instant towards me to utter her exclamations of delight, and when we had made the circuit of the hill of San Dimitri, crossed the plain, and reached the pine trees, where we halted; Is it not, said she to me, the longest, and the most beautiful excursion I ever made in my life? alas, yes! and it was the last. A fortnight afterwards, I was walking alone and weeping under the same trees, having nothing in my heart but the enchanting image of the most celestial creature, which heaven has allowed me to see, to possess and to deplore. I exist no longer—nature possesses no longer any animation for me in all those things, which I felt, as it were doubly in the soul of my child. I still cast my eyes towards nature—it charms me still, but it does not affect nor elevate my heart, and if it be elevated against my will for a few minutes or moments, it soon falls again, cold and broken into the abyss of overwhelming sorrow and bitterness, in which God has plunged it by so many irreparable losses.

On the eastern side, the look is immediately arrested by some light hills of sand, red as the charcoal of a furnace, and from which rises a vapour of a roseate white, similar to the reflection of the mouth of a lighted oven, then, following the line of the horizon, it passes across the desert, and arrives at the deep blue line of the sea, which terminates the scene, and is lost at a distance with the sky in the mist, which leaves their limits undefined. On all these hills, on all this plain, as well as on all the sides of these mountains are situated an infinite number of pretty detached cottages, each of which has its orchard of mulberry trees, its gigantic pines, its fig trees, and here and there in groups more compact and striking to the eye, are seen some handsome villages, or clusters of monasteries, which rise on their rocky pedestal, and reflect from a distance on the sea the yellow rays of the sun of the East. Two or three hundred of these monasteries

are scattered on all the peaks, and promontories, and on all the ravines of Lebanon. It is the most religious country of the world, and perhaps the only country in which the existence of the monastic system, has not been attended with those abuses, which has been the destruction of it in other places.

The monks of Lebanon, poor and industrious, living by the labour of their own hands, are nothing, more properly speaking, than pious labourers, asking of the government and the people nothing else than the corner of the rock which they cultivate, and solitude and contemplation; they perfectly explain by their actual existence in the midst of the Mahometan countries, the creation of those primitive asylums of infant christianity, and the prodigious increase of those asylums of religious liberty in the ages of barbarism and persecution. Hence the cause of their existence; hence it still exists for the Maronites, and for that reason these monks have remained what they ought to have been every where, and which they can no longer be any where, but by exception. If the actual state of religious society and religion still sanctions the monastic orders, it is no longer those which were born in another age, for other wants and for other necessities. Every age ought to have its social and religious creations. The wants of the present period are different from those of the primitive ages. The modern monastic orders have only two things which they can manage better, than either governments, or individual exertions; namely, the intellectual edification of their fellow-men, and comforting them under their corporeal sufferings. The schools and hospitals are the two only places which remain for the monks, in which to exercise their calling according to the present constitution of things; but in order to occupy the first of these places, it is necessary that they themselves should participate of the light which it is their desire to diffuse; it is requisite that they should be better informed and more truly moral than the people, whom it is their province to instruct and amend. But to return to Lebanon.

We began ascending it by paths of yellowish and greyish

rocks, slightly tinged with a roseate hue, which gives the mountain at a distance, that violet and roseate colour, which is so enchanting to the eye. Nothing remarkable presented itself to our notice, until we had ascended two thirds of the mountain, when we found ourselves on the summit of a promontory, which projected into a deep valley.

The valley of Hammana, is one of the most beautiful coups-d'-œil which the works of God present to the eye of man. It was now beneath our feet, beginning by a deep and narrow ravine, hollowed almost like a grotto amidst the highest rocks and under the snows of the most elevated part of Lebanon. It is only at first distinguishable by the torrent of foam, which descends from the mountains, and which in its obscurity forms a furrow of moving and splendid light. It grows wider and wider by degrees, like the torrent from cascade to cascade, then, on a sudden taking a turn to the westward, and forming a graceful and supple bend, like a rivulet falling into a river, or which becomes a river itself, it enters into a very broad valley, and thus becomes a valley itself. It extends on an average the breadth of half a league between the two chains of the mountain, precipitating towards the sea by a regular and gentle slope, where it becomes hollow, or rises in hills, according to the obstacles which the rocks interpose in its course. On these hills are situated some villages separated by the ravines, with immense plaintains, surrounded by black firs, on the cultivated platforms of which is erected a handsome monastery; in these ravines, all the waters of the thousand cascades are dispersed, flowing along with their glittering and noisy foam.

The flanks of the two sides of Lebanon, which enclose it, are themselves covered with clumps of fir trees, monasteries and elevated villages, the blue smoke of which curls about their precipices. At the time, when this valley burst upon my view, the sun was setting in the sea, and its beams, leaving the defiles and the ravines in a mysterious darkness, illumined only the monasteries; the roofs of the villages, the tops of the firs, and the heads of the highest of the rocks,

which projected above the level of the mountains; the waters, which were then abundant, fell from all the ridges of the mountains, and spouted forth in foam from all the fissures of the rocks, encircling with two broad arms of silver or of snow, the handsome platform which supports the villages, the monasteries and the forests of firs. Their noise, resembling that of the pipes of an organ in a cathedral, resounded on all sides, stunning the ear. I scarcely ever felt so profoundly the peculiar beauty of mountain scenery; a mild, grave and melancholy beauty, wholly different from that of the ocean or the plain—a beauty which makes the heart retire within itself, rather than open it, and which appears to partake of the religious feeling under misfortune—a melanchy recollection! instead of the religious feeling under happiness, which is expansion, love and joy.

At every step which we took on the sides of the ridge, the cascades fell on the head of the traveller, or glided into the interstices of the rocks, which they had hollowed out, like gutters of the sublime roof of the mountains, which filtered incessantly down the declivities. The weather was foggy; the tempest howled amongst the fir trees, and wafted along every moment clouds of snow, which broke through, whilst colouring it, the fugitive beam of a march sun. I remember well the novel and picturesque effect which the transit of our caravan made, on its crossing one of the ravines of these cascades. The flanks of the rocks of Lebanon, assumed on a sudden a hollow character like a deep bay of the sea between the rocks; a torrent, restrained by some blocks of granite, filled with its rapid and noisy bubblings, this rent in the mountain; the spray of the cascade, which fell at the height of several feet above, floated at the mercy of the winds over the two promontories of arid and grey earth, which encircled the bay, and which suddenly declining, descended to the bed of the torrent, which it had to cross; a narrow ledge cut in the side of these mounds, was the only path by which we could descend to the torrent for the purpose of crossing it. We could only pass along this ledge in

single files, and I was one of the last of the caravan. The long file of horses, baggage, and travellers descended successively to the bottom of this gulf, winding and disappearing completely amidst the obscurity of the spray of the waters, and re-appearing by degrees on the other side and on the other ledge of the passage, at first clothed and veiled by a gloomy vapour, pale and yellowish like that of sulphur, and subsequently by a white and light vapour like the silvery foam of the waters, and finally, brilliant and coloured by the rays of the sun, which began to shine on them more brightly, in proportion as it ascended on the opposite sides. It was a scene from the Inferno of Dante, realized to the eye in one of the most terrible scenes which his imagination could have conceived. But who is he that is a poet in the presence of nature, or who can invent equal to God?

The village of Hammana, a Drusian village, where we intended to take up our quarters for the night, appeared already at the upper opening of the valley which bears its name. Situated on a peak of sharp and broken rocks which border on the everlasting snows, it is commanded by the house of the schiek, which itself is situated on a still more elevated peak, in the middle of the village. Two deep streams bedded in the rocks, and obstructed in their course by blocks which break their foam, encircle the village in every part. It is crossed by some trunks of firs, on which a little earth has been cast, but without any parapets, and we thus ascend to the houses, which, like those of Lebanon and Syria present at a distance the appearance of regularity and of the picturesque, and of an architecture which deceives the eye on the first look, and makes them resemble the groups of Italian villas, with their terraced roofs, and their balconies, ornamented with balustrades. The castle of the scheik of Hammana surpasses, in elegance, in grace and grandeur, all that I have seen of this kind, with the exception of the palace of the Emir Beschir at Deir-el-Kamar. It can only be compared to one of our grandest gothic castles of the middle age, such at least as their ruins denote them to have been, or

as the pictures represent them. Ogive windows, decorated with balconies, a wide and lofty door, surmounted also by an ogive arch, which projects like a portico above the threshold; two benches carved in arabesque, and attached to the two stanchions of the door; a flight of seven or eight circular stone steps, descending to a broad terrace shaded by two or three immense sycamores, and where the water is constantly flowing in a marble fountain—such was the scene which the house of the scheik presented to our view. Seven or eight armed Druses, clad in their glittering party-coloured costume; their heads decorated with turbans, and standing in a martial attitude, appeared to await the command of their chief; one or two negroes, clothed in their blue vests; a few young slaves or pages seated or playing on the flight of steps, and finally higher up under the arch itself of the great door, the scheik himself seated with his pipe in his hand, clad in a scarlet pelisse, and looking at us as we passed in the attitude expressive of power and repose; such were the characters of this drama, to which, however, may be added two young and handsome females, one leaning on her elbows at a high window of the edifice, the other sitting on a balcony above the door.

We slept at Hammana, in a chamber which had been for some days prepared for us. We rose before the sun, and ascended the last peak of Mount Lebanon. The ascent lasted for an hour and a half, and we found ourselves at last amidst the snows. We pursued our course, along an elevated plain, partially undulated by hillocks, as on the summit of the Alps, until we had cleared the defile which leads to the other side of Lebanon. After two hours of painful and laborious travelling through two or three feet deep of snow, we came in sight of the lofty and snowy peaks of the Anti-Lebanon, then in a short time of its arid and naked sides, and at last of the broad plain of Bkaa, being a continuation of the valley of Balbec to the right. This plain commences at the desert of Homs and Hama, and does not terminate till it reaches the mountains of Galilee near Saphad, leaving only

a narrow passage for the Jordan, which there flows into the Sea of Genesareth. It is one of the most beautiful and fertile plains of the world, but is cultivated scarcely in any part of it; continually infested by the wandering Arabs, the inhabitants of Balbec, of Zaklé, or the other villages of the Lebanon, refrain from sowing any seed in it, as their harvest would be very dubious and uncertain. It is irrigated by a great number of streams and inexhaustible springs and at the time when we saw it, presented to the eye more the aspect of a marsh or a lake partially drained, than of a campaign country.

In a few hours we descended to the town of Zaklé, where the Greek bishop, born at Aleppo, received us with kindness, and provided us with a lodging. We departed on the 30th, to cross the plain of Bkaa, and at night to sleep at Balbec.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

On leaving Zaklé, a handsome christian village at the foot of Lebanon on the borders of the plain, in front of the Anti-Lebanon, we pursued immediately the radications of Lebanon, on re-ascending towards the north. We passed near a dilapidated edifice, on the ruins of which the Turks have erected a dervish's house and a mosque, presenting a grand and picturesque effect. It is, according to the traditions of the Arabs, the tomb of Noah, whose ark touched the summit of Sanium, and who resided in the beautiful valley of Balbec, where he died and was buried. Some remains of ancient arches and edifices of the Grecian and Roman era, tend in some measure to confirm those traditions. It is at least to be perceived that in every age, this place has been consecrated to the memory of some great event; the stones are here, that powerful testimony of history. We passed them, not without carrying back our minds to those ancient days, in which the children of the patriarch, those new men, born of a single man, inhabited those primitive abodes, and founded civiliza-

tions and edifices, which to us and our progenitors have remained a problem.

It occupied seven hours in crossing in an oblique direction, the plain which leads to Balbec. On fording the river which divides the plain, our Arab escorts wished to oblige us to direct our course the to right, and to rest for the night at a Turkish village about three leagues from Balbec. My dragoman could not exact any obedience to his orders, and I was obliged to push my horse into a gallop to the other side of the river, in order to force the two chiefs of the caravan to follow us. I advanced upon them in a menacing attitude, which, however, was sufficient to make them dismount and follow us, though not without considerable murmurs.

On approaching the Anti-Lebanon, the plain rises and becomes more dry and rocky. The anemonies and other wintry flowers were more profusely strewn under our feet than even the stones.

We began to perceive an immense mass, which stood in black relief from the white sides of Anti-Lebanon. It was Balbec, but as yet no object could be distinctly made out. We arrived at last at the first ruin. It was a small octagon temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble, which had been evidently truncated in the upper columns, some of which had a volute at the capital, and others without any trace of a volute at all, and which, according to my opinion, were transported, cut, and set up at a recent period for the purpose of supporting the dome of a Turkish Mosque, or the roof of some other place of worship, probably in the period of Fakar-el-din. The materials are handsome, and there is still in the workmanship of the cornice and the roof, a trace of some perfection in the art; these materials, however, are evidently the fragments of ruins adjusted comparatively by a mediocre talent, and according to a more depraved taste. This temple is about a quarter of an hour's journey from Balbec. Being impatient to behold what the most distant antiquity has bequeathed to us that is beautiful, grand or mysterious, we hastened the pace of our tired horses, the feet of which began

here and there to knock against the blocks of marble, the broken trunks of columns, and prostrate capitals. The entire of the walls, enclosing the fields in the proximity of Balbec are constructed with these fragments, and our antiquaries would find an enigma in every stone. A trace of cultivation began to show itself, and some large walnut trees, the first that I had seen in Syria, were growing between Balbec and the spot where we were, and extended even within the ruins of the temples, which were concealed from us by their branches. They at last burst upon our view, but it was not, properly speaking, a temple, an edifice or a ruin; it was a hill of architecture, which projected suddenly from the plain, at a short distance from the real hills of the anti-Lebanon. We crept along amongst the rubbish into the dilapidated, Arab village which is called Balbec. We travelled along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, on which rose a forest of graceful columns, gilded by the setting sun, and exhibiting to the eye the yellow and dead tints of the marble of the Parthenon or of the Coliseum at Rome. Amongst these columns, there are some in long and elegant rows, which have still their capitals and their richly sculptured cornices uninjured, and which line the walls of marble which serve to enclose the sanctuaries; others recline in their unbroken state against the walls which support them, like a tree, which has been deprived of its root, but the trunk of which is still sound and vigorous: others in still greater numbers, are scattered here and there in immense heaps of marble or stone, on the slopes of the hill, or in the deep ditches which surround them, and even to the bed of the river, which runs at their feet. At the top of the table-land of this mountain of stone, rise six isolated columns of more gigantic dimensions, at no great distance from the lower temple, and still bearing their colossal cornices. We shall at a future period describe what they prove by their state of isolation from the other edifices.

On continuing our course along the foot of the monuments, the columns and the architecture terminate, and nothing more is seen than the gigantic walls, built of enormous stones,

and almost all of them bearing the traces of sculpture; being the fragments of a former period, which have been made use of in a more distant age, when the temples were built, which are now in ruins.

We did not on that day proceed further on our journey. The road diverged from the ruins, and conducted us, still amongst the ruins, and over vaults resounding with the steps of our horses, towards a small house built amongst the rubbish. It was the palace of the bishop of Balbec, who clad in a violet-coloured pelisse, and encircled by some Arab peasants, advanced to meet us, and conducted us to his humble door. The poorest peasant's cottage of Burgundy or Auvergne exhibits greater luxury and elegance than the palace of the Bishop of Balbec. The edifice was nothing more than an ill-constructed hut, without either door or windows, and the roof of which, partly in ruins allowed the rain to flow upon a flooring of mud. Still, however, at the bottom of the court my eye was attracted by a new and clean wall constructed of transverse blocks with a door and a window in ogives of Moorish architecture, which were formed of stones, admirably sculptured. This was the church of Balbec, the cathedral of that city in which other gods had had their splendid asylums; it is the chapel where the few Arab Christians who dwell on these ruins of so many creeds, come to adore, under a form more pure, that same divinity, the thought of whom has employed the men of all ages, and which has made them move so many stones and given rise to so many ideas.

We took off our cloaks under this hospitable roof. We fastened our horses to the stakes on the mossy turf which extends between the house of the bishop and the ruins. We lighted a fire of brambles for the purpose of drying our clothes which had been soaked by the rain of the day, and we supped in the little court of the bishop, on a table formed of some stones of the temples, during which in the adjoining chapel, the litanies of the vespers, resounding in a plaintive chant, and the deep sonorous voice of the bishop muttered his pious orisons to his flock, which was composed of a few

Arab shepherds and some women. When these peasants of the desert quitted the chapel, and gathered themselves around us for the purpose of having a look at us, we saw none but friendly faces, and benevolent looks; we heard nothing but obliging and welcome words, those affecting salutations; those prolonged and simple vows of a primitive people, who have not yet made a vain formula of the salutation of man to man, but who have concentrated in a small number of words, applicable to the different meetings of morning, noon and night, all that hospitality could suggest as most welcome and beneficial to the guests; all that one traveller can wish to another for the day, the night, the journey and the return. We were christians, and that was all-sufficient for them; a community of religion is the most powerful sympathy of a people; a common idea between man and man is more than a common country, and the christians of the East, immersed in the Mahometanism by which they are surrounded, by which they are threatened, and often persecuted, behold always in the christians of the west, their actual protectors, and their future liberators. Europe is not sufficiently aware of the powerful lever which she possesses in these christian populations to agitate the East, whenever she may direct her attention towards it, and confer on this country, which is verging on a necessary and inevitable transformation, that liberty and civilization, of which it is so worthy and so capable to enjoy.

The time, according to my opinion, is arrived to launch a European colony, into the heart of Asia; to carry back modern civilization to those places whence ancient civilization emanated, and to form an immense empire from those great wrecks of the Turkish empire, which crumbles under its own weight, and which has no other heritage than the desert and the dust of the ruins in which it is swallowed up. Nothing is more easy than to raise a new monument in these desolate territories, and to re-open to the fruitful human races, those inexhaustible sources of population, which Mahometanism has dried up by its execrable administration; when I say

execrable, I do not mean to attach to the character of Mahometanism a brutal ferocity, which belongs not to its nature, but I simply accuse it of a culpable indifference, an irremediable fatalism, which without destroying any thing, allows every thing to perish around it. The Turkish population is wholesome, good and moral, nor is its religion so superstitious and exclusive as it is described; but its passive resignation, the abuse of its faith in the sensible government of providence, destroys the faculties of man, by referring every thing to God. God does not act for man, who is appointed to act in his own cause;—he is merely the spectator and the judge of human actions. Mahometanism has assumed to itself the part of God, it has constituted itself the inactive spectator of the divine action; it paralyses the actions of man, and man perishes voluntarily in his inaction. Notwithstanding all this, justice must be done to the worship of Mahomet; it is a very philosophical creed, imposing only two great duties upon man—prayer and charity. These two grand ideas are, in fact, the two principal truths of all religions, and from which Mahometanism has extracted its toleration, which other creeds have so cruelly excluded from their dogmas. In this respect, it is further advanced on the road of religious perfection, than many other religions, who insult and despise it. Mahometanism might be introduced without any effort or trouble into a system of religious and civil liberty, and form one of the elements of a great social agglomeration in Asia. It is in its nature moral, patient, resigned, charitable, and tolerant, all of which qualities render it proper for a diffusion necessary in the country which it occupies, and where it ought to be propagated and not exterminated. It is accustomed to live in peace and harmony with the christian creeds, which it has allowed to subsist and to act freely in the heart even of the most holy cities, such as Damascus and Jerusalem. It places little value upon political supremacy, provided it has prayer, justice and peace—those things being all that it requires. In the European civilization, all humane, all politic and all ambitious as it is, the religion of Mahomet

may be allowed to hold its place in the mosque, or its place in the sun or the shade.

Alexander conquered Asia with thirty thousand Grecian and Macedonian soldiers. Ibrahim has overthrown the Turkish empire with thirty or forty thousand young Egyptians, who knew only how to load a musket or to march in order. A European adventurer, with five or six thousand European soldiers could easily overthrow Ibrahim, and conquer Asia from Smyrna to Bassora, and Cairo to Bagdad, advancing step by step, taking the Maronites of the Lebanon as the pivot of his operations; by adopting a system of organization in the rear in proportion as he advances, and making the christians of the East the instruments of his action, his administration and recruiting. The Arabs of the desert even would become his auxiliaries, immediately that he was able to take them into his pay, having no other creed than money, and their divinity will always be the sabre and gold. With this vice, they may be kept as mercenaries a sufficient time until their submission becomes at last inevitable, themselves contributing to it. After which they may be driven back further into the desert, which is their country, and by degrees they might be drawn into a more mild and gentle civilization of which they have no examples around them.

We rose with the sun, the first beams of which illumined the temples of Balbec, and imparted to those mysterious ruins, that splendour of eternal youth, which nature knows how to bestow of her own accord, and even to that which time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we set off to touch with our hands, those objects on which we had hitherto only feasted our eyes. We approached slowly the artificial hill, in order to have a more perfect view of the different masses of architecture of which they are composed, and we soon arrived by the northern side, under the shade itself of the gigantic walls, which on this side encircle the ruins. A beautiful rivulet, which had overflowed its bed of granite, flowed at our feet, and formed here and there some small lakes of running and limpid water, which murmured and

foamed around the enormous stones which had fallen from the top of the walls, and the masses of sculpture buried in the bed of the rivulet.

We crossed the river of Balbec by means of the bridges, which time has thrown over it, and we ascended by a narrow and steep breach to the terrace which encircles the walls; at every step, at every stone which was touched by our hands, or measured by our eyes, our admiration and astonishment drew from us an exclamation of surprise and wonder. Every one of the rugged stones of this wall of circumvallation was at least eight or ten feet in length, to five or six broad and the same in height. These blocks, enormous for the hand of man to have poised, rest, without any cement, one upon another, and almost all of them bear some traces of sculpture of the Indian or Egyptian epoch. At first sight, it is evident that these fallen stones were originally applied to a wholly different purpose, than to form a terrace or a wall of circumvallation, and that they must have been the precious materials of the primitive monuments, and which were made use of at a later period to enclose the monuments of the Greek and Roman periods. It was a common custom, and I believe even a religious one amongst the ancients, whenever a sacred edifice was destroyed by war or the effect of time, or when the arts being in a more advanced state, it was intended to renew or re-embellish it, then to employ the materials in the accessory constructions of the restored monuments, and finally, without doubt not to profane by any vulgar use, the stones on which the shadow of the gods had played, and also perhaps from a feeling of respect for their ancestors, that the human labours of the different epochs should not be buried under the earth, but should still bear testimony of the piety of men, and the successive progress of the arts. Thus it is at the Parthenon, where the walls of the Acropolis, rebuilt by Pericles contain the laboured materials of the temple of Minerva. Many modern travellers have been led into an error, from an ignorance of this pious custom of the ancients, and have considered the edifices thus constructed in the remote ages of

antiquity as the barbarous constructions of the Turks or the Crusaders.

Several of the stones of the wall were twenty or thirty feet in length, to seven or eight feet in height.

On our arrival at the summit of the breach, our eyes did not know where to rest. On every side we beheld doors of marble, of a prodigious height and breadth; windows in niches, edged with the most admirable sculpture; arches clothed with the most exquisite ornaments; pieces of cornices, entablatures, and capitals scattered as thickly as the dust under our feet; all was mystery, confusion, disorder around us; we were encircled by the chef d'œuvre of art, by the dilapidations of time—all was wonder around us. We had scarcely cast an eye of admiration on one side, than some fresh prodigy attracted it on the other. Every interpretation that we aimed at of the form or the religious sense of the monuments, was immediately defeated by another. We lost ourselves uselessly, in this labyrinth of conjectures; the mind cannot re-construct the sacred edifices of a period of a people, of whose religion and manners we are fundamentally ignorant. Time carries along its secrets with it, and leaves its enigmas to human science as its plaything or its deceiver. We speedily renounced all attempts to erect a system from the whole of these ruins; we contented ourselves with looking and admiring, without comprehending any other thing than the colossal power of the genius of man, and the force of the religious idea, that could have moved such masses of stone, and accomplished so many master-pieces of art.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by the interior constructions, which deprived us of a view of the temples. We were only, according to all appearance, but in the abode of the priests, or on the site of some particular chapels, consecrated to unknown customs. We passed these monumental constructions, which were much richer than the walls of circumvallation, and the second scene of the ruins presented itself to our admiring eyes. It was far more extensive in length and breadth, and the decorations were far

richer than the first which we had just quitted. It presented to our eyes an immense platform, of an oblong shape, the level of which was often interrupted by fragments of a more elevated pavement, and which appear to have belonged to the temples, which have been wholly destroyed, or to the temples without a roof, through which the sun, which was worshipped at Balbec, could see its own altar. All around this platform appeared a series of temples, ornamented with niches exquisitely sculptured, with friezes, cornices and vaulted arches all of the most finished workmanship, but the labour of an epoch in which the arts had degenerated. We perceived every where the impress of a taste distinguished for exuberance of ornament and of the epochs of the decline of the Greeks and Romans. In order, however, fully to verify that experience, the eye ought to be well exercised in the contemplation of the chaste monuments of Athens or of Rome; every other eye would be fascinated by the splendour of the forms and by the exquisite finish of the ornaments. The most prevalent vice here, is a profusion of richness; the stone is crushed under the weight of its own luxury, and the lace works of marble run from all parts over the walls. There still remain eight or ten of these chapels, nearly in a perfect state, which appear to have always existed as they now stand open, upon the oblong platform by which they are surrounded, and where, doubtless the mysteries of the worship of Baal were performed in the open day.

I will not attempt to describe the thousand objects of astonishment and admiration which each of these temples, and each of these stones present to the eye of the spectator. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect, I am even ignorant of the name by which a stone is called in this or that place, or in this or that form. I speak badly a language which I do not know, but that universal language which the beautiful speaks to the eye, even of the ignorant and uninitiated; which the mysterious and the ancient speaks to the mind and soul of the philosopher, that is a language which I understand, and I never understand it so perfectly as amidst this

chaos of marble, of forms and mysteries, which encumber this wonderful place.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, it was nothing to what we were in a short time to behold. By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum and the Parthenon, some idea may be formed of this architectural scene; the principal wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many monuments, of so much richness and so much labour in a single enclosure, and the whole of it embraced at once by the eye in the middle of the desert, and on the ruins of a city almost unknown.

We tore ourselves slowly from this spectacle, and proceeded towards the south, where the heads of six gigantic columns rose like a pharos above this horizon of ruins. In order to arrive at them, we were obliged to climb over some outward boundary walls, over pedestals and the foundations of altars, which everywhere obstructed the space between us and the columns. We arrived at last at their feet. Silence is the only language of man, when that which he experiences, surpasses the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in dumb contemplation of these six columns, and in measuring with the eye their diameter, their height, and the exquisite sculpture of their architraves and cornices. They are seven feet in diameter and more than sixty-six feet high. They are composed of only two or three blocks, so neatly and perfectly joined together, that the line of their juncture can scarcely be perceived. The material of which they are made is a yellow stone slightly gilded, something between the gloss of marble and the deadness of the free stone. The sun shone upon them only on one side, and we seated ourselves for a short time under their shade. Some large birds, resembling eagles, alarmed at the noise of our steps, fluttered above the capitals on which they have built their nests, and returned, perching upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beak, and flapping their wings like living ornaments of these wonderful ruins. These pillars,

which some travellers have considered to be the remains of an avenue of one hundred and four feet in length, and fifty-six feet broad, and formerly leading to a temple, appear to me evidently to have been the exterior decoration of the same temple. On examining with an attentive eye the smaller temple, which exists entire in the immediate vicinity, it appears evident that it was built according to the same design, and what appears to me probable is, that after the ruin of the first by an earthquake, the second was constructed upon the same model, and that even in its construction, part of the materials preserved from the first temple were made use of; that the proportions, too gigantic for a declining age, were simply diminished; that the columns, broken by their fall were changed, and that those were allowed to remain which time had spared, as a sacred remembrance of the ancient monument. If such were not the case, we should behold other fragments of great columns around the six which are still standing. On the contrary, everything indicates that the area surrounding them was empty, and destitute of ruins from the most remote period, and that a rich pavement before the porch of the temple was used for the ceremonies of the worship around them.

In front of us to the south, we observed another temple, situate on the edge of the platform, about forty paces distant from us. It is the most complete and magnificent monument of Balbec, and I may venture to say, of the whole world. If we were to repair one or two columns of the peristyle, which have fallen down on the side of the platform and the head, still resting against the perfect walls of the temple, if we were to restore to their places some of the enormous vaulted arches, which have fallen from the roof of the vestibule or raise up one or two of the sculptured blocks of the inner door, and were the altar, rebuilt with the fragments scattered over the ground, to resume its form and place; the gods might be recalled and the priests and people led back again; they would recognize their temple as complete, and as intact, as brilliant with the polish of the stones

and the splendour of the light, as on the day when it rose from the hands of the architect.

This temple is in its proportions inferior to that to which the colossal columns refer; it is surrounded by a portico supported by columns of the Corinthian order, each of which is about five feet in diameter, and forty-five at the shaft; each of the columns is composed of three blocks placed one upon the other; they are nine feet apart and the same distance from the inner wall of the temple. On the capitals of the columns extend a rich architrave and a cornice exquisitely sculptured. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of concave stone, cut with the chisel in vaulted arches, each of which represents the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero; we recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks lie prostrate on the ground at the foot of the columns: we measured them and found them to be sixteen feet in breadth, and nearly five feet in thickness. These may be called the tiles of the temple. The inner door of the temple is also formed of blocks equally as enormous, being about twenty feet wide. We were not able to measure its height, because other blocks have fallen in this particular spot and half choke it up. The view of the sculptured stones which form the fronts of this door, and its disproportion with the remainder of the edifice, lead me to presume, that it is the door of the grand temple which is in ruins, and that it has been added to the present one. The mysterious sculptures with which it is decorated, are, according to my opinion, of a wholly different epoch than that of Antoninus, and of a workmanship infinitely less pure. An eagle holding a caduceus in its talons, spreads its wings over the aperture; from its beak issue forth festoons of ribands, which are supported at their extremity by two figures of Fame. The interior of the monument is ornamented with pillars and niches of the richest and most elaborate sculpture, and we brought away with us a few of the fragments of sculpture, which were strewed on the pavement. Some of the niches were perfectly whole, and which appeared to be just fresh

from the workshop of the sculptor. Not far from the entrance of the temple, we found some immense apertures, and some subterranean steps which conducted us to the lower buildings, of the uses of which no traces are apparent. Everything is on the same scale of magnificence and vastness; they were without doubt the dwellings of the pontiffs; the cottages of the priests, the halls of initiation, and perhaps also royal residences. They receive their light from above, or from the sides of the platform, on which those chambers abut. Fearing that we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we visited only a smaller portion of them, for they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill.

The temple, which I have just described, is situated at the south extremity of the monumental hill of Balbec, and forms the angle of the platform. On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the edge of a precipice. We were enabled to measure the cyclopean stones, which form the pedestal of this group of monuments.

This pedestal is about thirty feet above the level of the soil of the plain of Balbec and is built of stones, the dimensions of which are so prodigious, that if it were not attested by travellers of credit, the imagination of the men of our days would be confounded at the improbability. The imagination of the Arabs themselves, the daily witnesses of these wonders, does not attribute them to the power of man, but to that of genii, or supernatural powers. When it is considered that these blocks of hewn granite are sometimes fifty-six feet long, and fifteen or sixteen broad, and of an inconceivable thickness; and that these enormous masses are raised one above the other to twenty or thirty feet from the ground; that they have been extracted from very distant quarries, conveyed thither, and hoisted to such an elevation as to form the pavement of temples;—the mind recoils at such a proof of human strength. The science of our days has nothing which can explain it, and therefore no wonder need be excited that it is referred to the supernatural. These wonders are evidently not of the date of the temples; they were a mystery to the ancients as

well as to us. They belong to an unknown epoch, perhaps antediluvian. They have probably supported many temples, consecrated to successive and different modes of worship. With the simple eye, we can recognize on the hill of the ruins of Balbec, five or six generations of monuments, belonging to different epochs. Some travellers and some Arabian writers, attribute these primitive constructions to Solomon, three thousand years before our era. He built, it is said, Fadmor and Balbec in the desert. The history of Solomon fills the imagination of the orientals, but the supposition, as far as concerns, at least, the structures of Heliopolis, is by no means probable. In what manner could a king of Israel, who did not possess a single maritime port within ten leagues of his mountains; who was obliged to borrow the marine of Hiram, King of Tyre, to transport to him the cedars of Lebanon, have extended his dominion beyond Damascus and as far as Balbec? Is it likely that a prince, who, when he was desirous to build in his capital the temple of temples, the house of the only God in his capital, employed on it only fragile materials, which could not resist the effect of time, nor leave any durable trace behind? could he have built at a hundred leagues from his people, in the midst of unknown deserts, the monuments constructed of imperishable materials? would he not rather have employed his own power and his wealth in Jerusalem? and what is there in Jerusalem which indicates any trace of the monuments similar to those of Balbec? nothing. These structures therefore cannot be attributed to Solomon. I am rather inclined to believe that these gigantic stones have been moved either by the primitive race of men, all of whom the early histories designate as giants, or by the people of the antediluvian world. It is affirmed that at no great distance from them, in a valley of the Anti-Lebanon, human bones have been discovered of an immense size. This report is so generally believed amongst the neighbouring Arabs, that the consul general of England in Syria, Mr. Farren, a man of extensive erudition and information, purposes to visit immediately these mysterious sepulchres.

The oriental traditions, and the monument itself raised on the supposed tomb of Noah, a short distance from Balbec, mark out this spot as the residence of the patriarch. The first men, descended from him, may probably have long retained the size and strength which belonged to the human race, before the total or partial submersion of the globe. It is therefore not beyond probability, that these monuments may have been their work. Supposing even, that the human race had never exceeded their actual proportions, it does not thence follow that the human mind may not have changed its proportions. Who can say that that mind in its early state might not have invented some mechanical powers of greater perfection, for moving, like a grain of dust, these immense masses, which an army of five thousand men could not shake. Be this as it may, some of these stones of Balbec, which are sixty-two feet in length, twenty in breadth, and fifteen in thickness, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The greatest stones of the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed eighteen feet, and are merely exceptional blocks, placed for the purpose of special solidity in particular parts of the edifice.

On turning the northern angle of the platform, we found the walls by which it is supported in a tolerable state of preservation, but the size of the materials, of which it is constructed, is less wonderful. These stones in general, however are about twenty or thirty feet long, and eight or ten broad. These walls, which are far more ancient than the upper temples, are covered with a greyish tint, and pierced here and there with holes at their angle of junction. These apertures are lined with swallows' nests, from which depend tufts of bushes and parasitic flowers. The grave and sombre colour of the stones of the foundation form a striking contrast with the splendid and gilded tint of the walls of the temples and the rows of columns on the summit. On the setting of the sun, when the beams play amongst the columns and burst forth in waves of fire between the volutes and the acanthuses of the capitals, the temples glitter like pure gold on a pedestal

of bronze. We descended by a breach formed in the southern angle of the platform, where a few columns of the lower temple have rolled down with their architraves into the stream which flows along the cyclopean walls. These enormous fragments of columns strewn at hazard in the bed of the stream, and in the steep declivity of the ditch now remain and will remain eternally, where time has placed them. A few walnut and other trees have germinated between these blocks, covering them with their branches, and embracing them with their sturdy roots. The most gigantic trees appear like reeds of a days growth by the side of these trunks of columns of twenty feet in circumference, and the fragments of acanthus, a single one of which covers the moiety of the stream. Not far from hence, on the northern side, an immense cavity in the sides of the platform opened before us, into which we descended. The outer daylight which penetrated by the two openings, gave a sufficient light within, to enable us to travel the whole length of it, five hundred feet; it extends under the whole extent of the temples, having a height of about thirty feet, the sides and the vault being formed of blocks, which did not surprise us by their magnitude, after those which we had just contemplated. These blocks, which are formed with the chisel are unequal in size, but the greater number of them are from ten to twenty feet in length; the roof is a complete arch, the stones of which are joined without any cement. We could not form any conjecture of the purpose to which this place was applied. At the western extremity, this vault has a branch of greater altitude and size, and which extends under the platform of the small temples, which we had primarily visited. We here found ourselves again in open daylight, and the rivulet winding amongst innumerable fragments of architecture rolled down from the platform, and beautiful walnut trees growing amidst the dust of these marble ruins.

The other ancient edifices of Balbec, scattered before us on the plain, now attracted our attention, but nothing had the power of exciting any interest in us, after what we had just

contemplated. We cast, on passing, a superficial glance on four temples, which would still be considered as wonders at Rome, but which here resemble the works of dwarfs. These temples, some of which are of an octagonal form and decorated with very elegant ornaments, and others of a square form with peristyles of pillars of Egyptian granite, and even columns of porphyry appear to me to be of Roman origin. One of them has served for a church, in the earliest periods of christianity, and in which some christian symbols are still to be perceived. It is now completely unroofed and in ruins; the Arabs strip it, whenever they want a stone to support their roofs, or a trough from which to water their camels.

A messenger from the emir of the Arabs of Balbec, came in search of us and found us amongst the ruins. He came on behalf of his prince to congratulate us on our safe arrival, and to request our company to witness a jereed, a kind of tournament, which he intended to give in honour of us on the following morning on the plain below the temples. We returned him our thanks, and willingly accepted his invitation and I sent my dragoman, accompanied by a few of my janissaries, to pay a visit on my part to the emir. We returned to the residence of the bishop with the intention of resting ourselves for the remainder of the day, but we had scarcely eaten a little of the barley cake, and of the dish of mutton and rice, which our moukres had prepared for us, then all of us again were on foot, wandering as chance might direct us and without a guide round the hill of the ruins, or amongst the temples which we had visited in the morning. Each of us seated ourselves on the ruins, or halted at some particular prospect which burst upon us, whence we called to our companions at a distance, who were busy in their researches, to come and enjoy with us the beauty of the scene. We could not, however, fix our attention to one object without losing sight of another, and we finished at last, by leaving every one to the contemplation of his own discoveries. The shadows of night which descended slowly from the mountains of Balbec, and envelopped the ruins and the columns one

by one in their obscurity, imparted an additional mystery and more picturesque effects to this magical and wonderful work of man and time. We here felt the full insignificance of ourselves, compared with the mass and the eternity of those monuments, like the swallows who build their nests for a season amongst the interstices of these stones without knowing for whom and by whom they have been collected together. The mind which led to the removal of these masses, and which has accumulated these blocks, is unknown to us; the marble dust, which we tread under our feet, knows more of it than we do, but it cannot tell us anything, and after the lapse of a few centuries, the generations who may come in their turn to visit the remnants of our present existing monuments, will ask of them, without being able to obtain an answer, why they were built and sculptured? The works of man are of longer duration than his mind; motion is the law of the human mind, the definitive is the dream of his vanity and ignorance. God is an aim, which places itself incessantly at a greater distance in proportion, as humanity approaches it; we are always advancing, but our arrival never takes place. The grand divine figure, which man attempts from his infancy to fix definitively in his imagination, and to confine within his temples, becomes continually enlarged and aggrandized, and far exceeds the contracted ideas and the limited temples, leaving them and their altars to crumble into dust, in order to invite man to seek him and behold him where he manifests himself more and more in the mind, in the intelligence, in virtue, in nature and in the infinite.

Same date, evening.

Happy indeed is he, who has wings to hover over the ages that are past, to station himself without fear of being giddy, on the marvellous monuments of man; thence to fathom the abysses of thought and human destiny; to measure with the eye the track of the human mind, advancing step by step amidst the twilight of different philosophies, religions and successive legislations; to take the altitude, like the mariner

on the ocean without any visible shores, and to conjecture at what point he himself lives, and to what manifestation of truth and divinity God destines the generation, of which he forms a part.

Balbec, 29th March, midnight.

Yesterday I visited the hill of temples, by the light of the moon, to think, to weep and pray. God knows what I weep for, and shall weep, as long as a remembrance or a tear is left to me. After having prayed for myself and all those who belong to me, I have prayed for all mankind. These great scenes of humanity overthrown, on the ruins of which I am seated, have inspired me with sentiments so strong and ardent, that they of themselves almost escaped in verse, the natural language of my mind, whenever I am under the dominion of my thoughts.

I wrote them this morning on the very spot and stone, on which I conceived them on the previous night.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BALBEC.

Mysterious deserts! whose mountain hills
Are but the remnants of a perished place,
Whose name has been from human mem'ry swept.
Ye blocks immense! rolled by the torrent's force
From ruins grey of ages now unknown,
A people's vast abode, of whose proud deeds
No hist'ry tells, no sculptured fanes arise.
Ye temples! for whose foundations deep
Mountains, have like a tree, been rooted up;
Ye gulfs! through which whole rivers roll their waves,
Ye columns high! in single grandeur reared
The eagles eyrie, sole monarch of the scene,
But where the human footstep finds no path.
Ye gloomy avenues of arched piles
On which no wandering moonbeam sheds its light;
Ye capitals! on which my vision rests confused,

Their characters immersed, deeply engraved
On the globe's shell. To trace you with her eye,
To touch your glories with a foreign hand,
And sound the depths of all your mysteries,
A man has wandered from the western land.

The track, which on the waves his bark has made
A hundred times has shown its varied scenes:
Midst gulfs of the abyss, his life he's thrown;
His feet are galled by the mountain peaks:
The sun has scorched the canvass of his tent:
His friends, his brothers have wither'd in the hope:
His dog uncertain of his safe return
Will recognise no more his hand nor voice.
He had a star, which shone upon his path,
'Tis set—no more to bless him with its light;
The child, which o'er his earthly wand'rings shed
The ray of bliss and immortality.
Childless and unmourn'd, he 'll leave the world.
Now seated lonely on some ruined pile
He only hears the mocking wind flit by,
A weight bears down his brow, stifles his breath
No more has he a heart or mind.

The remainder is of too private a nature.

Same date.

I have crossed the summits of the Sannin covered with its eternal snows, re-descended from the Lebanon, crowned with its diadem of cedars into the naked and sterile desert of Heliopolis, thus bringing to an end a long and painful journey. On the horizon at some distance before us, on the last ridges of the black mountains of the Anti-Lebanon, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, stood in relief from the shade of the mountains, and reflected the rays of the evening. Our guides pointed them out to us with their fingers, exclaiming *Balbec! Balbec!* It was in fact

the wonder of the desert, the fabulous Balbec which emerged, all glittering, from its unknown sepulchre, to tell us of ages past, of which history has lost the memory. We advanced at a slow pace, owing to the fatigue of our horses, our eyes fixed upon the gigantic walls, upon the dazzling and the colossal columns which appeared to grow larger and to stretch out in length, in proportion, as we approached them. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole caravan; each appearing to be afraid of losing an impression of the present moment by a communication of that, which he had just experienced. Even the Arabs themselves were silent, and appeared to imbibe as strong and solemn an impression of the scene, which brought every mind to the same level. We at last approached the first trunks of the pillars, and the first blocks of marble, which the earthquakes have tossed to a distance of more than a mile from the monuments themselves, like dried leaves thrown and scattered from the tree after the hurricane; the deep and large quarries, which split, like the ravines of the valleys, the black sides of the Anti-Lebanon, already opened their abysses under the feet of our horses. These vast depositories of stone, the sides of which preserve the deep traces of the chisel, which has hollowed them for the purpose of extracting from them other masses of stone, still exhibited some gigantic blocks, half detached from the base, and others cut into squares, which appear to wait only for the carriages or the arms of a generation of giants to transport them from their places. A single piece of these unhewn stones of Balbec was sixty-two feet in length, twenty-four in breadth, and sixteen in thickness. One of our Arabs, dismounting from his horse, slipped down into the quarry and climbing up this block, by means of the indentures made by the chisel, and clinging to the moss which had taken root on it, he succeeded in gaining the top of this pedestal, and ran here and there upon the platform, uttering the most savage cries: but the pedestal by its mass would crush the man of our times. Man shrinks and dwindles before his own work. It would require the united strength

of sixty thousand men of our age, simply to raise the stone and the platforms of Balbec exhibit others of a still more colossal magnitude, raised twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground, on which to place the pillars proportioned to these foundations.

We pursued our journey, with the desert on our left and the undulations of the Anti-Lebanon on our right, passing by some little fields cultivated by the Arab shepherds, and the bed of a large river which meandered amongst the ruins, and on the banks of which grew some beautiful walnut trees. The Acropolis, or the artificial hill on which are situate all the grand monuments of Heliopolis, appeared to us, here and there, between the branches and above the tops of the great trees: at last, the whole of it burst upon our view, and the whole caravan halted, as if under the influence of some electrical power. No pen, no pencil could possibly describe the impression, which this single spectacle makes upon the eye and the soul. Under our feet, and in the bed of the river as well in the middle of the fields, all around us were trunks of trees; blocks of red and grey granite; of blood red porphyry; and of white marble; yellow stones as glittering as the marble of Paros; trunks of columns; chiselled capitals; architraves, volutes, cornices, entablatures and pedestals; limbs scattered about, and which appeared to be almost breathing with life, of the statues which had fallen with their front towards the ground; all these things lay in a state of confusion, collected in small heaps, and scattered and projecting from all parts like the lava of a volcano, which had vomited forth the ruins of a mighty empire. There was scarcely a path left to glide along these sweepings of the arts, which covered the whole of the ground. The iron shoes of our horses slipped and grazed at every step the polished acanthuses of the cornices, or the snowy bosom of a female trunk. The waters alone of the river of Balbec made their way amongst these beds of fragments, and washed with their murmuring foam the marble ruins, which impeded their course.

Above these accumulations of ruins, which may be said to

form real downs of marble, is the hill of Balbec, a platform of about a mile long, and seven hundred feet broad, the whole constructed by human hands of hewn stones, some of which are sixty feet in length, and fifteen or sixteen in height, but the majority from fifteen to thirty. This hill of sculptured granite, was viewed by us on its eastern side, with its deep foundations and its incommensurable superficial coverings, where three pieces of granite alone formed a development of one hundred and eighty feet, and nearly four thousand feet of surface, with the broad entrances of its subterranean vaults, in which the waters of the river engulf themselves, and where the wind combined with the water, sent forth the murmurs similar to the distant peals of the great bells of our cathedrals. On this immense platform, the extremity of the great temples presented itself to us, in bold relief from the blue and rosy, or golden coloured horizon. Some of these monuments of the desert appear intact, and seem as if they were fresh from the hands of the workman; others present only some upright fragments, isolated pillars, sloping walls, and dismantled pediments; the eye is lost amongst the dazzling colonnades of these different temples, and the very elevated horizon prevented us from seeing where this multitudinous architecture terminated, the six gigantic columns of the grand temple, still majestically exhibiting their rich and colossal entablature, command the whole of the scene, and are lost in the blue sky of the desert, like an aërial altar for the sacrifice of giants.

We stopped only a few minutes, merely to reconnoitre those objects which we had come to visit, exposed to so many dangers and at so great a distance, and with the certainty of enjoying on the morrow a spectacle, far beyond even our most enthusiastic dreams, we continued our journey. The day was on the decline, and it was necessary to look out for some asylum, either under a tent, or under some vaults of the ruins, where we could pass the night, and rest ourselves after a journey of fourteen hours. Leaving on our left the mountain of ruins, and a vast plain, white with marble fragments, and after crossing some meadows, browsed by the

goats and camels, we directed our steps towards a smoke, which rose a few hundred paces from us, above a group of ruins intermixed with some Arab huts. The ground was unequal and hilly, and resounded under the hoofs of our horses, as if the subterranean vaults which we were passing over, would open and engulf us. At last, we arrived at the door of a little hut, half hidden by the slabs of the fallen marble, the door and the narrow windows of which without any glazing or shutters, were constructed of marble and porphyry, rudely joined together by a little cement. A small ogive of stone projected one or two feet above the platform, which served as a roof to this hut, and a small bell, similar to that which is depicted over the cave of the hermit, moved to and fro with the wind. It was the episcopal palace of the Arab Bishop of Balbec, who watched over in this desert a small flock of about twelve or fifteen christian families of the Greek church, lost in the midst of these deserts, and of the ferocious tribe of the independent Arabs of Bkaa. Until our arrival at this place, we had not met with a single living being, but the jackals, which ran about the columns of the grand temple, and the little swallows with their gorgets of red plumage, which lind, like an ornament of oriental architecture, the cornices of the platform.

The bishop roused by the noise of our caravan, soon made his appearance and received me with the greatest hospitality. He was a handsome old man, with silvery hair and beard, a physiognomy grave and mild: his voice noble, soft, and well modulated, similar to the idea of the priest in a poem or a romance, and worthy in every respect to exhibit his figure of peace, resignation and charity, amidst this solemn scene of ruin and meditation. He invited us to enter a small inner court, paved also with fragments of statues, pieces of mosaic and ancient vases, and yielding up his house to us, that is, two small low chambers without furniture and without doors, he took his leave, and left us, according to the oriental custom, absolute masters of the house.

Whilst our Arabs were occupied in driving into the ground,

round the house the iron stakes, to which to fasten our horse's legs by rings, and whilst others lighted a fire in the court to prepare for us our pilau, and bake our barley cakes, we went to take a second look at the monuments by which we were surrounded. The grand temples were before us, like statues on their pedestals; the sun cast upon them a last fleeting beam, retiring slowly from one column to another, like the flickering blaze of a lamp carried by the priest into the recesses of the sanctuary. The thousand shadows of the porticos, of the pillars, of the colonnades and the altars spread themselves, moving over the vast forest of stone and diffused by degrees over the Acropolis the brilliant shades of marble and travertin. At a greater distance on the plain appeared an ocean of ruins, which lost itself only in the horizon; they might be said to be waves of stones broken against a rock, and covering an immense plain with their whiteness and their foam. No object was to be seen above this ocean of ruins, and the night which descended from the heights, already grey, of a chain of mountains, successively envelopped them with its shade. We remained for some moments wrapt in silence, before this sublime spectacle, and we returned at a slow pace to the small court of the bishop, now illumined by the fire of the Arabs.

Seated on some of the fragments of the cornices and the capitals which served for benches in the court, we hastily partook of the sober repast of the traveller in the desert, and we remained some time before we retired to rest, conversing on the objects which so fully occupied our thoughts. The fire was extinguished, but the moon rose full and dazzling in a cloudless sky, and throwing her beams across the crenated places of a large wall of white stones, and through the open work of an arabesque window, which was on the side of the court looking upon the desert, it illumined the enclosure with a brightness which glittered upon all the stones. We were wholly absorbed in silence and meditation. God only knows, and our tongues would not attempt to express what was then passing in our minds and hearts, relative to our

systems and our ideas, and perhaps, alas! to our reminiscences and individual sentiments; they would have been afraid to profane the solemnity of the hour, or of the orb which was shining upon us, even of our thoughts themselves. We therefore kept a profound silence. On a sudden like a soft and amoruous plaint, a murmur, grave and expressive of the utmost feeling, broke upon us from the ruins, in the rear of the great wall pierced with arabesque ogives and the roof of which appeared to have fallen upon it. It was a confused and indefinite sound, now swelling louder and louder, now rising higher and higher, until we distinguished it to be a chant of several voices in chorus; a monotonous, melancholy and tender strain, which rose, fell, and died away, bursting again alternately upon the ear, and was lost in the faint echoes of the surrounding ruins. It was the vesper hymn, which the Arab bishop was chanting with his little flock, in the ruined enclosure of the place, which had once been his church, but which was now a heap of ruins, recently heaped up by a tribe of idolatrous Arabians. We were by no means prepared for this music of the soul, every note of which is a sentiment and a sigh of the human heart in this solitude, in the midst of these deserts, issuing as it were from the speechless stones, accumulated by the earthquakes, by time and barbarism. We were seized with a holy emotion, and we accompanied with the flight of our thoughts, of our prayer, the accents of that sacred poetry, until the monotony of the chanted litanies had ceased, and the last sighs of the pious voices had died away amidst the universal silence of these ancient ruins.

Same date.

The sublime spectacle of the temples caused us to forget the jereed, which the prince of Balbec was to give in honour of us, and we accordingly spent the whole of the morning in the examination of them. At four o'clock, some Arabs came to inform us that the horsemen were on the plain below the temples, but being impatient at our non arrival, they were about to retire, and further, that the prince

assumed that the exhibition was not agreeable to us, as we had delayed to make our appearance, but that after we had fully satisfied our curiosity, he invited us to pay him a visit at his seraglio, when a different kind of entertainment should be provided for us. We were not a little surprised at this condescension on the part of a chief of a furious tribe of Arabs the most dreaded of the desert. In general, neither the Arabs nor even the Turks themselves grant any permission to strangers to visit, unattended, any of the ruins of the ancient monuments; for it is their belief that these ruins contain immense treasures guarded by genii or demons, and that the Europeans have a knowledge of the magical words, which lead to their discovery. Being unwilling that those supposed riches should be carried away, the utmost vigilance is observed towards the Franks in these countries. On the contrary, however, we were here left entirely to ourselves; we had not even an Arabian guide with us, and even the children of the tribe retired from us from a feeling of respect. I am totally unable to account for this respectful deference on the part of the Emir of Balbec under these circumstances, but the most plausible conjecture is, that he took us for the emissaries of Ibrahim Pacha. The fact is, that we are too small in number to instil any fear into an entire tribe of five or six hundred men, accustomed to battle, and living by rapine and plunder, and still they dared neither to approach us, nor question us, nor raise the slightest obstacle to any of our proceedings. We might have remained for months amongst the ruins, we might have excavated the ground wherever we wished, and have carried away the fragments of the most precious of these sculptures, without the least opposition being manifested towards us. I most sincerely regret that here, as well as at the Dead Sea, I had not obtained some previous knowledge of the dispositions of these tribes towards us, for in that case I would have brought some workmen and camels of burden, and thereby have enriched science and the museums.

On leaving the temples, we repaired to the palace of the

emir. An interval of desert ruins, but of less importance, divides the hill from the grand temples, or the Acropolis of Balbec, from new Balbec, inhabited by the Arabs. The latter is nothing more than a group of huts, overthrown a hundred times by incessant wars; the population of which have settled themselves as well as they have been able, amidst the cavities formed by so many ruins; a few branches of trees, and a few thatched roofs cover these dwellings, the doors and windows of which are often formed by fragments of the most beautiful architecture.

The space occupied by these ruins of the modern city is immense; it extends out of sight, and spreads a whiteness over two low hills, which undulate above the great plain, the effect of which is sombre and severe. These modern ruins recall to my memory those of Athens, which I had seen the preceding year. The dead and raw white of these walls prostrate on the ground, and of these scattered stones, have nothing in them of the majesty nor of the golden colour of the real ancient ruins. The whole scene resembles an immense beach covered with the foam of the sea.

The palace of the emir is rather a spacious court, surrounded by huts of various forms, the whole resembling a yard of a miserable farm in one of our poorest provinces: the door was guarded by a certain number of armed Arabs. A crowd of people were waiting anxious to gain admission, but the guards made way for us, and succeeded in forcing for us a passage. The court was already filled by all the chiefs of the tribe and a great multitude of people. The emir and his family, as well as the principal scheiks, clad in magnificent caftans and pelisses, but all in tatters, were seated on a platform elevated above the crowd, and leaning backward on the principal building. Behind them were ranged a certain number of domestics, armed men, and black slaves. The emir and his suite arose at our approach; we were assisted in ascending some enormous steps formed by irregular blocks, which served as a kind of stair case to the platform, and after the customary compliments had passed

between us, the emir invited us to sit by his side on the divan. Pipes were brought, and the spectacle commenced.

The signal was given by a band of music consisting of drums, tambourins, shrill fifes, and iron triangles, which were beaten by an iron rod; then appeared four or five actors, clad in the most grotesque manner, some as men, others as women, who advanced into the middle of the court and performed the most strange and lascivious dances, which even the eye of these savages could possibly endure. These monotonous dances lasted for more than an hour, intermingled from time to time with a few words, gestures and changes of costume, which appeared to indicate a dramatic intention; one thing, however, was perfectly intelligible, which was, the horrible and disgusting depravity of the public manners, indicated by the motions of the dancers. I turned away my eyes; the emir himself appeared to blush at the scandalous pleasures of his subjects, and like myself, made signs of contempt and disapproval; but the shouts and transports of the spectators always grew louder when the most abominable obscenities were exhibited in the dance, for which they rewarded the actors.

The performers continued the dance, till overcome with fatigue and profuseness of perspiration, they could no longer maintain the increasing rapidity of the music. They then rolled on the ground and were carried away. The women were not present at this entertainment, but those of the emir, whose harem looked into the court, partook of it from their windows, and we could see them through the wooden gratings crowding round the windows to observe the motions of the dancers. The slaves of the emir now brought us some sherbet and confectionary of all kinds, as well as some exquisite beverages made of the juice of pomegranates and orange flowers, iced, in crystal cups; other slaves presented us with napkins fringed with gold for the purpose of wiping our lips. Coffee was also served several times, and the pipes were incessantly renewed. I conversed about half an hour with the emir. He appeared to be a man of sense and intelligence far above

the idea which I had formed of him from the gross amusements of his people. He was a man about fifty years old, of a handsome figure, having the most dignified and noble manners, to which may be added a kind of solemn politeness, all of which qualities, the humblest of the Arabs possess as a gift of the climate, or as a heritage of ancient civilization. His costume and arms were of the greatest magnificence. His beautiful horses were scattered about the court yard and on the road, one of the handsomest of which he offered to me. He questioned me in the most delicate manner concerning the affairs of Europe, of Ibrahim Pacha, and the object of my journey in the midst of these deserts. I answered him with an affected reserve, which might lead him to believe, that I had totally a different aim than that of visiting columns and ruins. He offered me the whole of his tribe to accompany me to Damascus, across the unknown chain of the Anti-Lebanon, which it was my intention to cross. I accepted only of a few horsemen to serve me as my guides and escort, and I took my leave, accompanied by all the scheiks who followed us on horseback to the door of the Greek bishop.

I issued my orders for our departure the following day, and we passed the evening in conversing with our venerable host, to whom we were soon to bid farewell. A few hundred piastres, which I left him as alms for his flock, fully remunerated him for the hospitality which we had received from him. He took upon himself to despatch a camel laden with some fragments of sculpture which I was desirous to convey to Europe. He faithfully executed this commission, and on my return to Syria, I found these precious memorials arrived before me at Beirout.

March 31st, 1833.

We took our departure from Balbec at four o'clock in the morning. Our caravan consisted of the usual number of moukres, Arabs, and domestics, the customary escort, and eight horsemen of Balbec, who marched about two or three hundred paces in advance of the caravan. The day was

begining to dawn at the time we had traversed the first hill which rises towards the chain of the Anti-Lebanon. The whole of this hill is hollowed with immense and deep quarries, from which had been extracted those immense monuments which we had lately contemplated. The sun began to gild their pinnacles, and they glittered on the plain under our feet, like blocks of gold. We could not withdraw our look from them, and we stopped twenty times, before we lost complete sight of them. At last, they disappeared completely under the hill, and we beheld across the desert nothing more than the black or snowy summits of the mountains of Tripoli and Latakia, which were blended with the sky.

The low mountains, which we now crossed were entirely naked and almost of a desert character. The soil in general is poor and sterile, and the land where it is cultivated, is of a reddish colour. There are several pretty valleys, with soft and undulating slopes, and where the plough might work without any impediment. We met with neither travellers, villages, nor inhabitants, until towards the middle of the day. We pitched our tents and halted at the entrance of a deep ravine, in which flows a rivulet, at this time wholly dry. We, however, discovered a spring under a rock, the water of which was abundant and delicious, and wherewith we filled the jars suspended to the saddles of our camels. After resting about two hours we resumed our journey.

We passed, by a path rapid and steep for the space of two hours, the sides of a high mountain of naked rocks. The valley on our right which was hollowed deeper and deeper, was furrowed by the broad bed of a river, now without water. A mountain of greyish rock, and completely bare, rose on the other side, like a perpendicular wall. We began to descend towards the opening of this ravine. Two of our baggage horses rolled down the precipice, but the cushions and the divan carpets, with which they were loaded, broke the fall, and we succeeded in recovering them. We encamped at the outlet of the ravine, in the immediate vicinity of an abundant spring. We passed the night in the midst

of this unknown labyrinth of the mountains of the Anti-Lebanon, the snows being only about fifty paces above our heads. Our Arabs lighted a fire of brushwood, under a grotto about ten paces from the spot where we had fixed our tents. The blaze of the fire shone through the canvass, and illumed the interior of the tent under which we had sheltered ourselves from the cold. Our horses although covered with their *libets* (a sort of covering of felt) neighed with the pain of the cold, and during the whole of the night, we heard the horsemen of Balbec and the Egyptian soldiers groaning and shivering under their cloaks. We ourselves could not endure the keenness of this icy air of the Alps, although wrapped up in our cloaks, and a thick covering of wool.

We mounted our horses at seven o'clock in the morning, with a splendid sun shining upon us, which by degrees obliged us to throw off our cloaks and our caftans. At eight o'clock we passed on a very elevated plain, a large Arab village, the houses of which were by no means small, and the yards or courts full of cattle as in Europe. We, however, did not stop. These people are in hostility with the inhabitants of Balbec and the Arabs of Syria. They are almost an independent people, and bear a great connexion with the population of Damascus and Mesopotamia. They appeared to be rich and laborious. The whole of the plains round the village are under cultivation. We saw men, women, and children in the fields. The ground is tilled by oxen; we fell in with some schieks richly equipped and mounted, some on their way to, and others returning from Damascus. Their physiognomy was rude and ferocious; they looked at us with a malignant and suspicious eye, and passed by without any salutation. The children assailed us with some very insulting epithets. At a second village about two hours' journey from the former, we succeeded, though not without some trouble in purchasing some fowls and a small quantity of rice for the dinner of our caravan. At six o'clock in the evening, we encamped in a field elevated above a mountain defile, which descended towards a river, which we saw glittering at a

distance. There was a small rivulet which flowed bounding along the defile, in which we watered our horses. The climate was still cold and inhospitable. Before us, at the opening of the defile, rose the summits of the rocks, grouped pyramidally, and which were lost in the sky. There was no vegetation on these summits, the grey or black colour of the rock contrasting with the brilliant clearness of the firmament in which they lost themselves.

1st, April, 1833.

We were on horseback at six o'clock in the morning, the weather fine and beautiful. We travelled the whole of the day without halting amongst the steep mountains, separated from them only by narrow ravines, through which flowed torrents of melted snow. Not a tree, not a morsel of moss was to be seen on the sides of these mountains. Their strange forms and groupings gave them the appearance of monuments reared by human hands. One of them rose perpendicularly to an immense height, on all sides like a pyramid, having about a mile in circumference, and it is impossible to discover by what means it could ever have been ascended. There is no visible trace of either a path or steps, and still all its sides are hollowed with caverns of every size and proportion by human hands. There are a number of large and little cells, the doors of which are sculptured with the chisel in different shapes. Some of these grottoes, the opening of which was above our heads, have small terraces of native rock before their doors. We saw some remains of chapels or temples, and columns still standing upright on the rocks; they might be compared to a hive of men, deserted. According to the traditions of the Arabs, these cells were hollowed out by the christians of Damascus; and, it is my opinion, that here was one of the The baides in which the early christians took refuge in the ages of cenobitism or of persecution. St. Paul founded a large church at St. Damascus, which after flourishing for a long time, underwent the changes and the persecutions of al. the other churches of the East.

We left these mountains on our left, and they were soon

at a considerable distance in our rear. We descended rapidly, and by precipices almost impassable, towards a more open and a larger valley, through which flowed a charming river: vegetation again began to show itself on its banks, whilst willows, poplars, and some immense trees, with their branches twisted in a most extraordinary manner, and their foliage black, grew in the interstices of the rock which bordered the river. We travelled along these enchanting banks for the space of an hour, always on the descent, but almost imperceptible. The river accompanied us with its murmurs and foaming under the feet of our horses. The upper mountains, which formed the ravine from which the river descended, gradually receded and formed themselves into large and wooded groups, stricken by the beams of the setting sun. It was the first glimpse of Mesopotamia, and we perceived more and more the large valleys, which opened upon the grand plain of the desert between Damascus and Bagdad. The valley in which we were, took a gentle circle and became gradually wider. On the right and left of the river we began to perceive the traces of cultivation, and we heard the distant bellowings of the herds. Orchards of apricot trees, as large as walnut trees, lined each side of the road. In a short time, to our great surprise, we saw some hedges like those in Europe, dividing the orchards and the gardens, which were planted with vegetables, and fruit trees in full bloom. Barriers, or wooden doors opened here and there upon these beautiful orchards. The road was broad, even and in good repair, as in the vicinity of a great town in France. Not one of us was aware of the existence of this delightful oasis in the heart of the inaccessible mountains of Anti-Lebanon. We were evidently approaching a town or a village, of the name of which we were ignorant, but meeting with an Arab horseman, he informed us that we were in the vicinity of a great village, the name of which was *Zebdani*. We already saw the smoke curling amongst the tops of the large trees, with which the valley was planted. We entered one of the streets of the village, which were broad, straight, with foot

pavements on each side. The houses on each side of them were large, and surrounded by courts full of cattle, and gardens well watered and cultivated. The women and the children hurried to the door to see us pass, and welcomed us with an open and smiling countenance. We inquired, if there were a caravansera or inn, where we could repose for the night, but we were answered in the negative, for as Zebdani was not situated on any high road no caravans passed through it. After having traversed almost all the streets of the village for a considerable length of time, we arrived at last at a large square on the banks of the river. Here, a house, of greater extent than the others, with a terrace in front, and surrounded by trees, announced to us the abode of the scheik. I introduced myself with my dragoman, and requested the use of a house for the night in which we could repose ourselves. The slaves hastened to apprize the scheik of our arrival, and he hurried to meet us. He was a venerable old man, with a white beard, and an open and affable physiognomy. He offered me the whole of his house, accompanied by an air of cordial welcome and hospitality, which I never remember to have met with elsewhere. In a moment, his numerous slaves, and the principal inhabitants of the village took charge of our horses, and led them into a spacious stable, unloaded them and provided them with the necessary provender. The scheik ordered his women to retire to their apartments, and introduced us immediately into his divan, where we were served with coffee and sherbets, and all the rooms of the house were then given up for our accommodation. He inquired, if his slaves should prepare a supper for us, but I requested that my cook might be permitted to save them that trouble, and only begged of him to procure for us a calf and some sheep, to replenish our stock of provisions which had been exhausted since we left Balbec. In a few minutes the calf and the sheep were brought, and killed by the butcher of the village, and whilst our people were preparing the supper, the scheik introduced us to the principal inhabitants of the village, his relations and friends. He even asked

my permission to introduce his wives to Madame de Lamartine. They were very desirous, he said, to see a European lady, and to admire her clothes and jewels. Accordingly, the scheik's wives, closely veiled, passed before the divan in which we were seated, and entered the apartment of Madame de Lamartine. There were only three of them, one considerably advanced in age, who appeared to be the mother of the other two. The two young ones were remarkably handsome, and appeared to shew great respect, deference, and affection for the elder one. My wife made them a few presents, and they in return made some to her. During this interview, the venerable scheik of Zebdani had conducted us to a terrace, which he had erected close to his house on the banks of the river. Some piles driven into the very bed of the river supported a platform covered with a carpet; a divan extended all round it, and an enormous tree, similar to those which I had seen by the side of the road, covered with its shade the whole of the terrace and the river. It is here that the scheik, like the Turks in general passes his leisure hours, amidst the murmur and the freshness of the waters of the river, foaming under his eyes, and under the shade of the tree, amidst the warbling of a thousand birds which inhabit its branches. A wooden bridge made of planks leads from the house to this suspended terrace. It was one of the most beautiful sites which I had seen during my journey. The eye rests for a moment on the sombre groups of the Anti-Lebanon, over which reign the pyramids of black rock, or the pinnacles of snow, and it then descends with the river and its foamy waves between the unequal tops of the forests of various trees which mark its course, and the view is lost with the river in the sloping plains of Mesopotamia, which enter, like a gulf of verdure, into the sinuosities of the mountains.

The supper being ready, I invited the scheik to partake of our repast, which he accepted with great willingness, and he appeared to be highly amused at the European mode of eating. He had never before seen any part of the paraphernalia

of our tables. He drank no wine, and begged of us not to importune him to drink. The conscience of a Mussulman is as much to be respected as our own. It has always appeared to me to be as culpable to induce a Turk to commit an offence against his religion, as it is absurd to tempt a christian. We conversed for a long time about Europe, and of our manners, of which he professed himself to be a great admirer. He gave us a distinct account of the manner in which he administered the government of his village; his family having for ages ruled over this privileged district of the Anti Lebanon, and the regulations respecting property, agriculture, police and cleanliness, which we had so much admired in traversing the territory of Zebdani, are to be ascribed to this excellent race of scheiks. It is similarly constituted in every part of the East. Everything is exception and anomaly. The good is there perpetuated like the bad, without end. We might form some judgment by this enchanting village, of what these provinces would be, if restored to their natural fertility.

The scheik greatly admired my arms, particularly a pair of rifle pistols, and evidently showed the pleasure which the possession of them would impart to him, but I could not offer them to him, as they were the pistols which I always carried about with me for my defence, and I wished to keep them until my return to Europe. I made him, however, a present of a gold watch for his wife. He received this present, with all that polite objection, which we sometimes exhibit in Europe on accepting a present, and he appeared to be completely satisfied, although his predilection for the brace of pistols was easily to be discerned. A number of cushions and carpets were brought us, on which to repose ourselves. We spread them out in the divan where the scheik himself slept, and we fell asleep with the noise of the river, which murmured under our beds.

We took our departure on the following morning by day-break, and crossed the second half of the village of Zebdani, which was still more beautiful than any part which we had seen on the preceding evening. The scheik ordered some of

his horsemen of his tribe to escort us as far as Damascus. We there dismissed our escort, as they were not in safety on the territory of Damascus.

We travelled for about an hour on roads lined with green hedges, as large as those in France and kept in excellent repair. An alcove of apricot and pear trees covered the whole of the road. On our right and left orchards extended themselves, almost out of sight, and beyond which we could discern some well cultivated fields, full of labourers and cattle. All these orchards are watered by rivulets, which descend from the mountains to the left, which are covered with snow to their summits. The plain is immense, and our view of it was bounded by forests of trees in bloom. Having thus travelled about three hours in the midst of landscapes as delightful as those of England and Lombardy, without any objects recalling to our memory, the desert and barbarism, we entered into a more sterile and rugged country. Vegetation and cultivation almost entirely disappeared. Hills of rocks scarcely covered with a yellowish moss, stretched themselves before us, bounded by grey mountains of greater altitude and equally bare and desolate. We halted under our tents at the foot of these mountains, far from any human habitation. We passed the night on the banks of a river, which sounded like an incessant thunder, deeply embedded, in a ravine of the rocks, rolling rapidly its muddy waters and its flakes of snow.

We were on horseback by six o'clock, and it being our last day's journey, we completed our Turkish costume in order not to be recognized as Franks in the environs of Damascus. My wife was clad in the costume of the Arab women, a long veil of white muslin enveloping her from head to foot. Our Arabs also arranged their dress with greater nicety, and with their fingers pointed to the mountains which we had yet to cross, crying out "Scham! Scham!" the Arab name of Damascus.

The fanatic population of Damascus, and the surrounding countries render these precautions necessary on the part of

the Franks, who venture to visit the city. Amongst all the people of the East, the natives of Damascus are the only ones who nourish more and more, a religious hatred and a horror of the European name and costume. They alone have refused to admit the consuls, or even the consular agents of the christian powers. Damascus is a holy city, fanatic and free, nothing is allowed to sully its sanctity. Notwithstanding the menaces of the Porte, notwithstanding the formidable intervention of Ibrahim Pacha, and a garrison of twelve thousand Egyptian and foreign soldiers, the population of Damascus have obstinately refused access to the consul-general of England within their walls. Two terrible rebellions took place in the city, on the very rumour of the approach of this consul. If he had not speedily retraced his steps, he would have been cut to pieces. Matters have always been thus constituted; the arrival of a European in the costume of a Frank, would be the signal of a new insurrection, and we are not wholly without apprehension that the rumour of our journey may have reached Damascus, and thereby expose us to the most serious perils. We, however, took every possible precaution of clothing ourselves in the most rigid dress of the Turks. One European only, who has himself adopted the Arab manners and costume, and who gives himself out for an Armenian merchant, has exposed himself for some years to the greatest danger in inhabiting such a city, merely with the view of rendering himself useful to the coasting trade of Syria and to the travellers, whose fate might force them into such inhospitable countries. This person is M. Baudin, the consular agent of France and of all Europe. He was formerly the agent of Lady Stanhope, whom he accompanied on her first journey to Balbec and Palmyra, and was afterwards employed by the French government to purchase for it the horses of the desert. M. Baudin speaks the Arabic like a native, and he has formed the relations of amity and commerce with all the wandering tribes in the vicinity of Damascus. He married an Arab woman, of European birth. He has lived ten

years at Damascus, and notwithstanding the numerous relations he has formed, his life has been frequently threatened by the fanatical fury of the inhabitants of the city. Twice he has been obliged to fly in order to avoid an immediate death. He has built for himself a house at Zaklé, a small christian village on the sides of Lebanon, and it is there that he takes refuge in times of popular commotion. M. Baudin, whose life is continually in danger atDamascus, and who is in that capital, the only channel of communication, the sole ring of the chain of politics and commerce with Europe, receives from the French government, as the entire salary for his meritorious and important services, the moderate income of fifteen hundred francs, whilst the consuls in the midst of security and luxuries of life, in the other trading towns of the Levant receive the most adequate and honourable compensation. I cannot comprehend on what plea of indifference and injustice, the European governments and especially the French, thus neglect and almost repudiate a young man, intelligent, honest, honourable, courageous and active, who has rendered and will render the most eminent services to his country. They will soon lose him.

I had formed an acquaintance with M. Baudin, in Syria, the preceding year, and with him I had concerted my journey to Damascus. He had been informed of my departure, and my approaching arrival, and this morning I despatched an Arab to him with the information of the precise hour when I should be in the vicinity of the city, and to solicit him to send me a guide to direct my course and advise me how to act so as to allay all suspicion.

At nine o'clock in the morning we passed along the side of a mountain covered with the country houses and gardens of the inhabitants of Damascus. A handsome bridge crosses a river at the foot of the mountain. We saw numerous files of camels carrying stones for some new structures, and every thing announced the vicinity of a great capital. After travelling about an hour further, we perceived on the summit of an eminence, a small isolated mosque, the residence of a

solitary Mahometan; a fountain flowed near the mosque, and some copper bowls chained to the solid part of the fountain, enabled the traveller to quench his thirst, and it was at this place that we halted, under the broad spreading shade of a sycamore. The road was already thronged with travellers, peasants and Arab soldiers. We mounted our horses, and after an ascent of a few hundred paces, we entered a deep defile, embedded to the left in a mountain of schistus rock, perpendicularly over our heads, and to the right by a ridge of rock, of thirty or forty feet in height: the descent was steep and the rolling stones slided under the feet of our horses. I proceeded at the head of the caravan, a few paces behind the Arabs of Zebdani, who on a sudden stopped and uttered the loudest exclamations of joy, on showing me an opening in the rock on our right. On approaching and looking through the cleft of the rock, my eye was lost in one of the most magnificent and extraordinary scenes, which had ever captivated the vision of man. It was Damascus and its illimitable desert, lying a few hundred feet below us. The eye rested immediately on the city, which surrounded by its ramparts of yellow and black marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, at stated distances, crowned with its sculptured embattlements, over which reigned a forest of minarets of all shapes, furrowed by the seven branches of its river, and its numerous rivulets extending as far as the eye could reach, amidst a labyrinth of flower gardens and projecting its immense suburbs, here and there into the vast plain, shaded in every part, and every where crowded, for ten leagues in circumference with forests of apricots, sycamore and other trees of every form and verdure, appearing at times to lose itself under the canopy of these trees, then re-appearing at a distance in large patches of houses, suburbs, and villages; forming a labyrinth of gardens, orchards, palaces and rivulets, in which the eye was lost, and withdrew itself from one enchanting scene to recreate itself with another. We stopped as it were of one accord; all crowded within the narrow opening of the rock, which was pierced like a window, and

we contemplated, at one moment in silence, at another, with joyful exclamations, the magic spectacle, which thus suddenly and wholly had burst upon our enraptured vision, at the close of a journey across so many rocks and arid solitudes, and at the commencement of another desert, which has no other limits but Bagdad and Bassora, and which it requires forty days to cross.

We at last continued our journey. The parapet of the rocks, which concealed from us the plain and the city, insensibly declined, and allowed us in a short time to enjoy the whole of the scene. We were only about five hundred paces from the walls of the suburbs. These walls, surrounded by delightful kiosks and country houses of the most oriental form and architecture, shone like a girdle of gold round Damascus; the square towers, by which they are flanked, and which rise above their line, are encrusted with arabesques pierced with columnar ogives, slender as reeds, and lined with embattlements in the shape of turbans. The walls are covered with stones of black and yellow marble, arranged alternately with an elegant symmetry. The tops of the cypresses and other large trees, which rise from the gardens and the interior of the city above the walls and towns and crown them with a sombre verdure. The innumerable cupolas of the mosques and the palaces of a city of above four hundred thousand inhabitants, reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the blue dazzling waters of the seven rivers glittered and disappeared by turns across the streets and gardens. The horizon behind the city, was like the sea without a limit, confounding itself with the purple edges of the fiery sky, still inflamed by the reverberation of the sands of the great desert. On the right, the broad and lofty groups of the Anti-Lebanon receded like immense waves of shadow, some behind the others, at one time advancing like promontories into the plain, at another opening like deep gulfs in which the plain embedded itself with its forests and great villages, some of which contain about thirty thousand inhabitants; the branches of the river and two large lakes were visible, glittering in the obscurity of the general

tint of verdure, in which Damascus appears to be envelopped On our left, the plain was more open, and it was not unti at a distance of twelve or fifteen leagues that we could again discern the summits of mountains, white with snow, which shone in the blue of the firmament like clouds on the ocean. The city is entirely surrounded by a forest of orchards of fruit trees, in which the vines intertwine as at Naples, and hang in garlands, amongst the fig, apricot, pear, and cherry trees. Under these trees, the soil, which is rich, fertile, and always irrigated, is carpeted with barley, wheat, and maize, and all kinds of leguminous plants indigenous to the soil Some small white houses project here and there through the verdure of these forests, and serve as a habitation for the gardener, or as a place of recreation for the family of the proprietor. These gardens are peopled with horses, sheep, camels, and doves, and everything which gives animation to the scenes of nature. They are in general two or three acres in extent, and separated the one from the other by walls of mud dried in the sun, or by handsome green hedges. A great number of paths, shaded and bounded by a rivulet of rapidly flowing water, wind amongst the gardens, and lead from one suburb to the other, or to some particular gate of the city. They form an area of about twenty or thirty leagues in circumference round Damascus.

We travelled for some moments in silence amidst these first labyrinths of orchards, uneasy at not perceiving the guide, who was to be sent by M. Baudin. He appeared at last, and we found him to be a poor Armenian, badly clothed, his head covered with a black turban, such as the christians of Damascus are obliged to wear. He approached our caravan without any affectation, spoke a few words, made a sign, and instead of entering the city by one of the suburbs and by the gate which was in front of us; we followed him along the walls, of which we almost made the circuit, across this labyrinths of gardens and kiosks, and we entered by a gate, almost deserted, in the vicinity of the quarter of the Armenians. The house of M. Baudin, in which he had the

goodness to prepare a lodging for us, was situate in this quarter. Not a word was said to us at the first gate of the city, and after passing it, we rode for a considerable time along some high walls with grated windows, the other side of the street being occupied by a deep canal of flowing water of sufficient power to turn the wheels of several mills. We were stopped at the end of the street by a dispute between my Arabs and the soldiers, who guarded a second inner gate, for all the quarters of the city have a distinct gate. It was my desire to remain unknown, and that our caravan should pass for a caravan of Syrian merchants; the dispute, however, grew warmer, and the uproar becoming louder, whilst the crowd was beginning to gather around us, I put spurs to my horse, and advanced to the head of the caravan. The soldiers belonged to the *Corps-de-Garde* of the Egyptian troop, who having observed two fowling pieces, which my Arab domestics had but partially concealed under the coverings of my horses, refused us permission to enter. By an order of the Scherif-Bey, the introduction of fire arms into the city was prohibited, as fears were entertained every night of an insurrection, and the massacre of the Egyptian troops. Fortunately I had in my bosom a letter recently received from Ibrahim Pacha, and drawing it forth, I presented it to the officer commanding the post. He read it, and pressed it to his forehead and his lips, and allowed us to enter, after a number of excuses and compliments. We wandered for some time amidst an obscure labyrinth of narrow and dirty streets, with small low houses, the mud walls of which appeared to be on the point of falling down upon us. We perceived at the windows, through the gratings the voluptuous figures of the young Armenian girls, who, hastening to the windows at the noise of our long train of horses, looked at us with the greatest curiosity, and addressed to us some words of welcome and of friendship. We at last halted at a small, low and narrow door, in a street through which it was difficult to pass. We here dismounted, passed through a dark and gloomy corridor, and we found ourselves, as if by magic, in

a court paved with marble, shaded by sycamores, refreshed by two Moorish fountains, and surrounded by porticoes of marble and saloons richly decorated. We were now in the house of M. Baudin, which is like all the other houses of the christians of Damascus, a miserable hut on the outside, but a delightful palace within.. The tyranny of the fanatical population obliges those unfortunate men to conceal their riches, under the cloak of misery and ruin. Our baggage was unladen at the door, the court was filled with our packages, our tents, our saddles, and our horses were led to the khan of the Bazaar.

M. Baudin assigned to each of us a small, neat apartment, furnished in the style of the orientals, and we rested ourselves on his divans, and at his hospitable table, from the fatigue of so long a journey. To meet with a man, whom we know and respect, in the midst of an unknown crowd and in a foreign land, brings to us the reminiscences of our country, and we appear, as it were, as if we were at home. We experienced these feelings strongly in the house of M. Baudin, and the pleasant hours which we passed in conversing about Europe and Asia during the evening by the light of his lamp, amidst the murmur of a fountain in the court, have remained in my memory and on my heart, as one of the most agreeable reminiscences of my journey.

M. Baudin is one of those men whom nature has fitted for every thing. With an intelligence clear and perspicuous, a heart firm and upright, and with an indefatigable activity, whether it be Europe or Asia, Paris or Damascus, the land or the ocean, he accommodates himself to everything, and finds happiness and serenity in every place, because his soul is resigned, like that of the Arab, to the great law which forms the basis of Christianity and of Islamism, which is submission to the will of God, and also because he carries within him that ingenious activity of mind, which is the second soul of the European. His language, his figure, and his manners have all assumed the character which it was the will of his fortune to impress upon him. To behold him with us, con-

versing of France and of passing politics, he might have been taken for a person arrived on the preceding evening from Paris, and returning thither on the following day; to behold him lounging on his divan, between a merchant of Bassora, and a Turkish pilgrim of Bagdad, smoking his pipe or his *narguilé*, idly passing between his fingers the amber beads of an oriental chaplet, his turban on his head, and his slippers on his feet, speaking a word about every quarter of an hour on the price of coffee or furs, he might be taken for a dealer in slaves, or a pilgrim returning from Mecca. The character of a man is not complete, unless he has travelled much, or who has twenty times changed his mode of life and of thinking. The restricted and uniform habits which a man assumes during a regular life, and amidst the monotony of his country, are the moulds which impart a contracted impress to everything. Intellect, philosophy, religion, character, every thing is on a grander scale, more just and true in the man, who has seen nature and society from several points of view. There is in travelling an optical power for the material and intellectual universe. It was a great maxim amongst the ancients, to travel in search of wisdom, but that maxim is not understood by us; they did not travel solely in search of unknown dogmas and the lessons of philosophers, but for the purpose of seeing and judging of every thing. In regard to myself, I am constantly struck with the contracted and frivolous manner, with which we invest all things, all institutions and all people, and if my mind has become enlarged, if my views have been extended, if I have learnt by comprehending every thing to tolerate every thing, I owe it solely to my having so often changed the scene and the point of view from which I beheld it. To study ages past in the pages of history, men in their travels, and God in nature, is the first and most instructive of all schools. We study every thing in our wretched books, and we compare everything with our petty local habits. And what is it that has made our habits and our books? why, men as insignificant and little as ourselves. Let us open the book of books, let us

live, look and travel; the world is a book, of which we turn a page at every step which we take. He who has read only one book, what does he know?

DAMASCUS.

April 2nd, 1833.

Dressed in the most rigid Arabic costume, I this morning in company only with M. Baudin, traversed the principal quarters of Damascus, for we were impressed with the fear that rather a numerous assemblage of strange faces, might attract the public attention towards us. We first perambulated the Armenian quarter for a considerable time, along some dark dirty, winding streets which would scarcely bear comparison with the most miserable villages of our provinces. The houses are built with mud, pierced towards the street with a few small grated windows, the shutters of which are painted red. They are very low, and the doors resemble those of a stable. A heap of rubbish, and a pool of water and slime are generally to be seen about every door. We nevertheless entered a few of the houses of the principal Armenian merchants, and I was struck with the riches and the elegance of the interior of these dwellings. After having crossed the threshold, and passed through a dark corridor, we found ourselves in a court ornamented with superb spouting fountains of marble, and shaded by one or two sycamores, or Persian willows. This court was paved with large slabs of polished stone or marble, and the walls are covered with vines, these walls are faced with black and white marble. Five or six doors, the frame of which are also of marble, and sculptured in arabesque, lead to as many halls or rooms, in which reside the men and women of the family. These saloons are large with vaulted roofs, and are pierced with a great number of small windows at a considerable height for the purpose of giving a free and constant circulation to the exterior air. Almost all of them are divided into two compartments: the first and lower one is appropriated to the ser-

vants and the slaves, the second is raised a few steps, and is divided from the first by a marble balustrade, or made of cedar wood most exquisitely carved. In general, one or two fountains continually in play, murmur in the middle or in the angles of the saloon. The edges are lined with vases of flowers, and some swallows or some tame pigeons come freely and perch on the edges of the basins to drink. The sides of these rooms are lined with marble to a particular height, and higher up, they are covered with stucco, and painted in arabesque patterns of a thousand colours, and frequently with elaborate gold mouldings. The furniture consists of magnificent carpets of Persia or of Bagdad, which cover the whole of the marble or cedar flooring, and a great number of silk cushions and mattrasses, spread in the middle of the apartment, which serve as seats and sofas for the members of the family. A divan covered with the most precious stuffs, and carpets of the finest texture, are spread at the bottom and along the sides of the room. The women and children are generally seated or lying at full length upon them, occupied with different household affairs. The cradles of the infants are placed on the floor, amongst the carpets and cushions. The master of the house has always one of these saloons appropriated to his own use, and it is here that he receives his visitors. He is generally to be seen seated on his divan, his long handled inkstand standing on the ground by his side; a sheet of paper resting on his knee, or in his left hand, and writing or casting up his accounts, during the whole of the day, for trade is the sole occupation and the genius of the inhabitants of Damascus. Wherever we went to return the visits, which we had received on the preceding evening, the proprietor of the house received us with the greatest courtesy and cordiality. He ordered for us pipes, coffee, sherbets, and conducted us into the saloon occupied by the women. Whatever idea I might have formed of the beauty of the Syrians, whatever image was remaining in my mind of the beauty of the women of Rome or Athens, the sight of the Armenian women and the young

girls of Damascus, surpassed all that I had as yet seen. Almost every where, we met with figures, which no European pencil has ever traced; eyes in which the serene light of the soul, is diffused in a deep azure tint, and abounding with a softness of expression which I never before saw beaming from a woman's eye; with features of a purity and delicacy so refined, that the lightest and most practised pencil could never imitate, and a complexion so transparent, and at the same time so animated with living tints, that the most delicate hues of the rose leaf could not vie with them. The teeth, the smile, the natural softness of the shape and motion; the clear, sonorous, and silvery voice, every thing is in harmony in these beautiful creatures, who might almost be called the apparitions of Heaven. They converse with grace and a modest reserve, but without embarrassment, and as if they were accustomed to the admiration, which they inspire. They appear to preserve their beauty for a long time, which in a great measure may be attributed to the climate, to their domestic habits, and to the peaceful leisure which they enjoy, in which neither the soul nor body is injured by the artificial passions of society. In almost all the houses, in which I was admitted, I generally found the mother as handsome as the daughters, although the latter appeared to be not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. They generally marry about the age of twelve or thirteen. The costume of these women is the most elegant, and the most dignified, which had yet come under our admiration in the East. The head is uncovered, and adorned with a profusion of hair, the tresses of which ornamented with flowers, form several curls round the forehead, and fall in long plaits on each side of the neck and the naked shoulders. Festoons of pieces of gold, and rows of pearls were intermingled with the hair, and a little cap of wrought gold is worn at the top of the hair. The bosom is nearly naked. A small vest with large and open sleeves made of silk embroidered with gold or silver; large white pantaloons descending in folds to the ancles; the feet covered with slippers of yellow morocco, a long robe of silk

of some brilliant colour falling from the shoulders, open on the bosom, and in front of the pantaloons, and confined solely round the waist by a girdle, the ends of which reach to the ground. I could not withdraw my eyes from these enchanting women. Our visits and our conversations were every where protracted and I found them as amiable as they were handsome ; the customs of Europe, and the costumes and manners of the women of the west, were in general the subject of our conversation. They did not appear to envy in the least the life of our women, and when we converse with these charming creatures ; when we find in their conversation and manners that grace, that perfect good humour, that benevolence, that serenity, that tranquillity of mind and heart, which are so well preserved in domestic life, we confess that we do not see that they have any reason to envy our women of the world, who know every thing, but that which contributes to the internal happiness of a family, and who destroy in a few years amidst the tumultuous relations of society, their soul, their beauty and their life. The Armenian women frequently visit one another, nor are they entirely restricted from the society of men, but it is confined to a few young male relations or friends of the family, amongst whom, on consulting their inclination, and family interests, a husband is obtained at a very early age, and when the match is decided upon, the intended, partakes of the pleasures and amusements of the house, as if he were a member of the family.

I here met with a chief of the Armenians of Damascus, to whom I was introduced, a man of considerable celebrity, and well informed. Ibrahim has placed him at the head of his nation in the municipal council, which at this time governed the city. This man, considering he has never been out of Damascus, possesses the most just and highly rational notions of the political state of Europe, and of France in particular; of the general progress of the human mind in the present age; of the transformation of modern governments, and the probable state of future civilization. I never met a man in Europe, whose notions on these points were more correct and

intelligent, which is rather the more astonishing, as he knows neither Latin nor Greek, and that he has never been able to read those works or journals of the west, in which those questions are brought down to the capacity of those men who repeat them without comprehending them; nor has he ever enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with the distinguished men of our country. Damascus is a city shut out from all connexion with Europe, and this man, consequently has learned everything by means of the geographical charts, and some few great and historical facts, which in despite of all restrictions have reached him in his secluded state, and which his natural and contemplative genius has interpreted with a wonderful sagacity. I was delighted with this man, and I spent the greater part of the morning in conversation with him; he visited sn every evening and during the day, and like myself he foresees what providence is preparing for the East and the west by the inevitable approximation of these two parts of the world, imparting mutually to each other space, activity, light and life. He has a daughter about fourteen years old, one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld. Her mother, who is likewise very young, is also handsome. He introduced his son to me a youth about twelve years old, to whose education he pays particular attention. "You ought," said I, "to send him to Europe and give him an education, which you regret not having had yourself. I will take charge of him." "Alas!" he answered, "I have frequently and I may say almost incessantly thought of it, but if no great change takes place in the East, what service shall I have rendered my son, in elevating him by his learning and knowledge above his age and the country in which he is obliged to live? What will he do in Damascus on his return, after having acquired the information, the manners and taste for liberty in Europe? If a man must be a slave, it is better that he never knew any thing else but slavery."

After these different visits, we quitted the Armenian quarter, which is separated from another quarter by a gate, which is closed every night. I here entered a broader and

more handsome street, formed by the palaces of the principal agas of Damasus, who may be considered as the nobility of the country. The facades of these palaces fronting the street bear a strong resemblance to walls of prisons or of hospitals. They are built of greyish mud, with few or no windows. At times, a large gate opens on a court, in which a great number of grooms, of domestics, and black slaves, are seen stretched under the shade of the gates. I visited two of these agas, the friends of M. Baudin, the interior of whose palaces was delightful. We entered by a spacious court, ornamented with superb fountains, and planted with trees which overshadowed them, and on entering the saloons, we found them more beautiful and more richly ornamented than those of the Armenians. Several of these saloons have cost in their decorations more than a hundred thousand piastres. Europe cannot produce anything more magnificent, everything is in the Arabic style, and some of their palaces have eight or ten saloons of this splendid kind. The agas of Damascus are in general the descendants, or the sons of the pachas, who have expended in the decorations of their palaces, the treasures their fathers have amassed. It is the nepotism of Rome, but under another form. The agas in number are considerable, and they occupy the principal posts of the city under the pachas deputed by the grand seignor. They are the proprietors of great estates in the villages of Damascus. Their luxury consists in palaces, gardens, in horses and in women, but from a signal of the pacha, their heads are struck off, their fortunes, their palaces, their gardens, their women, and their horses are transferred into the hands of some new favourite of fortune. Such a system of legislation naturally excites the subjects of it to enjoyment and resignation. Voluptuousness and fatalism are the two necessary results of oriential despotism.

The two agas, whom I visited, received me with the most marked politeness. The brutal fanaticism of the lower classes of Damascus does not extend to the higher classes. They knew that I was a European traveller, and they believed

me to be a secret ambassador sent by the kings of Europe to gain information relative to the dispute between the Turks and Ibrahim. I expressed my desire to one of them to see his handsomest horses and to purchase some of them, if he felt disposed to sell them. He immediately ordered his son and one of his grooms to conduct me into a large stable, in which he kept thirty or forty of the most beautiful animals of the desert of Palmyra. My eyes never beheld before such a beautiful collection of animals. They were in general of a high stature, of a dark grey or whitish grey colour. Their manes were like black silk. Eyes projecting from the head of a deep chestnut colour, of uncommon force and brilliance; shoulders broad and flat, and necks as graceful as that of a swan. As soon as the horses saw me enter, and heard me speak a foreign language, they turned their heads towards me, and trembled and neighed. They expressed their astonishment and their affright by the oblique and timid glances of their eyes, and by a curling of their nostrils, which imparted to their beautiful heads, a physiognomy at once extraordinary and intelligent. I have already had occasion to remark how much the spirit of animals in Syria is more quick and more strongly developped than in Europe. An assemblage of the faithful, surprised in the mosque by a christian, could not have expressed in their countenances and attitudes, indignation and affright more forcibly, than those horses exhibited on beholding a stranger, and hearing themselves addressed in an unknown language. I coaxed several of them, I examined them all, some of them were led into the yard for my inspection, but I was at a loss on which to fix my choice, so remarkable were they all for beauty and perfection symmetrical. At last I decided on a beautiful white stallion three years old, which appeared to me the pearl of all the horses of the desert. The price was arranged by M. Baudin and the aga, and fixed at six thousand piastres, which were paid over to the aga. The horse had a short time previously arrived from Palmyra, and the Arab, who sold him to the aga had received for him five thousand piastres

and a magnificent cloak of silk, embroidered with gold. This animal, like all the rest of the Arab horses, had its genealogy suspended round the neck in a little bag made of skin, with several amulets to preserve it from the evil eye.

We inspected the bazaars of Damascus, the principal of which extends about half a league in length. The bazaars consists of long streets covered with very high roofs, and lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and coffee houses. These shops are very narrow and of no great depth. The merchant sits squatting on the ground before his shop, with his pipe in his mouth, or his *narguilé* by his side. The magazines are filled with merchandize of all kinds, and especially with indian stuffs, which are brought to Damascus by the caravans of Bagdad. The barbers are an important race of men, for they invite every passenger to enter and have their hair cut, their shops as in other countries, are the rendezvous of the gossips and politicians, and not seldom the scene of quarrels and disputes. A crowd as numerous as that of the galleries of the Palais Royal is always to be seen during the whole of the day, moving about in the bazaar. But the *coup d'œil* exhibited by this crowd is infinitely more picturesque. In one place we beheld the agas clad in their long crimson silk pelisses, lined with the fur of martins, with their sabres and poniards, enriched with diamonds hanging to their girdles. They are followed by five or six courtezans, servants or slaves, who walk in strict silence behind them, carrying their pipe, and their *narguilé*. They generally seat themselves the greater part of the day, on the divans placed on the outside of the coffee houses built on the banks of the rivulets, which flow through the city; the divans being shaded by handsome plantains. There they smoke and converse with their friends, and with the exception of the mosque, it is the only means of communication enjoyed by the inhabitants of Damascus. Here are concocted, almost in silence, the frequent revolutions which cause the blood of this capital to flow. This mute fermentation is frequently brooding for a long time, and bursts out at the moment when

it is the least expected. The people fly to arms under some leader, whoever it may be, commanded by one of the agas, and for some time, the government passes into the hands of the victor. The vanquished are put to death, or take refuge in the deserts of Balbec or Palmyra, where they find an asylum amongst the independent tribes. The officers and the soldiers of the pacha of Egypt, dressed nearly in the European costume, drag their sabres along the pavement; we met with many who accosted us, addressing us in the Italian language. They are greatly on their guard at Damascus; the people look upon them with horror, and every night it was feared that a commotion would break out. They are commanded by Scherif Bey, one of the most able men in the army of Mahomed Ali, and the city is at the present time under his government. He has formed a camp of ten thousand men on the outside of the walls, on the banks of the river, and keeps a garrison in the castle, he himself residing in the seraglio. The news of the slightest check experienced by Ibrahim in Syria, would be the signal of a general insurrection, and a dreadful contest at Damascus. The thirty thousand Armenian christians, who reside in the city are in a state of constant terror, and would be massacred if the Turks were to obtain the victory. The Mussulmans are irritated at the equality which Ibrahim Pacha has established between them and the christians, many of whom take the advantage of this moment of tolerance to insult their enemies by a violation of their customs, which is well calculated to sharpen their natural fanaticism. M. Baudin is ready at a moment's notice to fly to Zaklé.

Crowds of Arabs of the great desert and of Palmyra are to be seen in the city and principally in the bazaars: they have no other clothing than a large cloak made of white wool, in which they wrap themselves in the manner of the ancient statues. Their complexion is deeply sun-burnt, their beard black, and their eyes indicating ferocity and cruelty. They appear in groups before the shops of the tobacconists, and the saddlers and the armourers. Their horses, always sad-

dled and bridled, are fastened by the legs in the streets and open places. They despise the Egyptians and the Turks, but in case of a commotion, they would march against the troops of Ibrahim, who has not been able to drive them further back than a day's journey from Damascus, although he marched against them himself with his artillery on his passage through the city. They are at present his enemies. I shall at a future time enter further into a detail respecting these unknown populations of the great desert and of the Euphrates.

Every kind of trade and industry has its particular quarter in the bazaar. In one place, are the armourers, whose shops are far from exhibiting those magnificent and celebrated arms, which formerly constituted a great part of the trade of Damascus with the Levant. The manufacturers of those celebrated sabres, that is, if they ever existed at all at Dammascus, are completely fallen into decay. The sabres now made are only of a common temper, and no other arms are seen in the armourers' shops, than some old, second hand ones, which may be had at any price. In vain did I look for a blade or a poniard of the old temper. These sabres are brought at present from Korassan, a province of Persia, and even there the manufactory no longer exists. A certain number of these blades are still to be found, which pass from hand to hand, like precious relics, and are of an inestimable price. The blade of the sabre, which was given to me as a present, cost the pacha five thousand piastres. The Turks and Arabs who place a higher value upon these blades than they do upon diamonds, would sacrifice every thing in the world to obtain one of them. Their eyes sparkled with enthusiasm and veneration when they beheld mine, and they pressed it to their forehead, as if they worshipped such a perfect instrument of death.

The jewellers exhibit neither skill nor taste in the setting of their precious stones or pearls, of which, however, they possess an immense collection. All the riches of the orientals are of a moveable kind, in order that they may be carried

away on any sudden emergency. There are a great number of these jewellers. They make a very poor display of their goods; all the articles being inclosed in little caskets, which are opened accordingly as the article is demanded. The saddlers are the most numerous and the most ingenious workmen in the bazaar; nothing in Europe can equal the gracefulness and the richness of the splendid trappings which they make for the Arab chiefs or the agas of the country. The saddles are covered with velvet and silk, embroidered with gold and pearls. The collars are made of red morocco, which falls on broad fringes on the chest, and are generally ornamented with scales of silver and gold, and tufts of pearls. The bridles infinitely more elegant than ours, are also made of morocco of various colours, and decorated with small scales of silver and gold. All those articles are comparatively much cheaper than they are in Europe. I bought two of the most magnificent of these bridles for one hundred and twenty piastres, about fifty francs for the two.

The dealers in viands are those, whose shops display the greatest order, elegance, cleanliness, and attraction to the eye. The fronts of their shops are laid out with a number of baskets, full of vegetables, of dried fruits, and seeds of vegetables, of the names of which I am ignorant, but which in shape and colour present a highly glossy surface, and which shine like little pebbles newly taken out of the water. The cakes of bread, of every size and thickness, are displayed in the front of the shop, an innumerable variety of which are always kept hot like our pastry for the different hours and meals of the day, and are of an exquisite flavour. In no place did I ever behold such a variety of bread as at Damascus and at a price remarkably cheap.

There are also some restaurateurs, who provide dinners for the merchants or the frequenters of the bazaar, but neither tables, nor knives and forks are to be seen. They sell little portions of mutton of about the size of a walnut, baked in an oven, on skewers. The buyer carries them away, on one of the gold coloured cakes of bread of which I have already spoken,

using their fingers only, as the means of conveyance to their mouth. The numerous fountains of the bazaar supply the Arabs with their only beverage. A man might support himself very comfortably at Damascus for two piastres or about ten sous a day. The inhabitants themselves scarcely expend the half of that sum on their daily keep. A handsome house may be had for two or three hundred piastres a year, and with an income of three or four hundred francs, about 15*l.* sterling, a person can live respectably and comfortably, and it is the same in every part of Syria.

On proceeding through the bazaar, I came to the quarter occupied by the box and trunk makers, which is a very considerable branch of trade, as the whole of the furniture of an Arab family consists of one or two chests, in which are kept their clothes and jewels. The greater part of these chests are made of cedar and painted red, ornamented with devices made with golden headed nails. Some of them are admirably carved in relief, and covered with very elegant arabesques. I purchased three of them and sent them off by the caravan of Tarabourlous.

The odour of the cedar wood is diffused throughout the whole of the bazaar, and this atmosphere, composed of a thousand different perfumes which are exhaled from the shops of the spice sellers, druggists, confectioners, from the chests of amber and perfumed gums, from the coffee shops, and from the pipes, which natives and strangers are continually smoking in the bazaar, recall to me the sensation which I experienced for the first time that I visited that part of Florence, where the manufacturers of cypress wood fill the streets with an odour extremely similar.

Scherif Bey, governor of Syria for Mahomed Ali, left Damascus this day. The news of the victory of Konia, obtained by Ibrahim over the Grand Vizir arrived during the night, and Scherif Bey taking advantage of the consternation which pervades the whole of Damascus, has departed for Aleppo. He has confided the government of the city to an Egyptian general, assisted by a municipal council formed

of the principal merchants of all the different nations. An encampment of six thousand Egyptians and three thousand Arabs remain at the gate of the city. The coup d'œil which this camp exhibits is extremely picturesque. Tents of all forms and of all colours are pitched under the shade of the great fruit trees, on the banks of the river. The horses, in general excellent, are fastened in long files to the cords extended from one end of the camp to the other. The undisciplined Arabs there show themselves in all the grotesque diversity of their races, of their armour, and their costumes. Some resembling the assemblages of kings or of patriarchs, others, the brigands of the desert. The fires of the bivouac throw up their blueish smoke, which the wind blows over the river or over the gardens of Damascus.

I was present at the departure of Scherif Bey. All the principal agas of Damascus, and the officers of the regiments who remain behind, were assembled in the seraglio. The spacious courts, encircled by the dilapidated walls of the castle and the seraglio were full of slaves, holding with their hands, the most beautiful horses of the city, richly caparisoned. Scherif Bey breakfasted in the interior apartments, into which I did not enter, but I remained with some Egyptian and Italian officers in the paved court. Thence, we looked upon the crowd without; we saw the agas arriving in companies, and the black slaves passing to and fro carrying on their heads immense dishes of tin containing the different pilaus of the repast. The horses of Scherif Bey were there, and they were the handsomest animals which I had yet seen in Damascus. They were of the Turcomanian breed, infinitely larger and stronger than the Arab horses, bearing a strong resemblance to the great Norman horses having their limbs more slender and muscular; the head lighter, and the eye large, fiery, yet the gentle look of the horse of the East. They were all brown bays, with long manes, the true homeric steeds. At mid-day, he commenced his route, accompanied by an immense cavalcade, to about two leagues from the city.

In the middle of the bazaar of Damascus, I found the most beautiful khan of the East, kept by d'Hassad Pacha. It is an immense cupola, the bold vault of which recalls to our memory that of St. Peter's at Rome, and like it, it is supported by pillars of granite. Behind these pillars are the magazines and the stairs leading to the upper stories, in which are the rooms of the merchants. Every merchant of any note hires one of these rooms, in which he keeps his valuable merchandize and his books. Watchmen are appointed day and night to guard the safety of the khan. Spacious stables are provided on the side for the horses of the travellers and the caravans. The khan itself is refreshed by spouting fountains, and on the whole it may be said to be the commercial exchange of the city of Damascus. The gate of the khan of d'Hassad Pacha, which opens on the bazaar, is one of the pieces of Moorish architecture, the richest in detail and the most imposing in effect which can be seen in the world. The Arabian style of architecture is to be there found in its fullest perfection, although the edifice has been erected within forty years. A people whose architects are capable of designing, and workmen capable of executing such a monument as the khan of d'Hassad Pacha, cannot be said to be dead to the arts. These khans are generally built by rich agas, who bequeath them to their family, or to the city, which it is their desire to enrich. The income derived from them is very large.

A little further off, I saw, from a gate which opens in the bazaar, the great court yard of the principal mosque of Damascus. It was formerly the church consecrated to St. John of Damascus. The building appeared to be of the age of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem; heavy, spacious, and of that byzantine style of architecture, which is an imitation of, and at the same time, a degradation of the Grecian, and appears to have been constructed of the ruins of other buildings. The great gates of the mosque were closed by heavy curtains, and I was not able to see the interior. It is at the peril of his life that a christian profanes the mosques by setting a foot within them. We stopped for a few moments in the

court yard under the pretext of quenching our thirst at the fountain.

Same date.

The caravan from Bagdad arrived to day, composed of three thousand camels and is encamped at the gates of the city. I have purchased several packages of mocha coffee which cannot be obtained elsewhere and some Indian shawls.

The caravan from Mecca has been suspended on account of the war. The pacha of Damascus is entrusted with the management of it; the Wahabites have several times dispersed it, but Mohamed Ali has now driven them back towards Medina. The last caravan attacked by the cholera at Mecca, exhausted with fatigue, and suffering under a scarcity of water, almost wholly perished. Forty thousand pilgrims perished in the desert. The dust of the desert which leads to Mecca is literally the dust of human beings. It is to be hoped that this year the caravan will be able to depart under the protection of Mahomed Ali, but before many years have passed the Wahabites will have interdicted for ever these pious pilgrimages. The Wahabites may be considered as the first grand reform army of Mahometanism. A sage, residing in the environs of Mecca, named Aboul-Wahiab has undertaken to restore Islamism to the purity of its primitive dogma; to extirpate first by arguments, and afterwards by the force of the Arabs converted to his faith, the popular superstitions, the credulity or imposition of which disfigures all religions and to construct from the religion of the East a practical and rational deism. In this he will have very little to do, for Mahomet did not give himself out to be a god, but a man, full of the spirit of God, and the doctrine which he preached was the unity of God and good will towards men. Aboul-Wahiab himself does not pretend to be a prophet, but a man illuminated solely by the light of reason. In this instance reason has made fanatics of the Arabs, equally with falsehood and superstition. They have taken up arms in his name; they have conquered Mecca and Medina; they have deprived the worship of the veneration hitherto paid to

the prophet, of all the adoration which has been substituted for it, and a hundred thousand armed missionaries have threatened to change wholly the face of the East. Mahommed Ali has interposed a momentary barrier to their incursions; but the religion of the Wahabites still exists, and is propagated in the three Arabias, and on the first opportunity, these purifiers of Islamism will spread themselves as far as Jerusalem, and Damascus, and even into Egypt. Thus human ideas are doomed to perish by the same weapons by which they have been propagated. Nothing is impenetrable to the progressive light of reason, that gradual and incessant revelation of humanity. Mahomet emerged from the same deserts as the Wahabites to overthrow the idols, and establish a worship without sacrifices, of the only and immaterial God. Aboul-Wahiab is come in his turn, and breaking the chains of popular credulity, has brought back Mahometanism to pure reason. Every age raises a corner of the veil which conceals the grand image of the God of Gods, and reveals him behind all his symbols, which vanish away, single, eternal, evident throughout all nature, and imprinting his oracles on the conscience.

Damascus, April 3rd.

We spent the day in inspecting the city and the bazaars. The remembrances of St. Paul are always present to the Christians of Damascus; the ruins of the house are still visible from which he escaped in the night, let down in a basket. Damascus was one of the first places, in which he planted the seeds of that word, which has changed the world; a word which is fructifying rapidly in all the quarters of the earth. The East is the land of creeds, of prodigies and even of superstitions. The grand idea which there fills and employs the imagination at all times, is the idea of religion. All the people, their manners and laws are founded upon religion. It was never similarly constituted in the west, and why? Because they are a more ignoble race, children of barbarians, who still exhibit the traces of their origin. Things are not yet in their proper places in the west. The first of

human ideas does not there take the precedence of others, but is succeeded by them. It is the land of gold and iron, of noise and agitation, whereas the East is the land of deep meditation, of intuition and adoration. But the west advances with the pace of a giant, and when religion and reason, which the middle age in its darkness had separated, there embrace each other in truth, in light and in love; the religious spirit, the Divine Breath will become the soul of the world and bring forth its prodigies of virtue, civilization and genius. So be it!

4th April, Damascus.

There are thirty thousand christians at Damascus, and forty thousand at Bagdad, those of the former place are Armenians or Greeks. Some catholic priests officiate for those of their own communion. The catholic monks are tolerated by the inhabitants of Damascus, whose costume they adopt, and are considered as orientals. During the time that I passed at Damascus, I frequently saw two French Lazarist priests, who have a small monastery, buried in the poorest quarter of the Armenians. One of them, Father Poussous came to spend the evening with us. He was an excellent man, pious, well informed and amiable in disposition. He conducted me to his monastery, where he employs his time in the education of the children of poor Arab christians. The sole love of doing good retains him in this human desert, where his life is exposed to considerable danger. He is nevertheless gay, serene, and resigned. From time to time, he receives by the caravans of Syria, some news and assistance from his superiors in France, and a few catholic journals. He lent me a few, and nothing appeared to me more strange than to read the pious and political intrigues of the quarter of St. Sulpice, on the borders of the desert of Bagdad at the back of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, near to Balbec, in the midst of an immense throng of other men, occupied by wholly different ideas, and where the noise which we make in Europe and the names of the great men of the present day, have never been heard. All is vanity of vanities with the ex-

ception of serving God and men for the sake of God. Never are we more convinced of that truth than in travelling and beholding what a little thing that agitation is, which the sea can stop; the noise, which a mountain can intercept; the fame which a foreign language cannot even pronounce. Our immortality exists in something else than in that fictitious and short immortality of our names here below, which we are in general so anxious to obtain.

We dined to-day with an old christian of Damascus, whose age was above ninety, but who was still in the enjoyment of all his physical and moral faculties. This worthy and venerable man carried in his countenance that serenity of benevolence and virtue, which is imparted by the sentiment of a pure and pious life, approaching its termination. He overwhelmed us with his kindness and attentions, running about for us in every quarter with all the activity of a young man. Father Poussous, his companion, two merchants of Bagdad, and a great Persian Seignior on his journey to Mecca composed our peaceful meetings of the evening, seated on the divans of M. Baudin amidst the vapours of tobacco and tombac, which darken and perfume the air. With the assistance of M. Baudin and M. Mazoyer, my dragoman, we contrived to carry on our conversation with some facility. The most perfect cordiality and simplicity reigned in this small evening party of men from all the four extremities of the world. The manners of India and of Persia; the recent events of Bagdad; the revolt of the pacha against the porte, were the principal subjects of our conversation. The native of Bagdad had been obliged to fly across the desert of forty days' journey, on his dromedaries with his treasures and two young Franks. He was waiting with the utmost impatience for some intelligence from his brother, for whose safety he was under great apprehension. A letter was brought to him from his brother, whilst he was conversing with us about him. He was in safety, and would arrive with the rear guard of the caravan, which was daily expected; tears of joy trickled down his cheeks, and we could not refrain from weeping with him both

from sympathy and the recollection of our own misfortunes. These tears shed at the time by eyes which might never meet again round the hearth of a common friend, in the middle of a city, in which we were all no more than passing strangers; these tears united our hearts, and we loved like friends, those men, whose names have scarcely been retained on our memory.

April 5th, 1833.

We had a terrible tempest during the night. The lofty pavillion in which we slept, with a number of unglazed windows, trembled like a vessel in a heavy squall. The rain dissolved in a few moments the roof of mud which covered the terrace of the pavillion, and inundated the floor. Fortunately our mattrasses were laid on planks raised on the chests of Damascus, and the covering of our beds were some protection to us, but in the morning, we found our clothes floating about the room. Tempests of this kind are frequent at Damascus, and frequently carry away the houses, the foundations of which are not of marble. The climate is cold and humid during the months of winter, and heavy snows fall from the monntains. During the last winter, the half of the bazaars have been buried under the weight of the snows, and the roads were rendered impassable during two months. The heat in summer, is said to be insupportable, but as yet we have not experienced it. We lighted our braziers almost every evening, called in this country *Mangales*.

I have bought another Arab stallion of a Bedouin, whom I met at one of the gates of the city. I followed the rider of it in order to enter into a bargain with him in a manner, as if totally unpremeditated and indifferent as to the result. This animal was rather smaller in size than that which I bought of the aga, being stronger and of a more rare colour, something resembling a peach blossom. He belongs to the breed, the name of which, signifies *the king of Jarret*. I purchased it for four thousand piastres. I mounted him for the purpose of trying his paces. He proved less gentle and tractable than my other Arabian steed, and appeared to be of a wild

and fierce disposition. I shall have Tadmor (which is the Arab name of Palmyra, and which I have given to the horse purchased of the aga) led by one of my sais on foot, and I shall ride Scham during the remainder of the journey. Scham is the Arab name of Damascus.

A chief of a tribe on the road to Palmyra, who had been sent for by M. Baudin, arrived here to-day. He has undertaken to conduct me to Palmyra, and to bring me back safe and sound, on condition, however, that I shall not be accompanied by any one, and that I shall assume the costume of the Bedouin of the desert. His son was to be left at Damascus as a hostage until my return. We deliberated on this offer. I had a strong desire to see the ruins of Tadmor, but as they are less surprising than those of Balbec, that further ten days would be required to complete the journey, and that my wife could not accompany me, and as the time had arrived for our reaching the sea shore, where our vessel was to be in readiness for us, I relinquished with regret this journey into the desert, and we prepared for our departure the day after to-morrow.

April 6th, 1833.

We took our departure from Damascus at eight o'clock in the morning; we traversed the city and the bazaars, thronged by crowds of people, from whom we heard some murmurs and opprobrious epithets, as we were looked upon as a reinforcement proceeding to Ibrahim. We left the city by a different gate to that by which we had entered it, and directed our course by the delightful gardens by a road on the banks of a river, shaded by the most superb trees. We ascended the mountain from which we had had such a delightful view of Damascus, and we halted for a short time to contemplate it once more, and to engrave it everlastingly on our memory. I understand that the Arab traditions represent Damascus as the site of the lost paradise, and there is scarcely any place which can better fulful our ideas of Eden. The vast and fertile plain; the seven branches of the blue river by which it is watered; the majestic outline of the mountains; the daz-

zling lakes which reflect the sky upon the earth; the geographical situation between the two seas; the perfection and salubrity of the climate, all these things indicate at least that Damascus was one of the first cities built by the children of men, one of the natural halting places of the wandering human race in the earliest periods. It is one of those cities written by the hand of God upon the earth, a predestined capital like Constantinople. They are the only two cities which are not thrown arbitrarily on the map of an empire, but are infallibly indicated by the configuration of the places. As long as the earth shall bear an empire upon her surface, Damascus will be a great city, and Constantinople the capital of the world. On issuing from the desert, and at the opening of the plains of Cælo Syria, and the valleys of Galilee, of Idumea, and the shores of the seas of Syria, a delightful halting place is necessary for the caravans of India, and that is Damascus. Commerce is there united with industry, and in this respect Damascus resembles Lyons, one vast manufactory. The population, according to some authorities, is four hundred thousand, and according to others, two hundred thousand. I profess my ignorance on this point, and it is impossible to arrive at the truth; we have only conjecture to guide us. In the East, there is no census taken of the number of the inhabitants, and the traveller can only judge by the eye. According to the bustle of the crowds that throng the streets and the bazaars; and judging of the number of armed men who rush from the houses on the signal of a revolution, or on any political commotion; by the extent of ground which the houses occupy, I am inclined to believe that the number of inhabitants inclosed within the walls may amount to from three to four hundred thousand. But if we do not confine ourselves strictly to the city, and if we include in the number of inhabitants all those who reside in the immense suburbs and villages, in which the eye loses itself amongst the houses and gardens of this vast accumulation of human beings, it is my belief that the inhabitants of the territory of Damascus may be computed at a million. I cast a last look

at it, with my heartfelt prayers for M. Baudin and the other good and excellent men, who had protected us and enlivened our short sojourn amongst them, and after a few more steps of our horses, we lost sight for ever of the tops of its trees and its minarets.

The Arab, who walked by the side of my horse, pointed out to me at a distance a great lake, which shone at the foot of the mountains, and related to me a tale of which I only understood a few words, but which was interpreted to me by my dragoman.

"There was a shepherd whose employment it was to tend the young camels, on the borders of the lake, in a desert and uninhabited district of this lofty mountain. One day, on watering his herd, he perceived that the water of the lake flowed through a subterranean outlet, which he closed up with a large stone, but in so doing, he let his shepherd's staff fall into the water. Some time afterwards, a stream was dried up in one of the provinces of Persia, and the sultan observing that his country was threatened with famine, on account of the scarcity of water for irrigating the lands, consulted the wise men of his empire, and acting upon their advice, he despatched his emissaries to all the surrounding kingdoms with the view of discovering by what means the source of his river had been diverted or dried up. These ambassadors brought back with them the shepherd's staff which the river had carried through the subterranean passage. The shepherd himself happened to be at Damascus, when the ambassadors arrived there. He remembered his staff falling into the lake, and went to the ambassadors in whose hands, he recognized his staff. "What reward" he asked, "will the sultan bestow upon the man who restores to him his river? He will give him, answered the ambassadors, his daughter in marriage, and half of his dominions.

"Depart then," said the shepherd, "and before your arrival at the sultan's court, the lost river shall again water Persia, and gladden the heart of the sultan."

The shepherd returned to the mountains, removed th

great stone, and the waters resuming their course by the subterranean passage, again filled the bed of the river. Upon which, the sultan again despatched his ambassadors with his daughter to the fortunate shepherd, and bestowed upon him the half of his dominions.

These marvellous traditions are preserved with entire faith amongst the Arabs; not one individual doubts of them, because, the imagination seldom doubts of any thing.

7th April.

We encamped during the night under the brow of a lofty mountain, after a journey of eight hours, over a country, hilly, naked, sterile and cold. We were overtaken by a caravan less numerous than our own, belonging to the cadi of Damascus, despatched every year from Constantinople, and was now on its return to embark at Alexandretta. His women and children travelled in a kind of panniers placed upon the back of a mule, a woman and several small children being in each of the baskets. The whole of them were veiled. The cadi travelled a few hundred yards behind his women, accompanied by some slaves on horseback. This caravan passed us to form an encampment at a greater distance.

We had a rough and wearisome journey of about ten hours, subject to a severe cold, and through valleys completely deserted. We travelled during a whole hour along the bed of a river, on which the huge stones rolled down from the mountains, intercepted every moment the path on which the horses were travelling. I mounted for two or three hours my beautiful horse Tadmor, with the view of relieving Scham. Notwithstanding two days of such a fatiguing journey, this magnificent animal flew like a gazelle, over the rocky soil of the desert. In an instant, he outstripped the fleetest horses of the caravan; he is as gentle and docile as a swan, with which he vies in whiteness and grace. I have a great desire to convey him to Europe with Scham and Saida. As soon as I had dismounted, he escaped from me, and bounded on to rejoin the Arab Mansour, who was his groom and had the charge

of leading him: the animal laid his head on the Arab's shoulder like a fawning dog; for there is as great an intimacy between the Arab and his horse, as between us and our dog. Mansour and Daher, my two principal Arab grooms, whom I brought from the environs of Beirout, and who have been in my service nearly a year, are the most faithful and tractable of men; sober, indefatigable, intelligent, attached to their master and their horses, and always ready to fight when any danger presents itself. What could not a skilful chief accomplish with such a race of men? If I had a quarter of the riches of a banker of London or Paris, I would in ten years renovate the whole face of Syria; all the elements of a regeneration being ready at my hand, they only require a hand to unite them, a general survey where to establish the foundation, and a will to conduct thither a whole people.

We rested in a kind of hostelry isolated on a great plain, exposed to a severe cold, where we could find but a small quantity of wood to light a fire in the low room in which we spread our carpets. The provisions which we had brought with us from Damascus were exhausted; we therefore kneaded a little barley flour which was destined for our horses, and we made but a sorry meal of these black and bitter cakes.

We continued our journey at day-break, and after a journey of twelve hours, we arrived after travelling through a sterile and depopulated country, at a small village, in which we found a shelter, some fowls and rice. We were soaked with rain during the whole of the day. We were not above eight hours' journey from the valley of Beka, but we shall enter it by its eastern extremity, and much lower down than Balbec.

7th April.

At three o'clock P.M. we came in sight of the desert of Beka. We halted and entered into a consultation. The plain from the point where we now are to the foot of Mount Lebanon, which rises like a wall on the other side, resembles an immense lake, from the middle of which emerge some blackish islands, the tops of trees half under water, and some vast

ancient ruins on a hill, about three miles from us. By what means were we to cross by chance without guides, this inundated plain? it was, however, a matter of necessity to push forward, as on the following day we might not be able to cross it at all, for the rain still fell in torrents, and the rivers poured from all parts their waters into the desert. We travelled for two hours on the most elevated parts of the plain, which brought us near to the hill, on which the grand ruins of the temple appeared. We passed on our left these unknown ruins of some city, the name of which is now forgotten, but supposed to be contemporary with Balbec. Some trunks of gigantic columns have rolled down the sides of the hill, and are embedded in the dust at our feet. The day was on the decline, the rain increased in violence, and we had not time to ascend the temple. Having passed this hill, we travelled on with the water up to the knees of our horses. At every step one of our mules slipped, and rolled with its load into the ditches, whence our moukres extricated them with great difficulty. We ordered an Arab to proceed about twenty paces in advance of the caravan for the purpose of sounding the ground, but on our arrival at the middle of the plain, the place where the rivulet of Balbec has hollowed its bed, we found ourselves out of our depth, and we were obliged to swim over a space of about thirty or forty feet. My Arabs, throwing themselves into the water, and supporting the heads of the horses, succeeded in conveying across my wife and an english maid servant who accompanied her. The remainder of us swam across and we succeeded happily in reaching the opposite shore.

The night was now almost completely set in, and we used the utmost expedition to cross the remainder of the valley, whilst there yet remained any twilight to guide us. We passed near one or two ruinous huts, inhabited by a ferocious tribe of the Arabs of Balbec. If they had attacked us at this moment, we should have been wholly at their mercy, all our fire arms being rendered useless by the rain. The Arabs looked at us from their high terraces, but descended not into

the morass. At last, when we were literally in complete darkness, the plain began to rise, and we found ourselves on dry ground on the borders contiguous to Mount Lebanon. We directed our steps by a distant light, which sparkled about three miles from us in a ravine of the mountains. We had no doubt that the light proceeded from the town of Zaklé. Exhausted with fatigue, shivering with cold, and wet to the skin, we arrived at last at the first hills on which the town is situate. On mustering our company, we perceived that one of our friends, M. Campas was missing. We halted, we shouted, and discharged two or three guns, but no answer was returned. We despatched two horsemen in search of him, and we made our entrance into Zaklé. It took us an hour to ascend a river which crosses the city, and to find the only bridge, which leads to another quarter of the city. Our jaded horses could scarcely keep their footing on the polished pavement of this bridge, almost perpendicular in its ascent and without any parapet. We were at last received into the house of the Greek bishop, and fires were lighted with some brambles in the huts, which surrounded the court. The bishop lent us some mats and carpets, and we soon recovered from the drenching of the rain. The two Arabs sent in search of our friend, returned with him. We found at the bottom of one of our chests which were filled with water, a bottle of rum, the bishop provided us with sugar, and we soon refreshed our dying friend, by a few glasses of punch, during which time our Arabs prepared a pilau of rice for us. The poor bishop had in fact nothing to offer us but a shelter, but so great was the curiosity of the women and children of Zaklé to see two Frank women, that they every moment rushed into the court, and actually burst open the doors of our two apartments. I was obliged to station two armed Arabs at the gate of the court, to prevent any further annoyance. We remained the whole of the following day at Zaklé for the purpose of drying our clothes and replenishing our stock of provisions, which had been spoiled by the rain of the preceding day.

Zaklé is wholly a christian village, built perhaps within a few years in a defile on the lower branches of the Lebanon. It is indebted for its rapid and prodigious increase to the persecuted christian families, Greek and Armenians of Damascus and Homs. It contains about eight or ten thousand inhabitants; carries on an extensive trade in silk, and is increasing every day. Protected by the Emir Beschir, sovereign of the Lebanon, it is no longer disturbed by the incursions of the tribes of Balbec and of the Anti-Lebanon. The inhabitants, active, industrious and agricultural, cultivate in a very skilful manner, the hills which descend from the city into the plain and venture to cultivate some parts of the desert in their immediate vicinity. The aspect of the town is very extraordinary. It is a confused assemblage of black houses built of earth, without any symmetry or regularity, on the steep sides of two hillocks, separated by a river. The defile from which the river descends, before flowing through the city and into the plain, is a broad and deep indentation of perpendicular rocks, which open, as it were, to admit the waters to pass. It flows from platform to platform, and forms three or four cascades in successive falls in sheets of water, which occupy the whole breadth of the platforms. The foam of the waters entirely covers the rocks, and the noise of these falls fills the streets of Zaklé with a heavy and continual murmur. A few houses of rather an elegant structure, shine between the verdure of the poplars and lofty vines, above the falls of the river. Here is situate the house of refuge of our friend M. Baudin, whilst another is a monastery of Maronite monks. The river after having watered the houses of the city, which are grouped and suspended in the most grotesque manner on its high banks, and hanging, as it were, over the bed of the river, proceeds to water the lands and the narrow valleys, where the industry of the inhabitants divides its waters into a thousand streams. Some belts of lofty Persian poplars extend out of sight on its banks, and guide the eye, as through a verdant avenue as far as the desert of Balbec, and the snowy summits of the Anti-Lebanon.

Almost all the inhabitants are either Syrian Greeks or Greeks of Damascus. The houses bear a strong resemblance to the miserable huts of the peasants of Savoy or Brescia; but in every house is to be seen a shop or a workshop, in which the saddlers, the armourers, and even the watchmakers are at work with their rude utensils at their respective trades. The people appeared to us kind and hospitable. The sight of strangers like ourselves so far from alarming them or exciting any suspicion, appeared to be agreeable to them. They offered all the little services within their power, and which our situation required, and appeared to be proud of the growing prosperity of their city. Zaklé may be regarded as the first appendix to a great trading city, destined to compete with Damascus for the trade of the Christian with the Mahometan people. If the death of the Emir Beschir does not destroy the unity of government, which constitutes the strength of the Lebanon, Zaklé in twenty years will become one of the first towns of Syria. All things appear on the decline, but it alone appears to flourish; every thing elsewhere seems in a stagnant state, but at Zaklé all is labour and activity. The Greek genius carries every where and establishes that principle of activity which is in the blood of that European people. But the activity of the Asiatic Greek is useful and fruitful, whereas that of the Greek of the Morea and the Islands is nothing more than a sterile agitation. The air of Asia mollifies the blood of the Greeks; there they always appear as a people admirably civilized; but elsewhere they are frequently barbarous. The same may be said of the physical beauty of the race. The Grecian women of Asia are the *chef d'œuvres* of creation, the ideal of grace and voluptuousness, which beams from their eyes. The Grecian women of the Morea are pure, but coarse, and the bold and gloomy fire of whose eyes is not sufficiently tempered by a gentle softness of soul, and sensibility of heart: the eyes of the latter are a burning coal, whilst those of the women of Asia are a flame veiled by humid vapours.

Same date.

The poor Greek Bishop of Zaklé is descended from a family of Aleppo, where he has passed his life amidst the elegance and suavity of the manners of that city, which may be considered the Athens of Asia. He, however, finds himself as an exile in this city, bereft of all society and intellectual resources. His manners have preserved the dignity for which the inhabitants of Aleppo are so peculiarly distinguished, but in the extreme penury to which he is here reduced, he could only offer us his humble mite. We conversed with him in Italian, and on parting with him I made him a present of five hundred piastres for the benefit of the poor members of his flock, or for himself, for he appeared to be in a state very nearly approaching to misery. A few Arab and Greek books scattered here and there in his apartment, and an old trunk containing his magnificent pelisses and his episcopal dresses, constituted the whole of his riches.

I hired some guides at Zaklé for the purpose of crossing the Lebanon by some route hitherto unknown, the ordinary road being blocked up by the prodigious quantity of snow which had fallen during the winter. We began to ascend by gentle acclivities, across hills cultivated with vines and mulberry trees. We soon arrived at the region of rocks, and torrents apparently without any bed, above thirty of which we passed in less than six hours. They flow down such steep declivities, that they have not time to hollow themselves out a bed, and appear like a curtain of foam gliding over the naked rock, and which passes with the rapidity of the wings of a bird.

The sky was covered with pale clouds which already intercepted the sight, although the day was not far advanced. We were completely drowned in these rolling waves of clouds, and frequently we could not see the leaders of our caravan, so deeply were they concealed in these dark avenues. The snow also began to fall in large flakes, and covered the traces of the path, which our guides sought for in vain. It was

with difficulty that we supported our jaded horses, whose iron shoes caused them to slide on the steep ledges, which we were obliged to follow. The magnificent under prospect of the valley of Balbec, and the summits of the Anti-Lebanon, with the grand ruins of the temple of Beka, glittering in the light, appeared to us only at intervals through the chasms of the broken clouds and we seem'd as if we were travelling in the sky, and that the pedestal from which we beheld the earth, no longer belonged to it. Nevertheless, the sonorous winds, which had been sleeping amidst the deep and lofty defiles of the mountains began to send forth their dismal and hollow sounds, resembling the roaring of a heavy sea after a storm. They passed in gusts like claps of thunder, at one time over our heads, at another amongst the lower regions beneath our feet, driving before them, like dead leaves, masses of snow and showers of stones, and even large pieces of rock just as if they had been shot from the mouth of a cannon. Two of our horses were struck by them and rolled down the precipice with their baggage; not one of us was, however, touched. My young Arab stallions, which were led by the hand appeared to be petrified with terror: they stopped, and threw up their nostrils. They did not neigh, but uttered some guttural cries, similar to the rattling in a human throat. We marched in a compact body to guard and assist each other in case of accidents. Night came on darker and darker, and the snow which beat into our eyes, deprived us of the little light which was left to guide us. The whirlwinds filled the whole of the defile in which we were, with drifting snow which rose in columns to the sky, and fell in immense sheets like the foam of the billows on the rocks. There were moments in which it was impossible to breathe. Our guides stopped every minute, hesitated and discharged their guns as signals to us; but the furious wind allowed scarcely any sound to be heard, and the report of our guns resembled the light crack of a whip.

In proportion as we proceeded further into the lofty defile of the last groups of the Lebanon, we heard with alarm, a

deep, continued roar, which increased every moment, and formed as it were, the bass of this horrible concert of the conflicting elements. We knew not to what to attribute it; it appeared as if a part of the mountain had fallen, and was rolling down like a torrent of rocks. The thick clouds touching the very ground, concealed everything from us. We knew not where we were, when on a sudden, we saw pass suddenly by us several horses without their riders, some mules without any baggage, and a number of camels which were hurrying away on the snowy sides of the mountain. In a short time some Arabs, with loud shouts reached us in pursuit; they advised us to halt, pointing out to us, at about forty or fifty paces beneath us, a wretched hut built against the rock, which the clouds had hitherto concealed from us. A column of smoke, and the light of a fire issued from the door of this miserable cabin, the roof of which formed of enormous branches of cedar, had been half carried off by the tempest, and hung over the wall. It was the only asylum there was for us in this part of the Lebanon, it being the khan of Murat-Bey, a poor Arab, who inhabits it during the summer for the purpose of providing some barley and a shelter for the caravans of Damascus, which travel by this route into Syria. We descended with difficulty by means of steps hewn in the rock, but which were now buried a foot deep with snow. The torrent which flowed about a hundred paces beneath the khan, and which we had to ford in order to ascend the last region of the mountains, was become on a sudden an immense river which carried along with it huge blocks of stones and the wrecks of the tempest. Surprised on its banks by the whirlwinds, and half buried under the snow, the Arabs whom we had met, had here deposited the burdens of their camels and their mules, with the view of saving themselves at the khan of Murat-Bey. We found it full of these men and their animals, leaving no room whatever for us or our horses. Nevertheless, we were in some measure protected from the violence of the wind, under the shelter of an overhanging rock larger than a house, and the clouds

of snow carried from the summit of Lebanon, and which passed over our heads on their progress to the valleys, began to grow less dense, and granted us at intervals a sight of a portion of the sky, where the stars were already shining. The wind in a short time ceased altogether, and we dismounted for the purpose of looking out for a shelter, in which we could not only pass the night, but perhaps several days, if the torrent which we heard, but which we could not see, should continue to obstruct our passage.

Under the walls of the dilapidated khan, sheltered by a portion of the branches of cedar, which but a short time before formed the roof, there was a space of about ten feet square, covered with snow and mud. Having swept away the snow, there was about a foot of soft ground, on which we could spread our carpets; we therefore tore from the roof a few branches of the tree, which we spread out like a hurdle over the ground that was soaked with the waters, and which prevented our mats from becoming wet. Our mattrasses, our carpets, and our cloaks formed a kind of second flooring. We lighted a fire in a corner of this asylum, and we there passed the long and dreary nights of the 7th, and 8th, April 1833. At intervals, the tempest which had subsided, again burst forth; it appeared as if the mountain were tumbling to pieces; the enormous rock, against which the cottage was built, trembled like the trunk of a tree bent by the blast, and the torrent appeared to fill the earth and sky with its lamentable and depressing roar. We however, contrived at last to fall asleep, and we awoke at a late hour, with the dazzling rays of an unclouded sun beaming on the snow.

The Arabs, our companions, had taken their departure; they happily succeeded in crossing the torrent, and we perceived them at a distance, ascending the hills over which we had to follow them. We, also took our departure, travelling for four hours through an upper valley in which we could only see as on the summit of Mont Blanc, the snow under our feet, and the sky above our heads. The dazzling of the eyes, the dead silence, the danger of every step over

these deserts of newly fallen snow, without any beaten path, make the passage of these high pillars of the earth, the dorsal fin of a continent, a solemn and religious moment. Every phenomenon of nature, is as it were involuntarily seen from every point of the horizon and the sky, and I beheld one in particular which struck me as a beautiful image, and which I never observed elsewhere. Suddenly on the summit of Lebanon, on the sides of a hill, half shaded from the morning sun, I saw a magnificent rainbow, not only thrown like an ariel arch, and uniting the sky with the summit of the mountain, but resting on the snow, and rolled in concentric circles like a serpent of most brilliant colours; it was like the nest of the rainbow taken by surprise on the most inaccessible summit of Lebanon. In proportion as the sun rose, and threw its pale rays on the hill, the circles of the rainbow with a thousand undulating colours, appeared in motion and to rise; the extremity of these luminous arches, rose in fact from the earth, a few fathoms towards the sky, as if it had attempted to raise itself towards the sun, and melted away in whitish vapours and in liquid pearls, which fell around us. We seated ourselves in this region of snow for the purpose of drying our wet shoes in the sun, and we began to perceive the deep and black valleys of the Maronites. In two hours we had descended to the village of Hamana, situate on the summit of the magnificent valley of that name, and where we had already slept on our way to Damascus. The scheik appropriated to our use three houses of the village. The evening sun shone between the large leaves of the mulberry and fig trees; the husbandmen were returning with their ploughs; the women and children thronged the paths between the houses, and saluted us with a smile of hospitality; the cattle with their little bells were returning from the fields; the pigeons and fowls covered the roofs of the terraces, and the bells of the two Maronite chapels chimed heavily and slowly over the tops of the cypresses, to announce the pious ceremonies of the morrow, which was Sunday. It was the aspect, the noise and the tranquillity of a beautiful village of France

or Italy, which we had fallen in with all on a sudden on issuing from the precipices of Lebanon, the deserts of Balbec, and the inhospitable streets of Damascus; never was there a transition so rapid, and so pleasant. We determined to pass the Sunday amongst this interesting and excellent people, and to rest for a day from our long fatigues.

We accordingly passed the Sabbath at Hamana; the scheik and the market place of the village supplied us with an abundance of provisions. The women of Hamana visited us during the whole of the day, but they are less handsome than the Syrian women of the sea shore. They are the true Maronite race, having all the appearance of vigor and health, but the features are too strongly marked, the eye is likewise divested of mildness, and their complexion is too highly coloured. Their costume consists of white pantaloons, and over them a long robe of blue cloth, open in front, and leaving the bosom bare. Necklaces formed of innumerable piastres hang round the neck and throat, and down the shoulders. The married women complete this costume by a silver horn about a foot and sometimes a foot and a half in length, which they attach to their plaited hair, and which rises above the forehead in rather an oblique direction. This horn sculptured and carved is covered by the end of a muslin veil which is suspended to it, and with which they sometimes cover their face. They never lay aside this horn, not even when they sleep. This strange custom, the origin of which can only be looked for in the aberrations of the human mind, not only disfigures the women, but imparts a clumsiness to all the motions of the head and neck

April 9th.

We took our departure from Hamana at five o'clock in the morning, the whole country covered with mists. We travelled for two hours on the steep and naked declivities of the high ridges of Lebanon, descending towards the plains of Syria. The valley which we left on our right became deeper and extended itself further and further under our feet. It

might be there about two leagues in length and one at least in breadth. The transparent waves of the morning vapours moved slowly, like the waves of the sea on its horizon, and left nothing visible above them, than the lofty summits of the hills, the tops of the cypresses, and some towers of the villages and Maronite monasteries; but in a short time, the sea breeze which rose and increased insensibly as the sun rose, gradually and slowly dispersed all these waves of vapour, casting them into white veils, which blended and confounded themselves with the summits of snow, on which they appeaed like light greyish spots.

The valley now burst forth in the fulness of its beauty. Why has not the eye a language of its own to depict with a single word what it sees by a single look? I should wish to preserve for ever in my memory the scenes and the incomparable impressions of the valley of Hamana. I stand above one of the thousand streams which furrow its sides with their bounding foam, and which glide across the masses of rocks, the hanging meadows, the trunks of cypresses, the branches of poplars, the wild vines, and the black carob trees, to the bottom of the valley, and joins the central stream which flows through the whole length of the valley, which is so deep, that the eye cannot penetrate to the bottom. I can only hear at intervals the thousand murmurings of its waters and its foliage; the bellowing of the herds, and the distant and silvery peals of the bells of the monasteries. The shades of the morning still rest at the bottom of the bed of the ravine through which flows the principal stream. Here and there I perceive round some hillocks the white line of foam which it traces on their blackish shade. From the same side of the valley on which we were, I perceived three or four large platforms resembling natural pedestals, rising at the distance of about a quarter of a league from each other. Their sides appeared to be perpendicular, and composed of a greyish granite. These platforms, about half a league in circumference, are entirely covered with forests of cedars, firs, and umbelliferous pines with large heads; we can easily discern the large straight

trunks of these trees, between which the morning light plays and circulates. Their dark and stationary foliage is broken in upon at times by the light columns of blue smoke rising from the huts of the Maronite labourers, and by the little stone ogives in which is suspended the bell of the villages. Two spacious monasteries, the walls of which shine like coppered bronze, are erected on two of these platforms, and resemble the fortresses of the middle ages. At the foot of the monasteries, we can see the Maronite monks, clothed in their black capuchins, at their daily labour, between the vines and great chestnut trees. Two or three villages grouped round the rocky hillocks, rise pyramidally lower down, like bee-hives round the trunks of old trees. At the side of every cottage appear some tufts of a pale verdure, formed by the pomegranate, the fig, and olive trees, which begin to show their fruit in this part of the valley. The eye then loses itself in the impenetrable shade of the bottom of the defile. If the look be directed above this shade, and rises above the opposite side of the mountains, it discerns in some parts perpendicular walls of granitic rock which nearly pierce the clouds. Above those walls, which appear to be embattled by nature, are to be seen some platforms of the most splendid vegetation, the tops of firs hanging over the edges of the abysses, and immense heads of sycamores forming large spots upon the sky, and behind these embattlements of vegetation, we again beheld the spires of the villages and the monasteries, the means of access to which cannot be divined. In other places the granite sides of the mountains are broken into vast cavities, in which the eye is lost in the darkness of the forests, and distinguishes nothing more, here and there, than some luminous and moving points, which are the beds of the rivers, and the small lakes of their natural springs. Elsewhere, the rocks disappear on a sudden, and they are flanked by immense rounded bastions, like everlasting fortifications, and terminate their angles in towers and turrets. Elevated valleys, the which the eye attempts in vain to fathom, open and embed themselves between the ramparts

of snow and forests; thence descends the principal river of Hamana, which is seen at first rushing forth like a gutter from an enormous roof of sn w, and afterwards l sing itself in the sounding basin of he cascades, where it divides itsel in seven or eight glittering b anches; then disappearing behind the black blocks of rocks and hillocks; then re-appearing in a single riband of foam, which folds and unfolds itself according to the windings of the ground over the gentle or deep declivities of the hills. It then precipitates itself at last into the principal valley, where it falls in a cascade of a hundred paces broad and about two hundred feet in height. Its foam which rises, and which the wind impels here and there, covers the tops of the large pines which border the fall with floating rainbows.

On my left, the valley, on descending towards the sea shore, expands and exhibits to the eye the sides of the hills less wooded and cultivated; the river winding between the hillocks, crowned with monasteries and villages. At a greater distance, the palms of the plain raise, behind the low hills of olive trees, their tufts of yellow green, and intersect the long line of the golden sand, which borders the sea. The eye is finally lost in an indefinite distance, undecided whether it be the sky or the waves. The details of the whole of this magic scene are not less attractive than the general coup d'œil. At every winding of the rocks, at every summit of the hills to which the path conducts the traveller, a new prospect presents itself, in which the waters, the trees, the rocks, the ruins of bridges or aqueducts, the snows, the sea, or the fiery sand of the desert, all in a combination the most unexpected, draw forth an exclamation of surprise and delight. I have seen Naples and its islands, the valleys of the Apennines and the Alps, and of Savoy and of Switzerland, but the valley of Hamana, and some other valleys of the Lebanon efface every other remembrance. The immensity of the masses of rock, the multiplied falls of the waters, the purity and depth of the sky, the horizon of the vast oceans which every where terminates the prospect, the picturesque appearance of the lines

of villages and Maronite monasteries suspended like nests of men, in heights, which the eye almost dreads to contemplate; finally the novelty, the singularity, the colour of the vegetation, at one time black, at another pale; the majesty of the tops of the great trees, some of the trunks of which resemble columns of granite, all these things impart a colouring and solemnity to the landscape, and fill the soul with emotions more intense and religious than even the landscapes of the Alps. Every landscape in which the sea is not one of the elements, cannot be said to be a complete one. Here the sea, the desert and the sky may be said to be the majestic frame of the picture, and the enraptured eye roams incessantly from the depths of the secular forests, from the borders of the shaded springs, from the summits of the aerial peaks; from the peaceful scenes of rural or cenobitical life, to the blue space furrowed by vessels, to the snowy summits blended in the sky near the stars, or to the yellow and gilded waves of the desert where the caravans of camels describe at a distance their serpentine lines. It is from this incessant contrast, that arises this conflict of ideas, and the solemn impressions which the Lebanon inspires, these mountains of prayer, of poetry and of glowing beauty.

Same date.

We encamped at noon under our tents on the mid-heights of Lebanon, to pass away the extreme heat of the day. An Arab courier was here conducted to me who was on his way to meet me at Damascus. He brought me a packet of letters arrived from Europe, announcing my nomination to the chamber of deputies, this was a new affliction to me, added to so many others. Unfortunately, I had aspired to that honourable distinction at a former period, and had solicited that mark of confidence from my compatriots, which I could not, without ingratitude, decline at the present time. I will accept of it, but oh! how ardently do I wish that this cup might pass from me. I have no longer a personal interest in the drama of the political and social world, the principal scene of which lies amongst ourselves. I possess none of the

passions of glory, ambition and fortune, which are the impelling power of political men. The only interest which I should carry with me into those deliberative assemblies would be the interests of my country and humanity, either of which is an abstract thing for those men, who wish to take advantage of the present hour to make triumph, at any price and at any sacrifice for family interests, and those of their caste and party.

What is the calm and impartial voice of philosophy amidst the tumult of facts which there mingle and contradict each other? Who is he that can see the future and its illimitable horizon behind the dust of the actual contest? no matter: man chooses neither his own path nor his own work. His task is assigned to him by God, according to circumstances and his convictions. It must be accomplished. But I foresee for myself nothing but a moral martyrdom in the painful task which is now imposed upon me. I was born for action. Poetry has been in me nothing more than a modified action. I have felt and I have expressed my ideas and sentiments in the impotency of being able to act. But at the present time, action has no longer a demand upon me. I have too deeply investigated human things, not to comprehend the sense and meaning of them. I have lost too many of the beings in whom my active life might find an interest, not to be disgusted with all personality in action. A life of contemplation, of philosophy, of poetry and solitude, is the only resting place on which my heart would repose, before it breaks altogether.

April 10th, 1833.

Journey to Beirout and Departure to the Cedars of Solomon.

We arrived here yesterday, and I passed two hours in the monastery of the Franciscans, at that tomb in which all my future hopes lie buried. The brig Alceste, which is to carry those beloved remains to France, is not yet arrived. I have to-day freighted another brig for our own conveyance. We shall sail in company; and the mother will thereby be saved the pain of being in the same apartment with the body of

her child. During the time that they are making the necessary preparations for the conveyance of so great a number of passengers in the vessel of Captain Coulonne, we intend to visit Kesrouan, Tripoli in Syria, Latakia, Antioch and the cedars of Lebanon on the last summits of the mountains behind Tripoli.

We have to-day received numerous visits from all our friends of Beirout, amongst whom was the governor, a Maronite prince; Habib-Barbara, our country neighbour, and who, since our arrival, and more especially since our irreparable loss, has behaved towards us like a real friend; M. Branco, the consul of Sardinia and M. Borda, a young and amiable Piedmontese, attached by an extraordinary fate to the religious consulate in the deserts of the East, at the same time that his education, his taste and character would render him a distinguished diplomatist in the most civilized court of Europe: M. Laurelle consul of Austria; Mr. Farren, consul general, and Mr. Abbot special consul of England in Syria: M. Humaun, a young French merchant, whose society has been as useful as it has been pleasant to us since our arrival: M. Caillé, a French traveller, M. Jorelle chief dragoman of the consulate, a young man brought up in France, and happily brought at an early age to the East, where he has acquired such a perfect knowledge of the Turkish and Arabic languages that he speaks them with the fluency of his native tongue. He is upright, active, intelligent, obliging by instinct, and on whom a pleasure is conferred by giving him an opportunity to befriend you. Finally M. Guys, consul of France in Syria, a respectable representative of the national probity in these countries, where his character is highly esteemed by the Arabs, but who has arrived here very recently, and therefore we have seen less of him than of any of his colleagues.

I have made mention of the names of all these men, who have loaded us with many favours, and also with compassion for our misfortunes during the year that we have sojourned amongst them, in order to perpetuate for ever the sense of gratitude which I entertain for the many services which I

have received them. Were it not for the letter which I received yesterday, and for my aged father, the remembrance of whom recalls me incessantly to France; if I had an exile to choose in the world in which to end my days of affliction, in the bosom of solitude and the beauties of nature, it is here that I would fix my residence.

April 13th, 1833.

We took our departure this morning at four o'clock with the same caravan, which I had formed for Damascus. We travelled along the sea shore as far as Cape Batroun which has been already described, and rested for the night at Djebail in a khan on the outside of the city, on an eminence overlooking the sea. The town is not remarkable for any thing but a mosque of christian architecture, and which was formerly a church probably built by the courts of Tripoli. It is believed that Djebail is the ancient country of the Gibbites, who supplied King Hiram with the blocks of stone destined for the building of the temple of Solomon. The father of Adonis had here his palace and the worship of the son was that of all the neighbouring country of Syria. To the left of the city is a castle remarkable for its elegance and the elevation of its different plans of fortification. We descended into the town to inspect the little harbour on which several Arab barques were riding. It is inhabited almost exclusively by the Maronites. A very handsome Arab lady, superbly dressed, paid my wife a visit to-day in the caravansery, on whom we bestowed a few presents.

On the following day, we continued to travel along the sea shore, and the feet of the mountains of Castravan, which are every where washed by the sea. We slept under our tents in a delightful situation on the entrance of the territory of Tripoli. Here the road diverges from the coast, and takes a sudden turn to the right, striking into a narrow valley, watered by a rivulet. About a league from the sea, the valley becomes wholly contracted, and is entirely closed by a rock a hundred feet in height, and five or six hundred feet in cir-

cumference. This rock, whether it be natural or hewn out of the side of the mountain which adjoins it, has on its summit a gothic castle in excellent preservation, but now the habitation of the jackals and the eagles. Steps cut in the native rock lead to successive terraces covered with towers and embattled walls as high as the upper platform, from which rises up the donjon keep, pierced with ogive windows. Vegetation has taken full possession of the whole castle, of the walls and the embattlements; immense sycamores have taken root in the hall, and throw out their broad heads above the ruined roofs; cryptogameous plants fall down in enormous bunches; the ivy clings to the doors and windows, the lichens, revealing every where the stone, impart to this beautiful monument of the middle age, the appearance of a castle of moss and ivy. A handsome fountain flows at the foot of the rock, shaded by three of the most beautiful trees, which the eye ever beheld. They are a species of elm; the shade of one of them covers the whole of our tents, our thirty horses, and all the scattered groups of our Arabs.

The following day we ascended the steep side of a white and greasy hill, where our horses could scarcely keep their footing, but from the summit of which we had a boundless view of the whole of the western shore of Syria as far as the gulf of Alexandretta, and Mount Taurus, and a little to the left of the plains of Aleppo and the hills of Antioch, with the course of the Orentes. After travelling for three hours, we arrived at the gates of Tripoli, where we were already expected, and when we were about a league from the town, we met a cavalcade of young Frank merchants, of different nations, and some officers of the army of Ibrahim, who had left the city to meet us. The son of Mr. Lambart, a French merchant settled at Tripoli, offered us the most hospitable reception at the house of his father, but fearing from the number of our retinue, that we should be a considerable burden to him, we directed our steps towards the monastery of the Franciscan fathers, but at this time, there was only one monk inhabiting it, who received us with cordiality.

We spent two days at Tripoli, and dined with Mr. Lambart, where we enjoyed the happiness of meeting with a French family, where a countryman is certain of experiencing the most hospitable reception. We spent an hour in the evening at the residence of Messrs Katchiflisse, Greek merchants and consuls for Russia, a family that have been established time immemorial in Tripoli of Syria, where they are in possession of a magnificent palace. Madame Katchiflisse and her two daughters are three of the most celebrated persons of all Syria, for their beauty and the elegance of their manners; being a striking mixture of the Asiatic reserve, with the charming freedom of the Grecian women, and the most accomplished politeness of the most elegant women of Europe. They received us in a spacious vaulted saloon lighted by a cupola, and refreshed by a fountain of running water. They were seated on a simicircular divan, which occupied the whole of the bottom of the saloon; the whole of which was covered with rich carpets, on which were scattered in wild profusion narguilés, pipes, vases of flowers, and sherbets. These women clad in the oriental costume exhibited in their peculiar character of beauty, the most delightful group which the eye of man could desire to contemplate. We passed a delightful evening in their society, and we promised to visit them on our return.

The schiek of Eden, the last inhabited village on the summit of Lebanon, was the uncle on the mother's side of M. Mazoyer, my interpreter. Being apprised by his nephew of of our arrival at Tripoli, the venerable scheik descended from the mountains with his eldest son, and a number of his domestics; he came and paid me a visit at the Franciscan monastery, and offered me every hospitality which his restricted resources would allow him to show me at Eden. From Eden to the Cedars of Solomon was only three hours journey, and if the snows, which still cover the mountains would allow us, we might go from thence to visit those trees of past ages, which have spread their glory over the whole of Lebanon, and which are contemporary with the epoch in

which the great king lived. We therefore accepted the invitation of the scheik, and our departure was fixed for the morrow.

We were on horseback by five in the morning. Our caravan, more numerous than usual was headed by the scheik, an excellent old man, whose elegance of manners, whose noble and affable politeness, and his magnificent costume were very far from according with our notions of an Arab chief. He might be regarded as a patriarch marching at the head of his tribe. He rode a mare of the desert, whose bright bay colour and flowing mane, would have rendered the animal a fit and worthy equipage for a knight of Jerusalem, His son and principal domestics pranced around us on magnificent stallions, at a few paces before us; we came next, and a long file of our moukres and sais brought up the rear.

On leaving Tripoli, a beautiful scene presents itself to the eye. The traveller journeys along the banks of a river confined by two hills; the most beautiful trees and forests of large orange trees throw their shades over the banks. A public kiosk erected under these trees, offers its terraces, teeming with the most delightful odours to the pedestrians, who repair thither to smoke, to drink their coffee, and inhale the freshness rising from the bed of the river. Through an opening the sea is seen, which is about a mile and a half from the city, with the beautiful square towers built by the Arabs on the two sides of the harbour, and the numerous vessels at anchor in the roads. We crossed an extensive plain in a state of cultivation and planted with olive trees, and on the first hill, which rises from the plain towards Lebanon in the middle of the forest of olive trees and fruit trees of every kind, we met with an immense crowd of men, women, and children, who lined the road. They were the inhabitants of a large village scattered under these trees, and the whole of which belonged to the schiek of Eden, who passes the summer at Eden, and the winter in this village on the plain. These Arabs saluted their prince in the most

respectful manner, offered us some refreshment with the utmost politeness, and a certain number of them joined our caravan to lead some calves and sheep, and to assist us in climbing the steep sides and precipices of the mountains. We continued to travel for four hours, at one time in very deep valleys, at another on the top of mountains almost sterile. We halted on the banks of a river, which flows from the summits of Eden, and down which rolled masses of half melted snow. The scheik ordered a fire to be lighted for us under the shelter of a rock, where we breakfasted and rested our horses. The ascent became afterwards so steep over bare rocks and as slippery as polished marble, that it was scarcely possible to understand how the Arab horses could succeed in climbing them, but much more in descending them. Four Arabs on foot kept close to each of us, supporting us with their hands and shoulders, but notwithstanding this assistance, several of them slipped down upon the rocks, but without any serious accident.

This truly horrible road, or much rather this almost perpendicular wall, led us, after two hours of the most fatiguing travelling, to a rocky platform whence the prospect spread itself over a large inward valley and the village of Eden, which is built on the highest extremity of it, and in the region of snow. There is no other object above Eden, than an immense pyramid of naked rocks; being the last peak of this part of Lebanon, and a small chapel in ruins crowns its summit. The winter winds which incessantly assail this rock, detach from it enormous masses which roll down as far as the village; all the fields in the neighbourhood are strewn with these blocks, and even the castle of the scheik is surrounded by them. The castle which we were now fast approaching is of an architecture purely Arabic; the windows are coupled ogives and separated by elegant pilasters. The terraces which serve as roofs, and as saloons are crowned with embattlements; the arched gate is flanked by two elevated seats of hewn stones; and even the door posts are covered with arabesques. The scheik was the first to descend to meet us

at the head of the whole of his household; his youngest son, with a silver censer in his hand, burnt incense before our horses, and his brothers sprinkled our hair and clothes with some perfumed essences. A magnificent repast was prepared for us in the saloon, in which entire trees were burning on the hearth. The most exquisite wines of Lebanon and Cyprus, and an immense quantity of game comprised the banquet. Our Arabs were treated not less hospitably in the court yard. In the evening we perambulated the environs of the village. A part of the fields was yet covered with snow, and everywhere we observed the traces of a rich cultivation. The smallest spot of vegetable earth between the rocks had either its vine or walnut tree. Innumerable fountains flowed everywhere under our feet, whilst the fields were irrigated by artificial camels. Some of these sloping fields were supported by terraces built with immense blocks. We perceived a monastery under the peak of the rock on our left, and numerous villages very contiguous to each other on all the sides of the valleys.

Same date.

The scheik sent three Arabs on the road to the Cedars to examine whether the snows would permit us to reach them, and on their return, they reported that all access to them was impracticable. The snow lies fourteen feet deep in a narrrow valley, which we should have to cross before we could arrive at the cedars. Wishing, however, to get as near them as possible, I requested the scheik to permit his son and a few horsemen to accompany me, and leaving my wife and caravan at Eden, I mounted the strongest of my horses, Scham, and by the rising of the sun, we were on our journey.

We travelled during three hours over the summits of mountains, or over places completely saturated with melted snow. We arrived at last on the borders of the valley of the Saints, a profound ravine, into which the eye descends from the top of the rocks into a valley more contracted, more gloomy and still more solemn than that of Hamana. On the upper extremity of this valley, at the place where still ascend-

ing, it reaches the snows, there is a superb lake of water, which falls from a height of one hundred feet, and in breadth about two or three hundred fathoms. The whole of the valley resounds with the noise of the fall, and the rebounds of the river which is fed by it. On all sides the rocks of the sides of the mountains are covered with its spray. We saw at the end of the valley as far as the eye could reach, two large villages, the houses of which could scarcely be distinguished from the blocks rolled down by the river. The tops of the poplars and the mulberry trees appeared from hence like tufts of rushes or herbs.

The descent into the valley of Beschiezar is by steps cut into the rock and so very steep, that it is difficult to conceive how men can descend them, many, indeed, lose their lives in attempting it. A stone thrown from the summit where we now are, would fall on the roof of the village, at which we could not arrive until after the descent of an hour. Above the cascade and the snows, immense glaciers extend themselves in every quarter, which undulate like vapours of a tint alternately green and blue. About a quarter of an hour's journey on the left, in a kind of semicircular valley, formed by the last bends of the Lebanon, we perçeived a large black spot on the snow, which was the celebrated group of cedars, crowning like a diadem the brow of the mountain. They overlook all the innumerable and spacious valleys which descend from them, the sea and the sky forming their horizon.

We galloped our horses across the snow, for the purpose of getting as near to them as possible, but at about five or six hundred paces from the trees, we sank as deep as the shoulders of our horses. We now ascertained that the report of the Arabs was perfectly exact, and that we were obliged to relinquish the pleasure of touching with our hands these relics of ages and of nature. We dismounted, and seated ourselves on a rock to contemplate the interesting scene.

These trees are the most celebrated of all the natural monuments of the universe. They are equally consecrated by religion, poetry and history, being frequently mentioned

in the holy writings. They are one of the images for which the prophets evinced a peculiar predilection. It was the wish of Solomon to consecrate them to the decoration of the temple which he built to the only God, doubtless, on account of the fame, of the magnificence and sanctity which these prodigies of vegetation had, even at that period. They are richly deserving of that fame, for Ezekiel speaks of these cedars as the most beautiful of Lebanon. The Arabs of all sects have a traditional veneration for these trees, attributing to them not only a vegetative power, which enables them to live for ever, but also a soul, which enables them to give signs of wisdom, and foresight, similar to that of the instinct of animals, or of intelligence amongst men. They are said to have a prescience of the change of the seasons, moving their enormous branches like limbs; spreading out or drawing in their branches, raising them at pleasure towards the sky, or inclining them towards the ground, accordingly as the snow is about to fall or to melt. They are considered almost as divine beings under the form of trees. They grow only upon this site of the groups of Lebanon, taking root and thriving beyond the region, where all other large vegetation expires. All these things strike with astonishment the imagination of the people of the East, and I do not know, if science itself would not be astonished also. Alas! nevertheless, Bassan languishes, Carmel and the flowers of Lebanon wither. These trees become less in number with every succeeding age. Travellers formerly could count thirty or forty; more recently seventeen, and afterwards only about a dozen. There are at this time not more than seven, from whose masses we are entitled to draw the conclusion that they were contemporary with the biblical times.

Around these ancient witnesses of centuries long past, which are more conversant with the history of the world, than history itself, and which would tell us, if they could speak, of how many empires, religions, and generations of men have vanished from the world, there is still a small forest of younger cedars, which appear to form a group of four or five hundred

trees or shrubs. Every year in the month of June, the inhabitants of Beschieras, of Eden, of Kanobin and all the villages of the neighbouring valleys ascend to the cedars, and there celebrate a mass at their feet. How many prayers have risen to heaven from under those branches? And what more beautiful temple can exist? what altar can there be nearer to Heaven? What dais more majestic and holy, than the uppermost platform of Lebanon; the trunks of the cedars, and the vault of those sacred branches, which have shaded and still shade so many human generations, pronouncing the word of God differently, but acknowledging him everywhere in his works, and worshipping him in his natural manifestations. And I, I also have prayed in sight of these cedars. The harmonious wind, which sounded amongst the sonorous branches played amongst my locks, and froze upon my eyelids the tears of grief and adoration.

We remounted, and travelled for three hours on the platforms, which command the valleys of Kadiska, and then descended to Kanobin, the most celebrated of all the maronite monasteries in the Valley of the Saints. We obtained a sight of the monastery of Deir Serkis, at present abandoned to two or three hermits. Burckhardt in 1810 met here with an old Tuscan hermit, who ended his days in these solitudes, after having been a missionary in India, Egypt, and Persia.

We first obtained a sight of the monastery of Kanobin from the top of a peak which projects into the valley like a promontory. I left my horses to the care of the Arabs, and threw myself down in the sun on the point of a rock, from which the eye falls perpendicularly into the abyss of the Valley of Saints. The river Kadiska flows at the foot of this rock; its bed being only a line of foam, but the spot where I am is so elevated, that the noise of it does not reach me.

According to the Maronite monks, Kanobin was founded by Theodosius the Great. The entire Valley of the Saints resembles a vast natural nave, the dome of which is the sky; the crests of Lebanon, the pillars, and the innumerable cells of the hermits hollowed in the sides of the rock, the chapels.

These hermitages are suspended upon precipices, which appear inaccessible, and they seem like the nests of swallows, on every part of the sides of the valley. Some are only like a grotto hollowed in the stone; others are small huts built amongst the roots of some trees, on the projecting mountains. The chief monastery is at the bottom, on the banks of the river in which there are about forty or fifty Maronite priests, some of whom are occupied in agricultural pursuits and others in printing elementary books for the instruction of the people. Such are these excellent priests who are at the same time the sons and the fathers of the people, who live not by the labour of others, but who work night and day for the advancement and prosperity of their brethren; simple and guileless aspiring to no riches, nor to any fame in this world. To work, to pray, to live in peace, to die in grace and unknown by men; such is the highest ambition of the Maronite priests.

Same date.

Yesterday I again descended from the last summits of these alps, and became the guest of the scheik of Eden, an Arabian Maronite village, suspended beneath the sharpest peak of these mountains, at the extreme boundary of vegetation, and which is only habitable during the summer. This noble and respectable old man came to meet me, accompanied by his son and some of his domestics, as far as the environs of Tripoli in Syria, and received me in his castle of Eden, with all the dignity, affability and elegance of manners, which one might suppose to meet with in one of the old lords of the court of Louis XIV. Entire trees were burning on the spacious hearth, sheep, kids, and stags were reposing in numbers in the large halls, whilst goblets of the golden wines of Lebanon, brought from the cellars by the domestics, were handed to us and our escort.

After having spent some days in contemplating these delightful manners, reminding us of the homeric age, and as full of political associations as the places themselves, where

we met with them, the scheik appointed his eldest son and a certain number of Arab horsemen, to conduct me to the Cedars of Solomon, those famous trees, which still consecrate the highest peak of Leban n, and which have been venerated for ages, as the last witnesses of the glory of Solomon. I shall not describe them in this place.

On our return from this journey, of particular interest to the traveller, we lost ourselves amongst the sinuosities of the rocks, and amidst the numerous and profound valleys, by which this group of the Lebanon is everywhere intersected, and we found ourselves on a sudden on the perpendicular ledge of an immense wall of rocks, of some thousand feet in depth, which surrounds the Valley of the Saints. The sides of this rampart of granite are so perpendicular, that even the roebucks of the mountains cannot find a path, and our Arabs were obliged to throw themselves with their faces to the ground and stretch their heads over the abyss to discover the bottom of the valley. The sun was setting, we had already travelled many hours, and we had still many more to travel before we could recover our lost path and arrive at Eden. We dismounted, relying on one of our guides, who was acquainted with a ladder cut in the native rock at no great distance which had been originally cut by the Maronite monks, the immemorial inhabitants of this valley; we followed some time the brink of the ledge, and we at last descended by the slippery steps of the rocky ladder to a platform detached from the rock, and which commanded the whole of the surrounding prospect.

The valley declined immediately by broad and gentle declivities from the foot of the snows and cedars, which appeared like a black spot on the whiteness of the snow, and thence expanded itself, covered with a moss of yellowish green, and as soft as that which grows on the lofty range of the Jura or the Alps; a number of small streams of foaming water burst forth here and there from the foot of the melted snows, and having furrowed these turfy slopes, united themselves in one single foaming stream at the foot of the first ledge of rocks. There

the valley sank at once four or five hundred feet in depth, and the river precipitated itself with an unequal depth, and spreading itself over a large surface, covered in one place the rock as if with a liquid and transparent veil, and at another detaching itself from the rock in liquid arches, and falling at last on immense pointed blocks of granite detached from the summit, broke into a number of rapid streams, which sounded like an everlasting thunder. The air of its fall reached us, carrying along with it, like a light mist the vapour of the water of a thousand colours, spreading it here and there, over the whole of the valley, where it hung like a dew on the branches of the shrubs, and the rough edges of the rocks. On stretching away towards the north, the Valley of the Saints become gradually deeper and broader, then at about the distance of two miles from the place where we were, two naked mountains, involved in shade, arose so near to each other, as scarcely to leave an opening of a few fathoms between them, and here the valley terminated and was lost, with its moss its lofty vines, its poplars, its cypresses, and its milky river. Beyond those two little hills, which as it were closed it in, something like a lake of a deeper blue than the sky was perceived on the horizon. It was a small portion of the sea of Syria, engulphed fantastically between some other mountains of this chain of Lebanon, and although this gulf was at a distance of twenty leagues from us, the transparency of the air was so great that it appeared as if it were at our feet, and we could even distinguish two vessels on it under sail, which suspended between the blue of the sky and that of the sea, and being diminished by the distance, resembled two swans hovering on the horizon. This spectacle made so deep an impression immediately upon us, that we could not fix our attention upon any other object of the valley; but after we had recovered from the first dazzling effect, and our eyes were able to penetrate through the vapours of the evening as well as of the waters, a scene of a wholly different nature unfolded itself gradually to our view.

At every bend of the river, where the foam left a small por-

tion of earth, a monastery of Maronite monks exhibited itself, built of a reddish brown stone upon the grey rock, the smoke of it circling in the air between the lofty poplars and cypresses. Around these monasteries were some little fields, wrested, as it were, from the rocks or the river, which appeared to be cultivated with as much care as the gardens of our country houses: and here and there, we perceived these Maronite monks, clad in their black cowls, returning from their labour in the fields; some with their spade over their shoulder; others driving small herds of Arabian foals, whilst others were holding the handle of the plough, and driving their oxen between the rows of mulberry trees. Many of these dwellings of prayer and labour are situated with their chapels and their hermitages on the promontories of two immense chains of mountains; a certain number of them being hollowed like the caves of wild beasts in the rock itself, no part of which can be perceived but the door, surmounted by an open ogive in which hangs the bell, and a few small terraces, cut out under the overhanging rock, where the old and infirm monks repair to inhale the fresh air and to see a little of the sun. Everywhere where the foot of man is allowed to tread, the eye could not perceive any access to the brink of these precipices, and yet even on them was built a monastery, a hermitage, a chapel, and the figures of the anchorites were seen moving amongst the rocks and shrubs working, reading or praying. One of these monasteries was an Arabian printing office for the instruction of the Maronite people its terraces were crowded with monks passing to and fro, and laying white leaves of wet paper on a kind of rush mats.

Nothing can depict, with the exception of the pencil, the multitude and the picturesque appearance of these retreats; the stones appear to have produced of their own accord the cells which they have formed; and each cave to have produced its hermit; each stream has its own life and motion; each tree, its anchorite beneath its shade; everywhere, where the eye rested, it beheld the valley, the mountain, the precipices, to become, as it were animated beneath its gaze, and a scene

of life, of prayer and contemplation to be reflected from those eternal masses in which it mingles to render them more sacred. But the sun soon declined, the labours of the day ceased, and all the black figures scattered through the valley, retired to their hermitages or their monasteries. The bells sounded from all parts the hour of assembling for vespers; some with the strong and vibrating tones of the winds as they rush over the ocean: others with the light and silvery voice of the birds singing in the corn fields; some as plaintive and as distant as the sighs in the night, or in the desert. All these bells resounded to each other from the two opposite sides of the valley, and the thousand echoes of the caves and precipices returned the sound in confused and reverberated murmurs, mingled with the roar of the torrent, and the cedars, and the thousand falls of the streams and cascades, with which the two sides of the mountain are furrowed.

A moment of silence ensued, and a fresh noise, more melancholy and solemn filled the valley. It was the chaunt of the psalms, which rising all at once from each monastery, each chapel, each hermitage and each rocky cell, mingled and blended itself, on ascending to us like one vast murmur and resembled one single melodious plaint of the valley, which now seemed to be inspired but with one soul and one voice; then a cloud perfumed the air, which angels might have inhaled. We remained dumb and enchanted like those celestial spirits, when hovering for the first time over this globe, which they believe to be deserted, they hear rise from these same regions the first prayer of men. We acknowledged that the voice of man was capable of vivifying the most deserted nature, and that there will be nothing but poetry at the end of time, when all the sentiments of the human heart, extinguished and absorbed in one, namely poetry, would be nothing here below but one hymn and one worship.

12th April 1833.

I travelled to Tripoli of Syria with the scheik and his tribe. I presented his son with a piece of silk stuff wherewith to make a divan. We spent a day in traversing the delightful

environs of Tripoli, departed for Beirout by the sea shore and spent five days in embarking our baggage on board the brig Sophia, which I had hired preparatory to a tour in Egypt. We bade farewell to all our friends, Frank and Arabian, to some I gave several of my horses, and I sent away six of the finest under the care of an Arab groom, and three of my most trustworthy sais, with my orders to pass through Syria and Caramania, and await me on the 1st July on the borders of the gulf of Macri, over against the Isle of Rhodes, in Asia Minor.

At break of day, on the 15th April 1833, we quitted the house in which Julia had embraced us for the last time, and left us for Heaven. I kissed the floor of her chamber a thousand times, and steeped it with my tears, for it is to me as a sainted relic. I still beheld her in every part of it, I saw her birds, her doves, her horse, her garden, and the two young Syrian girls, who used to play with her, and who resided under our windows in the garden. They had risen before daylight, and dressed in their richest habiliments, shed their tears at our departure. They raised their hands towards us and tore the flowers from their hair. I presented to each of them, to keep by way of remembrance of their friends in a distant land, whom they will see no more, but in their imagination, a necklace of gold, to be worn on their wedding day. One of these girls, Anastasia, was one of the most beautiful women whom I had seen in the East.

The sea was as smooth as a mirror: the vessels with our friends who wished to accompany us on board, followed our own. We set sail with a light breeze from the eastward. The coasts of Syria, bordered with their long fringes of sand, disappeared with the tops of the palms; the white summits of Lebanon followed us for a long time on the sea, and during the night, we doubled Cape Carmel. At break of day, we were in the latitude of St. Jean d'Acre, in front of the gulf of Caiphas. The sea was beautiful; and the waves were continually furrowed by a shoal of dolphins which sported about the vessel. Everything has the appearance of a

jubilee and of joy in nature and the waves, which dash against the bark, having on board of it two hearts dead to all enjoyment and serenity. I passed the night on deck, in what thoughts my heart alone can tell.

We coasted along the low shores of Galilee. Jaffa shone like a rock of chalk on the horizon on a bank of white sand, and we directed our course towards it. We cast anchor there for several days. My wife and those of my friends, who were not able to accompany me on my journey to Jerusalem, were not willing to pass so near the holy sepulchre, without breathing forth their aspirations in it. Towards evening, the wind freshened and at seven o'clock we cast anchor on the tempestuous roadstead of Jaffa. The sea was running too high to admit of our lowering a boat, but on the following day, we all disembarked. A caravan had been got ready by the attention of my old friends, Messrs Damiani, agents of France at Jaffa, and it took its departure at eleven o'clock, intending to rest for the night at Ramla. I remained alone with M. Damiani.

I spent five days in wandering alone about the environs. The friendly Arabs, whom I had known at Jaffa, during my first two journeys, conducted me through the gardens which belonged to them in the suburbs of the town. I have already described these gardens, which are composed of deep woods of orange trees, citron, pomegranates, figs, and other trees as large as walnut trees in France. These gardens are surrounded on every side by the desert of Gaza. A family of Arab peasants lived in an adjoining hut, at which there is a cistern or a well, with some camels, goats, sheep, pigeons and fowls. The ground is covered with oranges and lemons, which have fallen from the trees. We pitched a tent on the banks of one of the canals that irrigated the ground which was sown with melons and cucumbers. The carpets were spread and the tent was left open towards the sea, for the purpose of admitting the breeze, which generally prevails from ten o'clock in the morning until night. On passing under the tops of the orange trees, the breeze imbibes their perfume, and wafts it to us in clouds of orange flowers. We descried from hence

the summits of the minarets of Jaffa, and the vessels passing and repassing between Asia minor and Egypt.

I spent my days in the following manner, occasionally writing some verses, elucidatory of the only thought which then occupied my mind. Willingly would I spend in this place the remainder of my life. Jaffa, isolated from the whole world, on the border of the great desert of Egypt, whose sands form some white downs around these woods of orange trees under a climate ever pure and genial, would always form a delightful retreat for a man tired of life, and desiring nothing more on earth than a spot shone upon by the sun.

The caravan is returned. I requested of Madame Lamartine some accounts of Bethlehem, and the surrounding places, which the prevalence of the plague prevented me from visiting on my first journey. She gave me the following details, which are here inserted.

On leaving the gardens of Jaffa, we put our horses into a gallop across an immense plain, then covered with yellow and violet coloured thistles. At intervals, we met numerous herds, which an Arab horseman drove before him, armed with a long lance, as in the Pontine Marshes, seeking a scanty nourishment amongst those herbs, which the sun had not yet entirely dried up. At a greater distance, on our right, and towards the entrance of the desert of El-Arisch several heaps of mud, covered with dry herbs, appeared above the ground, like haycocks turned yellow by the tempest, before the husbandman has had time to house them. These heaps of mud were in reality an Arab village.

On approaching it, we beheld several children creeping like the Laplanders or the Esquimaux out of these inverted cones, which constitute their dwelling places. Some women with their hair hanging about their shoulders, and scarcely any other clothing than a deep blue chemise, quitted the fire which they had kindled on two stones for the purpose of preparing their repast, and climbed to the top of their hut, in order to obtain a prolonged view of our march.

After a journey of about four hours we arrived at Ramla,

where we were expected by the agent of the Sardinian Consul, who had the goodness to lend us his house, as the women could not be received as visitors into the Latin Monastery. In the evening we visited an ancient tower about half a mile from the town, called the tower of the Forty Martyrs, at present occupied by the dancing dervishes. It was Friday, the day of worship or more properly of ceremony for their sect, and we were allowed to be present at it. About twenty dervishes clad in long robes, and on their heads pointed caps of white felt, were squatted in a circle surrounded by a little balustrade. The dervish, who appeared to be the chief, displayed a venerable figure with a large white beard, and by way of distinction he was seated upon a cushion, from which he overlooked the whole community. An orchestra composed of a *nahi* or bassoon; a *shoubabé*, or kind of clarionet, and a sort of little double drums called *nacariate*, played some airs which were most discordant to a European ear. The dervishes rose with great solemnity one by one, passed as in review before their superior, saluted him, and then began to wheel in a circle round each other, their arms extended, and their eyes raised towards the sky. This movement which at first was slow, became by degrees more animated, until it gained an extreme rapidity, and concluded by forming a kind of operatic motion, like a tourbillon, in which all was confusion and uproar. So long as the eye could follow them, their looks appeared to express a high degree of excitement, but in a short time not the least trace of it could be distinguished. I cannot tell exactly how long this strange walz lasted, but to me it appeared insufferably long. By degrees, however, the number of these walzing dervishes became less, for worn out with fatigue, they sank down one after the other, and resumed their original attitude; the last of them, who declined the dance, appeared to consider it as a feather in their cap to continue their walzing as long as possible, and I experienced a painful feeling in beholding the efforts made by an old dervish, halting and tottering even to the very close of this grotesque dance, for the purpose of enjoying the triumph of

being the last to give in. During this interval, our Arabs entertained us with their superstitions; they pretend that a christian by continually reciting the *Credo* would force a Mussulman to turn about by some irresistible impulse until he died; that there are many examples corroborative of the fact, and that on one occasion, the dervishes having discovered the individual who had employed this kind of sorcery, obliged him to repeat the credo backwards, and thereby destroyed the charm at the moment when the revolving Mussulman was on the point of expiring; and we, we indeed made some melancholy reflections on the weakness of human reason, which gropes its way to heaven like a blind man, and so often misses the road. These extravagant absurdities, which in some degree degrade the human mind, have nevertheless an aim worthy of respect, and have a noble principle for their origin. It is a man having a desire to pay all possible homage to God, it is the imagination which is desirous of exalting itself by a physical movement, and to attain as it arrives by the means of opinion, that divine intoxication, that complete annihilation of personal feeling and identity, which permits it to believe that it is absorbed in the infinite unity, and that it communicates with God himself. It is perhaps in its origin a pious imitation of the celestial dance of the stars before the creator; it is perhaps an effect of the same enthusiastic and impassioned inspiration, which in olden times made David dance before the ark of the Lord. Some of us were inclined to follow the example of the wife of the poet-king and to turn the performances of the dervishes into ridicule, for to some of us they appeared like madmen, on the same principle that some of our monastic rites, the mendicity of our monks, and the macerations of certain ascetic orders might appear ridiculous to those men, who are ignorant of the foundation of our creed. But however absurd any religious ordinance or rite may appear on the first view of it, by the test of reason, a more profound and loftier reason will always discover something in it that is worthy of our respect, that is, the motive, by which it is inspired. Nothing which borders on the idea of

God can be ridiculous. It may sometimes be extravagant, often insensate, but nevertheless it is always serious. The conscience of the dervish is at rest when he has completed his pious walz, and he believes that his piruettes have contributed to the honour of the godhead. If, however, we refrain from visiting him with our ridicule, we are frequently tempted to look upon him with pity; and I know not if we possess the right to visit him with the one, more than the other. Where should we be ourselves, if we had not the blessings of christianity to cheer us and enlighten our reason? Would it be more luminous than theirs is? History presents us with an answer. We meet with but one Plato, but a million of idolaters.

On leaving the tower, we entered the galleries of a ruined monastery, which led to a subterranean church, to which we descended by a number of steps under an elliptical arch, supported by a fine colonnade. The view of a subterranean church has always had an effect upon me at once imposing and affecting. The mysterious obscurity and the solitude of these silent vaults carry back the imagination to the earliest period of our religion, when the christians sought an asylum in the deepest caves to conceal their mysteries from the eyes of the profane, and to escape from persecution. In the East, the majority of these churches appear to have been built for the purpose of embellishing those early asylums, and of ornamenting with all the richness and luxury of architecture those humble retreats, in which the faith for a long time was concealed, in order to revenge by a splendid reparation the humiliations and the injuries of pagan dominion; but the times of persecution were destined to return to the unfortunate christians, and the name of this monument, that of the Forty Martyrs, would lead us to believe that it served as an asylum to the faithful, without being able to protect them, and at the present time, everything is in ruins. The naves and the colonnades built by the emperors have not commanded more respect than the humble caves of the first disciples of the cross; the vaults serve for stables, and the cloisters for barracks.

Some tombs of the times of the crusades are still to be seen here, but the night prevented us from prolonging our stay; we were obliged to return to our lodging and arrange our caravan for the following day.

The aga of Ramla furnished us with an escort and commanded the chief of the *Cawass* not to quit me for an instant in the defiles of the mountains, which we were about to enter, and to attend to my orders in everything. The respect which the Mussulmans pay to the European women forms a striking contrast with the subjection in which they hold their own women. In fact, we had great reason to commend the extreme attention and refined politeness of this janissary. Continually occupied with the Arab mare which I rode, he appeared alarmed lest I should venture to put it to its speed, nor could he comprehend how I could keep my equilibrium on the steep paths which we had to ascend. He was afterwards of great use to us, when we encountered on these very defiles, innumerable pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who actually choked up our passage. He obliged them to yield to us the most practicable paths amongst the blocks of granite and the roots of the trees, which lined the defile, and prevented us from rolling down the precipice. But for his authority the long file of the procession always advancing would have infallibly thrown us over, if the rear had pushed on, in advancing the head of the column.

On leaving Ramla, the road continued to cross the plain for about two leagues. We halted at the wells of Jacob, but not having any pitcher wherewith to draw the water, which was at a great depth, we continued our journey. The whole of this country preserves such lively traces of the bible times, that we experience neither surprise nor difficulty, in admitting the tradition which gives the name of Jacob to a well, still in existence, and we would rather expect to see the patriarch watering the flocks of Rachel, than entertain the slightest doubt of its identity. It is not by means of reflection that we arrive at astonishment or doubt, when the four thousand years that have elapsed, and the different

phases to which humanity has been subject present themselves to the imagination and cause our faith to totter; nevertheless in a plain, where water is to be met with only at the distance of three or four hours journey, a well, or a spring ought to have been in past ages an object as important as at the present time, and its name is as likely to have been as religiously preserved as that of the towers of David or the cisterns of Solomon.

We soon entered the mountains of Judea, when the road became still more difficult; in one place the brink of a precipice left only a sufficient space for the feet of the horses; in another the masses of broken rocks, and lying across the road formed a kind of rude ladder, which the Arab horses alone are capable of climbing over; yet difficult and laborious as is this road, its dangers are by no means to be compared with those which we met with on the road to Hamana.

On arriving at the summit of the first ridge, we looked back for a moment to enjoy a most magnificent view, over all the country which we had just traversed, as far as the shore beyond Jaffa. Although there was a dead calm around us, the horizon of the sea, red and heavy, announced to the experienced eye an approaching tempest. The threatening waves already agitated the vessels in the roadstead. We endeavoured to distinguish our own vessel, and thought of those who were on board. My melancholy presentiments were not chimerical, for on the following day several vessels were wrecked on this dangerous coast, and our own vessel after driving a considerable time, broke her cable in the midst of a tremendous squall.

After halting for a moment we began to descend the opposite side of the mountain merely to prove the difficulty of climbing others, at one time across the avalanches of stones, which rolled under the feet of our horses, at another on the bank of a rocky precipice. The sides both on the right and left were frequently well wooded, the brilliant green presented by the beautiful bushes of the strawberry tree, formed a pleasing contrast with the meagre foliage of the mastick and

olive trees. There was only water wanting to complete the beauty of the landscape. A spectacle, however, of a very different nature awaited us. A procession of innumerable pilgrims, of all nations on their return from Jerusalem, defiled in front of us from the summit of a naked and barren mountain, winding downwards to the defile through which we were passing. It is impossible to describe the picturesque effect of this scene; the diversity of colours and costumes of the different pilgrims, from the richest Armenian to the poorest Caloyer; every thing contributed to enhance the interest of the scene. After having admired the general effect of it, we had time to examine it in detail, during the two hours that we spent in passing by each other; at one time we fell in with a train not unlike the triumphal march of a papal legate of the middle ages, it was that of a Greek patriarch in his splendid costume majestically seated on a red and gold saddle, his bridle held by two sais, and followed by a numerous retinue on foot; then a poor family, the father driving with his pilgrim's staff, a mule overloaded with children; the eldest seated on its neck, having a cord in his hand for a bridle, and a wax taper for a standard, whilst others huddled together in the panniers on either side, were nibbling at some remnants of holy bread, whilst the mother pale and exhausted, followed with lagging steps, suckling her youngest babe, as it hung from her bosom tied by a long sash. Next came a long train of Neophytes, chanting their psalms in a monotonous nasal tone, and each carrying a paschal taper, in conformity with the Greek rite; further on was a group of Jews in red turbans with long black beards, the dark and scowling expression of whose piercing eyes seemed to curse the religion by which they had been disinherited. The question naturally presents itself, for what purpose were they here amidst this crowd of Christians? some of them had taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the passage of the caravan to visit the tomb of David or the valley of the Tiberiad; others had speculated on the profits to be derived from furnishing provisions to the multitude. From time to time the crowd on foot were

interrupted by some camels laden with immense packages, and accompanied by their moukres in the Arab costume, with the vest, and large brown pantaloons embroidered with blue, and the yellow caftan on their heads. Some Armenian families followed; the women concealed beneath their large white veils travelling in a *tactrewan*, a kind of cage borne by two mules; the men clad in long robes of a dark colour, their heads covered with the great square *calpack*, worn by the inhabitants of Smyrna, conducted by the hand their young ones, whose grave, thoughtful and calculating countenances, showed not the least traces of the levity of youth. Next came the Greek sailors and the owners of some piratical vessels, who had come from the ports of Asia minor, and the Archipelago laden with pilgrims, like a slave ship, swearing in their energetic language, and hastening the pace of the procession, in order to expedite the embarkation of their cargo of human beings. A sick child was carried on a litter, surrounded by its family weeping over their expiring hope in the miracle of a sudden cure, which they expected from the pilgrimage. Alas! I also wept, I had hoped and prayed like them, but still more wretched, the extent of my affliction was no longer shrouded in uncertainty.

At the close came a crowd of unfortunate copts in miserable tatters, men, women, and children all in rags, dragging themselves along with the greatest difficulty, as if they had been just dismissed from a hospital; sun-burnt and panting with fatigue and thirst, this troop marched to keep pace with the caravan, fearful of being left behind in the defiles of these mountains. I blushed to find myself on horseback, escorted by janissaries, accompanied by devoted friends, who protected me from every danger and all fatigue, whilst so ardent and lively a faith had conducted thousands of individuals to brave hardships, maladies and privations of every kind. These indeed were pilgrims in the fullest signification of the word. I was only a traveller.

Between the first change of the mountains, and the last heights which overlook Jerusalem, there is a beautiful valley

in which is situate the village of Jeremy. We had scarcely passed the ancient Greek church, which like so many others is now a stable, when we saw about fifty Arabs arranged in the form of an amphitheatre on the side of the hill, and seated under a cluster of beautiful olive trees. In the midst of the circle, and on a small elevation overlooking the others, sat the chief, the famous Abougosh. His brother and son completely armed, with their pipes in their hands, stood on each side of him, their horses attached to trees behind them, completed the back ground of the picture. On the arrival of our caravan, he sent his son to parley with our dragoman, who marched at its head. After having been informed that the escort was conducting to Jerusalem the wife of the French emir, with whom he had become acquainted about six months ago, he invited us to halt and partake of some coffee. We were particularly cautious not to refuse, and having distributed to our cawass and our moukres, the provisions necessary for the halt, we allowed ourselves to be conducted a short distance from the group of Arabs. There our dignity required that we should stop, until they in their turn should advance to give us the meeting. Abougosh then rose, and advancing, first accosted M. Parseval. After having shown us many civilities, and offered us some coffee, he requested a private audience of me. I ordered my attendants to retire a few paces, and by the aid of my interpreter, I learnt that one of his brothers had been taken prisoner by the Egyptians, and believing that M. de Lamartine possessed considerable influence in the councils of Ibrahim Pacha, he requested me to solicit his interference on his behalf, in order that he might be restored to liberty. We were certainly far from possessing the influence, for which he gave us credit, but accident afforded me the means of rendering him some service by pleading his cause with the commander of the Egyptian army.

On arriving in the vicinity of Jerusalem, the view of the walls was intercepted by the spacious encampment of Ibrahim Pacha. The sentinels advanced, examined us, then addressed themselves to our interpreter, and opened for us a

passage through the camp. We soon found ourselves in front of the tent of the general. On the curtains being raised, we discerned him, stretched on a divan of cashmere, surrounded by his officers; some standing, others seated on persian carpets. Their vestments of brilliant colours trimmed with beautiful furs, and embroidered with gold; their glittering arms, the black slaves who were handing coffee to them in *fingeans* of silver formed a scene for us at once brilliant and original. Around the tent, the sais were leading by the bridle the most beautiful Arabian steeds, to allow the foam to dry on their glossy skins. Others fastened by rings to the place where they were standing, were neighing with impatience, striking the ground with their hoofs, and casting their fiery glances on a squadron which were on the point of taking their departure. The Egyptian troops, composed of young recruits, grotesquely clad in red and ragged garments, half european and half oriental, formed a singular contrast with the Arabs, covered with large draperies, yet it was these Egyptians, diminutive in stature, dirty, ill-made, and shabbily dressed, who marched from conquest to conquest, and made the sultan tremble at the gates of Constantinople.

We entered the holy city by the gate of Bethlehem, and turned immediately to the left to reach the quarter of the Latin monastery. The women not being able to procure admittance, we took possession of a house generally uninhabited, but which is at the service of strangers, when the monastery of the Fathers of the Holy Land is too full to admit of any further accommodation. We spread our mattrasses on benches constructed for the purpose, hoping to repose from the fatigues of the day, and to recruit our strength, sufficiently to enable us to endure some, even of a severer nature. But attacked as we were by thousands of insects, mosquitoes, fleas and bugs, which for a long time had undoubtedly been on short commons in these deserted chambers, or which, by a still more vexatious conjecture had been left there by some of the ragged pilgrims, whom we had just encountered, to sleep was utterly

impossible, and the night was passed in endeavouring to defend ourselves, by continually changing our position; one, however, of our travelling companions, notwithstanding our exhortations to him to bear the annoyance with patience, could not withstand the attack any longer, and took refuge in the monastery. The steward of the monastery in consequence paid us a visit, and informed us, that if he had been apprised of our uncomfortable situation, he would have provided a better lodging for our reception, and promised that on the morrow, a new arrangement should be made for us. I made a hundred apologies and assured him that we did not want for anything, and I had to blush for our susceptibility, before this humble apostle of poverty and self-denial.

The steward was a Spaniard of a superior cast of mind, and endowed with a considerable knowledge of men and things. During our stay at Jerusalem I had frequent opportunities of appreciating in a special degree his indulgent goodness, his merit, and the utility of his influence in the monastery of the Holy Land, but at scarcely the age of fifty, his career of trial in this world was about to finish by martyrdom, at the moment when he was perhaps flattering himself of enjoying peace and repose in his native land. Having embarked a short time after our departure with the view of returning to Spain, he was massacred with fifteen other priests, by the Greek sailors, not far from the coasts of Cyprus. A Mussulman youth, the only one who escaped the carnage, pursued and accused the assasins, who were taken up in Caramania.

At day break the next morning, we began to visit the holy places. But I must here stop, and restrain the secret emotions, with which those places inspired me, because they are in regard to myself of a wholly personal nature. Nor will I speak of the aspect of the streets of Jerusalem, as they have been already described by my travelling companions. I will keep enshrined within my own heart all the impressions with which these scenes inspired me. I have no occasion to commit them to paper; they are too deep ever to

be effaced from my memory. If there be places in the world, which possess the melancholy power of awaking all that is sad and mournful in the human heart, and which respond to the inward grief, by a grief which may be called material, they are the places in which I now am. Every step we take penetrates to the bottom of the heart, like the voice of lamentation, and every look falls on some monument of holy sadness, which absorbs all our individual sorrows, in those insufferable miseries of humanity, which we here suffered, expiated and consecrated.

We left Jerusalem at five o'clock in the morning, in order that we might arrive at Bethlehem at the hour when mass is celebrated in the Grotto of the Nativity; an old Spanish priest with a great beard covered with a macklah (a Bedouin mantle) striped with broad black and white bands, his feet touching the ground, mounted as he was on a very little ass, rode before us and acted in the capacity of a guide. Although it was the month of April, a freezing wind blew with great violence and threatened to overthrow both myself and my horse; this wind may be considered as the subsiding gales of the tempest which had raged on the sea of Jaffa, and which reached us even at this distance. The dust, which rose in whirlpools around me, completely blinded me. I resigned the reins of my mare into the hands of my Arab groom, and wrapping my Bedouin mantle closely round me, I gave myself to the reflections, which the road on which I was travelling, and the objects consecrated by tradition inspired me. But these objects are too well known for me to stop to describe them. The olive tree of the prophet Elijah; the fountain where the stars appeared to the magi the site of Rama whence issued the heart rending voice, which resounded in my breast, all excited in me emotions too profound to be described.

The Latin monastery of Bethlehem had been closed eleven months during the plague, but for some time there had been no victims to it, and at the time when we presented ourselves at the low gate, which serves as an entrance to the

monastery, it was opened for us. After passing through it one by one, and crouching under the narrow opening, our first emotion was that of surprise on finding ourselves in a most majestic church. Forty eight pillars of marble, each of a single block, ranged in two files on each side, formed five naves, crowned by a massy roof of cedar wood; but we looked in vain for the altar or the choir; every thing was broken, demolished and plundered, and a wall rudely cemented divided this beautiful edifice at the birth of the cross, and thus concealed the part reserved for religious worship, the possession of which is disputed by the different christian communions. The nave belongs to the Latins, but it serves only as a vestibule to the monastery. The great gate is walled up, and the low postern by which we entered had been constructed for the purpose of protecting these venerable remains from the profanation of the hordes of Arab brigands, who would push their horses to the very foot of the altar to extract their extortions from the monks. The Father Superior received us with cordiality; his mild, calm and happy countenance was as far removed from the austerity of the anchoret, as from the jovial levity of which the monks are accused. He questioned us relative to the country through which we had travelled, and to the Egyptian troops, which were encamped so near to them. Eleven months seclusion had rendered him greedy after news; and he felt great satisfaction in being informed that Ibrahim Pacha granted full protection to the christian population of Syria.

After a short time of repose, we prepared to attend mass in the Chapel of the Manger; a small lantern, by the light, of which we descended preceded by the fathers, till we came to a long labyrinth of subterranean corridors, which it was necessary to traverse before we could arrive at the sacred grotto. These subterranean passages are crowded with tombs and memorials, in one place is the tomb of St. Jerome, in another that of St. Paul, of St. Eustatius, and the Wells of the Innocents, but nothing was capable of fixing our attention at

this moment; the dazzling light of thirty or forty lamps, under a small vault at the bottom of the passage displayed to us the altar built on the spot of the nativity, and two paces lower down, to the right, that of the manger: these natural grottoes, are partly lined with marble to protect them from the indiscreet piety of the pilgrims, who tear down the sides for the purpose of carrying away the fragments as holy relics: the naked rock can however be touched, behind the slabs of marble, with which it is covered, and the subterranean vault has in general preserved the irregularity of its primitive form. The ornaments have not here, as in some other holy places, so far altered the nature of the place, as to excite a doubt of the identity of the different localities: they here only serve to preserve the natural boundary. On passing also under these vaults and excavations in the rock, it is easily to be conceived that they served as stables for the herds of cattle, which the shepherds tended on the plain, which is still covered with green meadows, stretching out to a distance under the platform of the rock, which overlooks the church and the monastery, like a citadel. The exterior outlet of these subterranean vaults, which communicates with the meadow has been closed up, but at a few paces at a further distance, another cavern of the same kind may be visited, the destination of which perhaps resembled the other. We assisted at the mass.

The disposition of mind in which I unfortunately found myself, renders me incapable of expressing all that these places and these ceremonies inspired me with; every thing resolved itself in me into a deep and painful melancholy. An Arab woman, who came to have her new-born child baptised on the altar of the manger, contributed not a little to my emotion. After mass we returned to the monastery, not indeed by the subterranean passage, but by a broad and commodious flight of stairs which abutted on the transept of the church, behind the wall of separation, of which I have already spoken. This staircase belonged formerly equally to the two communions, the Greeks and the Latins, but the former are now in

exclusive possession of it, and we heard the holy fathers of Bethlehem pouring forth their energetic complaints on this act of usurpation. They pressed us to make known their complaints in Europe, and it cost us no little trouble to persuade them, that although we were French, we possessed not the slightest authority nor power to procure them any redress.

The two lateral naves which form the cross of the ancient church now, are constructed into two separate chapels, one belonging to the Armenians, the other to the Latins. In the centre is the chief altar, placed immediately over the grotto; the choir is divided from it by a grating and a screen of gilded wainscoat, which conceals the sanctuary of the Greeks.

The Greek church in the East is far richer than the Roman; with the latter every thing is humble and modest, with the former every thing is show and ostentation, but the rivalry which springs from their respective positions produces an impression extremely painful. We deplore to find chicanery and disorder in places which ought to inspire nothing but charity and love.

The original construction of this church has been attributed to St. Helena, as well as the greater part of the christian edifices in Palestine. It has indeed been urged as an objection that having already attained an advanced age, when she visited Syria, it was not possible for her to have superintended the execution of such numerous works; but mind requires neither time nor space. It appears to me that her creative will and her pious zeal may have presided over the monuments begun according to her orders, and finished after her death.

We returned to the monastery, where an excellent repast was prepared for us in the refectory by the good Father Superior, from whom we parted with regret, being anxious to devote the few hours which remained to us in visiting the objects worthy of our curiosity in the neighbourhood.

On descending towards the plain, we were shown a grotto in which according to tradition the Holy Virgin retired at the moment of her departure for Egypt. On some heights over-

looking Bethlehem, the remains of towers are seen, which point out the different positions of the camps of the Crusaders, and which bear the names of those heroes. We left them on our left, and descended by rugged and toilsome paths.

After an hour's journey, we arrived at a narrow and enclosed valley, watered by a limpid rivulet. It was the garden of Solomon, the *Hortus conclusus*, celebrated in the Song of Songs. In reality, this is the only spot between the rocky summits of the mountains which surround it on every side, that offers the means of cultivation, and this valley is at all seasons a delicious garden, cultivated with the greatest care, and exhibiting in its beautiful and humid verdure, the most striking contrast with the strong aridity of every thing which surrounds it. It may be about half a league in length. We followed the serpentine course of the stream, shaded with willows, at one time travelling on its verdant banks, at another bathing the feet of our horses in its transparent waters, as we rode over the polished pebbles of its bottom; at another passing from one bank to another over a plank of cedar, and we thus arrived under the rocks which form a natural barrier to the further extremity of the valley. A farming peasant offered himself as our guide to climb the rocks, but on condition that we should perform the journey on foot, and commit our horses to the care of his labourers, who, by a long and circuitous route, would lead them to us on the summit.

We struck off into a path on the right, and we climbed for an hour with great pain and trouble. On arriving at the summit, we found the most beautiful remnants of antiquity, which we had yet seen; three immense cisterns excavated in the solid rocks, and rising like terraces one above the other, on the inclined face of the mountain; the sides were as smooth and the edges as perfect as if they had just been finished by the workman. Their borders paved like a quay with slabs, sounded under the steps of our horses.

These magnificent cisterns, filled with a transparent water on the summit of an arid mountain, excite wonder and astonishment, and fill the mind with a high idea of the

power which conceived and executed so vast a project. It is to the genius of Solomon that they are ascribed. During the time I was engaged in contemplating them, my travelling companions took their dimensions, and found them to average four hundred feet, by about one hundred and seventy-five; the first being the largest, the last the widest which is at least two hundred feet in breadth, for they all become wider as they advance upwards to the top. Above the highest of these gigantic cisterns, a small spring, concealed under some tufts of verdure, is the *sealed fountain* of the Bible, and supplies all the cisterns, which formerly branched out into aqueducts conducting the water to the temple of Jerusalem. We met with the remains of these aqueducts during the whole of the remainder of our route. At no great distance some ancient battlemented walls, most probably of the time of the crusaders, surrounded an enclosure, within which according to tradition was a palace inhabited by the women of Solomon; but very slight vestiges remain of it, and the site, covered with dunghills, and orduret, serves at the present time for a court, to which the shepherds retire at night with their herds, who seek their summer pasturage in the mountains, as they do upon the Alps in Switzerland.

We returned to Jerusalem by an old road; broad and paved, called Solomon's way, which is much shorter and more direct than that, on which we had travelled in the morning, nor does it pass through Bethlehem. The night was far advanced when we re-entered the city, under the arch of the gate of the pilgrims.

On the 23rd April, after visiting the holy sepulchre for the last time, we enquired of the priest who had accompanied us to allow us to take a circuit of the exterior of the church, that we might examine those inequalities of ground by which the junction of the sepulchre and Calvary are explained under one roof. This circuit is difficult to make, because the church is surrounded by buildings, which obstruct the communication, but by crossing the courts of some houses, we succeeded in satisfying ourselves respecting these points, which were to us at

the time of great interest. We afterwards mounted our horses to make the tour of the city walls, and visit the Tomb of the Kings.

On the north of Jerusalem, on egressing by the gate of Damascus, at about a league and a half distant, there is an excavation in the rock, forming a court, of nearly twenty feet in depth, enclosed on three sides by pieces of rock cut with the chisel, presenting the aspect of walls ornamented with sculptures graven on the stone itself; representing doors, pilasters, and friezes of the most delicate workmanship. It may be conjectured that the gradual raising of the ground has filled up several feet of the original depth of this excavation, for the opening on the left, which affords our ingress to the sanctuary, is so low that it can only be passed through by crawling on the hands and feet. Having with great difficulty accomplished our entrance we lighted our torches within. Whole hosts of bats raised from their torpor by our invasion, immediately attacked us, as if determined to contend for the undisturbed empire of their territory, and if we could have effected our retreat easily, there is very little doubt but that we should have resigned their territory to them. By degrees, however, the tumult subsided, and we were enabled to examine these sepulchral chambers. They are excavated and cut out of the native rock. The angles are also perfect, and the walls as smooth, as if the stones had been separately polished by masons in a quarry. We examined five of them, communicating with each other by openings, to which formerly, no doubt, some blocks of hewn stone had been fitted, which were now lying upon the ground, and afforded the presumption that each chamber had been closed and sealed when the niches contrived in the walls for receiving the sarcophagi, or the urns for the ashes, were filled. Who were, or who ought to have been the inhabitants of these dwellings, prepared at so great a cost? It is a question accompanied by much doubt; their origin has been very warmly disputed; the interior, which is simple and grand, may be carried back to the most remote antiquity. There is not anything about it by which its

date can be determined. The exterior sculpture appears to be of a highly finished workmanship, and of a taste far too pure for the remote period of the kings of Judea. But since I have seen Balbec, my ideas have been considerably modified concerning the perfection, to which the arts had arrived before the epochs that were known.

We continued our ride across some fields of olive trees, and descended again into the vale of Jehosophat, and remounted at the south of the walls of Zion. The tomb of David, the Holy Cenaculum,* and the Armenian church which is in possession of the sealed stone at the entrance of the holy sepulchre, determined us to enter by the gate Bab-el-daoud; but when we expressed our desire to visit the subterranean vault in which tradition places the prophet king, we were prevented by the Turks, who informed us that the entrance was positvely prohibited. It is their belief that immense treasures are buried in this royal cave, the secret of which is possessed by strangers, and that they travel hither for the purpose of discovering and ransacking it.

The Holy Cenaculum is a large vaulted saloon, supported by pillars, and blackened by time. If decay and corrosion be admitted as an evidence, it carries with it the proof of the most remote antiquity. Situated on Mount Zion, at that time on the outside of the walls of the city, a great possibility exists that the disciples retired thither after the resurrection, and that according to the popular traditions, they there assembled at the period of the pentecost. Nevertheless the sacking of Jerusalem under Titus, left scarcely anything standing but the towers, and a portion of the walls but the sites remained sufficiently marked out, and the primitive christians must have attached considerable importance to it, to perpetuate the remembrance of it by successive erections on the same spots, and frequently with the fragments of the ancient monuments. The details, however, respecting Jerusalem would be mere repetition, and I quit with regret a subject, towards which my recollections

* The room in which our Saviour celebrated his last supper with his disciples.

incessantly carry me. I shall only say one word, wholly independent of the religious reminiscences on the aspect of the village of Tombs (Siloa) which has remained ever since like a picture before my eyes. The entire population of the barbarous Arabs, living in caves, and sepulchral grottoes would afford to the painter a scene the most original. Let us imagine to ourselves in the profound Valley of Siloa, a number of caverns presenting their apertures, like the mouths of so many ovens piled one upon the other, scattered on the side of a rock, or like the irregular sectons of a broken bee hive, and living beings, women and children, emerging from these sepulchral caves like the phantoms from the graves of the dead;—I am ignorant if this subject has been handled by any artist, but it appears to me to afford the pencil the strongest contrasts, and the most perfect harmony.

On the 20th April, we took a farewell look of Jerusalem, and in a melancholy mood, turned into the road to Jaffa. On entering the valley of Jeremy, our attention was attracted by a barbarous music, and we discerned in the distance a whole Arab tribe defiling over the slope of the hill. I despatched the dragoman in advance, and he returned with the information that the multitude were assembled on account of the interment of a chief, and that we could not advance without incurring considerable danger. He subsequently related to us that the chief had died suddenly on the preceding day, whilst hunting, in consequence of inhaling the odour of a poisonous plant; but the well known character of the Arabs of Naplousia, whose costume the tribe displayed, gave us reason to believe that it was far more likely that he had fallen a victim to the jealousy of some rival chief. Notwithstanding their warlike habits, and their imposing air, the credulity of these simple people resembles that of children. The recital of everything that borders upon the marvellous enchants them, nor does it excite the least distrust in their minds. One of our Arab friends, a man possessed of considerable knowledge and information, has frequently assured us, in a tone of the most perfect conviction, that a scheik of

Lebanon possesses the secret of the magical words, which were used in the early ages for removing the gigantic blocks of Balbec, but that he was too good a christian to make use of them, or to divulge them.

We hastened the pace of our horses, and soon overtook the procession; in the centre was the bier borne on a litter, concealed under rich draperies, and surmounted by the turban of the Mahometans; some Arab women, naked to the breast, their long black locks flowing over their shoulders, their breasts bruised and their arms thrown up in the air, preceded the corpse, making the most hideous lamentations, singing melancholy songs; wringing their hands and tearing their hair, whilst their voices were accompanied by musicians playing on the *tanble* and *dahiera* (a sort of drum and tambourine). At the head of the procession rode the brother of the deceased; his steed, covered with beautiful angora skins and decorated with red and golden reins which floated loosely over its head and breast, pranced at times to the sound of this discordant music; while the priests, in full costume, were in waiting for the corpse before the door of a tomb surmounted by a cupola, supported upon an open colonnade. Opposite stood the ruined church, the terraced roof of which was filled with women with long white veils, resembling the priestesses of the ancient sacrifices, or the weepers of the memphian cenotaphs. When the chief mourner approached the tomb, he dismounted and threw himself into the arms of the high priest, with the most lively demonstrations of grief, who exhorted him to submit to the will of God, and to show himself worthy of succeeding his brother in the command of the tribe. During this time the procession arrived, and having deposited the body, arranged themselves round the little temple, and the songs of death sounded more piercingly. These mournful pantomimes, this funeral pomp, these hymns of despair expressed in another language and other rites, appeared to us as a living memorial of the lamentations with which Jeremiah had filled the same valley, and which are still echoed by the biblical world.

DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA.

Same date.

We embarked on a rough sea, whose gigantic waves came rolling on, like hills of foam into the rocky channel. We waited a moment behind the rock for one wave to spend itself, and then by a few bold strokes of the oars to plunge upon the open sea; the waves returned, and another and another breaker succeeded, lifting up our boat like a cork on the head of each; we then fell into the trough of the sea as if into a deep abyss, and we could not see either the vessel or the coast. We mounted again on the crest of the wave, and again rolled downwards, whilst the spray covered us with a veil of rain. At length we gained the ship's side, but so violent was her motion, that we dared not approach her, for fear of being struck by the yards which dipped into the water. We waited for an interval of the breakers, a rope was thrown out, a ladder was let down and we were soon on board.

The wind became contrary, we rode with two anchors ahead, exposed every instant to the danger of shipwreck, if the tremendous motion of the waves should chance to break the cables; this frightful tossing about occasioned us many hours of physical and moral anguish. During the evening and night, the wind whistled amongst the masts and cordage, as if through the shrill pipes of an organ; whilst the vessel bounded like a ram butting the ground with its horns. The prow plunged into the sea, and appeared ready to sink into the abyss everytime that the wave rolled towards it, heaving up the poop. We distinctly heard the cries of the Arab sailors of some other vessels, which had conveyed the unfortunate pilgrims to Jerusalem. These small vessels, some of them having on board between two or three hundred women and children, made an attempt to put to sea for the purpose of avoiding the rocks; some of them sailed past us, the women shrieking and stretching out their hands to us, but

the huge breakers engulphed them and in a few moments afterwards they appeared at a great distance; a few of the boats succeeded in keeping at a distance from the coast, but two were cast away on the rocky ledges of Gaza. Our anchors at length drove, and we were on the point of being carried towards the rocks of the inward harbour, when the captain ordered another anchor to be thrown out.

The wind now moderated, and turned rather in our favour; we made sail for Damietta under a grey and foggy sky, and soon lost sight of land. We made a good day's sail, but the captain and his mate were busily employed in watching the signs of an approaching tempest, which soon broke over us with the utmost violence before the night set in. The wind freshened every hour, the waves became greater and greater till they resembled rolling mountains. The ship creaked and strained with every blast of the wind, all her tackle vibrating and shaking like so many threads of metal; the whole presenting a combination of shrill and piercing sounds resembling the lamentations of the Greek women at their funerals. We could no longer carry any sail; the vessel pitched and rolled from one abyss to another, and at every lurch her masts tottered, and appeared to reel into the sea like falling trees, whilst the waves borne down under her weight, rebounded and washed the deck. Every one except the crew and myself had gone below, whence our ears were assailed with the groans of the sick and the uproar of the chests and furniture rolling about in confusion and knocking against the sides of the brig, whenever the howlings of the storm for a moment subsided. The brig itself, despite of its powerful timbers, and the enormous thickness of its beams, cracked and fretted, as if about every instant to spring a leak. The strokes of the sea upon the poop reverberated momentarily like the explosion of artillery.

At two o'clock in the morning the fury of the storm still increased, and I lashed myself with a rope to the main mast, that I might not be washed overboard by the waves, or rolled into the sea. Whenever the deck became almost perpen-

dicular. Wrapped in my mantle, I contemplated this sublime spectacle, and I occasionally descended between decks to cheer my wife, who was reposing in her hammock. The first mate, during the whole of this tremendous tempest, never quitted the helm, but to pass from one cabin to another to carry to every one the assistance they required; he had a heart of iron in danger, the heart of a woman in compassion. Thus the night passed away. At sunrise, which was only distinguished by the pale light spreading itself over the waves, and through the congregated masses of clouds, so far from diminishing the violence of the blast, seemed but to impart fresh violence to it. We could discern as far as the eye could reach, mountains of foaming water behind other mountains, and as they passed us, the brig bent in every direction, overwhelmed by one, heaved up by another, impelled in one direction by one wave, and thrown back by another, which impelled her in a wholly different direction, throwing her first on one side, then on the other, and plunging her prow forward with a violence that threatened every moment to engulf us all. The sea during the whole of the tempest broke furiously over her, sweeping her from side to side; from time to time she recovered herself; the sea amidst the overpowering fury of the gale, presenting a plain of level foam in the bosom of these vast watery mountains, thus allowing a moment's repose to the straining masts, but immediately afterwards immersing us in the region of stupendous waves, where we appeared to roll from precipice to precipice. Amidst these horrible changes the night passed. The captain consulted with me on the dangerous situation in which we were placed, the coasts of Egypt being low, we might be thrown upon them before we could actually see them. The coasts of Syria are without a roadstead or a harbour; we had therefore our option to lie to in the midst of this sea, or to sail before the wind to Cyprus. There we should find a roadstead and an asylum, but at this time we were more than eighty leagues from it. I advised that we should steer our course for Cyprus; we sailed at the rate of nine knots an hour,

but the sea ran as high as ever. My wife and fellow travellers, still confined to their hammocks, supported themselves by a few drops of cold broth, and I ate a few morsels of biscuit, smoking with the captain and mate, always in the same attitude on the deck abaft the binnacle, my arms thrown round some part of the cordage, which supported me against the shocks of the sea. The night came on, still more terrible than the preceding one. The clouds appeared to rest on the ocean, the whole horizon seemed as if torn by the lightning; all was fire around us; the thunder appeared to burst from the crest of the waves, confounded with the clouds. Three times did the thunder bolt fall near us, and once when the vessel was thrown almost on her beam ends by a mountain wave; the yards dipped into the sea; the masts struck the waves; the foam which was dashed up by the collision, shot forward like a torn mantle of fire, the fragments of which the wind dispersed like serpents of flame. The whole crew uttered one cry of alarm, we appeared to be on the crater of a volcano; it was the most sublime effect of the tempest which I had witnessed during the night. For nine consecutive hours we were enveloped in lightning; every minute we expected to see our masts in flames, falling around us and setting the whole ship on fire. In the morning, the sky was less inflamed, but the sea resembled a boiling lava. The wind subsiding a little, and not bearing so much on the vessel, caused her to pitch more violently. By our reckoning we were now about thirty leagues from Cyprus.

At eleven o'clock we began to descry the land, and from hour to hour, we gradually gained on it. We soon discovered that the town before us was Limasol, one of the ports of this island. We set all sail, to bring ourselves under the lee of the land, and on approaching it, the sea became calmer, and we coasted along at the distance of about two leagues. We made for the roads of Lanarca, where we soon perceived the masts of a great number of vessels, which like ourselves had sought refuge there. The wind resumed its former violence and carried us thither in a few moments; the impulse

of the ship was so strong that we were afraid of breaking our cable in casting the anchor, but we succeeded at last, and found bottom at a few fathoms depth. We were still on a short turbulent sea, the waves of which however only rocked us without danger. I once more beheld the flag staffs of the European consuls of Cyprus, by whom we were saluted, and the terrace of the consulate of France, whence our friend M. Bottu, made us the signal of recognition. Every body remained on board; my wife could not behold without the most afflicting emotions, the excellent and happy family of M. Bottu, where about fifteen months before, herself so happy, she had received so many proofs of their hospitality.

I went ashore with the captain. I received from Mons. and Madame Bottu, Messrs Perthier and Guillois, young Frenchmen attached to the consulate, the most flattering proofs of their kindness and friendship, which I had every reason to expect from them. I paid a visit to M. Mathei, the Greek banker, to whom I had letters of introduction. We sent provisions of all kinds on board the brig, to which M. Mathei added some presents of the wines of Cyprus, and some sheep of Syria. During the time that I perambulated the environs of the city in company with M. Bottu, the tempest, which for a time had subsided, burst forth again with the greatest violence. All communication with the vessels in the roads was cut off; the waves broke over the quay, and dashed their foam even to the windows of the houses. I passed a most terrible night on the terrace or at the window of my apartment at the French consulate in contemplating the brig, in which was my wife, tossed about by enormous waves in the roadstead, and dreading every moment that the cables might break, and throw the vessel on the rocks, with everything that remained to me, that could impart any happiness to me in this world.

On the following morning, the sea began to subside, and we went on board the brig. We spent three hours in the roads waiting for a favourable wind, during which time we were

constantly visited by M. Mathei and by M. Bottu. This young and amiable consul, is amongst all the French agents in the East, particularly distinguished for the kind and hospitable manner in which he receives his countrymen, and who by his general conduct, confers the greatest honour on his nation. I owe to him a great debt of gratitude, and an ardent friendship, whenever I think of the truly hospitable manner in which I have been received twice under his roof. He is happy, surrounded by the wife of his heart and his children, in whom appeared to be centered all his happiness. I understand that he died suddenly a few days after our departure. His office constituted the only fortune of his family, and he appropriated the whole of his income to his consular duties. His poor wife and beautiful children are now entirely at the mercy of France, whom he served and honoured in all his appointments. May France think of his wife and children, when it calls to its remembrance the services which he performed for it.

April 30th, 1833.

We set sail with a variable wind, and passed three days in doubling the western point of the island, by tacking off and on. We saw at a distance the Mounts of Olympus, of Paphos and Amathonte, and we had an enchanting prospect of the coasts and mountains of the coasts of Cyprus. This island might be the most beautiful colony of Asia Minor; it has only thirty thousand inhabitants, but it might maintain and enrich some millions of men. Being capable of cultivation in every part, fruitful, well wooded, and irrigated, with natural roadsteads and harbours on every side; situated between Syria, Caramania, the Archipelago, Egypt, and the coasts of Europe, it would be the garden of the world.

May 3rd, 1833.

As morning broke, we came in sight of the first summit of Caramania, with Mount Taurus in the distance; its tops indented and covered with snow like the Alps, seen from Lyons. The wind was mild and variable, the night sparkling

with its thousand stars. Towards evening we entered the gulf of Satalia, the aspect of which resembles an inward sea. The wind wholly subsided and the vessel slept, as if upon a lake. To whatever part the eye was directed, it fell on the mountainous amphitheatre of bays. Ridges of mountains of all forms and heights rose one above another, leaving sometimes, between their unequal summits, some lofty valleys in which swam the silvery light of the moon; some white vapours floated along their sides, and their crests were bathed in waves of a palish purple. Behind them rose the angular tops of Taurus with its snowy peaks. Some low and wooded capes stretched themselves as far as the eye could see into the sea, and the only noise that was heard was the splashing of dolphins jumping up at times from the bosom of the waves, and bounding like kids on the velvet greensward; the waves edged and marbled with silver and gold appeared to be fluted like the ionic columns, prostrate on the ground. The vessel was completely motionless, not the slightest oscillation being perceptible. Towards midnight, a land breeze sprang up, which carried us gently out of the gulf of Satalia, and along the coast of Asia Minor as far as the latitude of Castlerozzo. We entered almost all the bays, and nearly touched the ground. The ruins of that country which formed several kingdoms, Pontus, Cappadocia, Bithynia, now desolate and solitary, were distinctly traced on the promontories, the valleys and plains were covered with forests, to which the Turcomanians repair to pitch their tents during the winter. During the summer every part is deserted, with the exception of a few points of the coasts, such as Tarsus, Satalia, Castel rozzo and Marmorizza, in the gulf of Macri.

May, 1833.

The current which prevails along the coast of Caramania carried us towards the point of that continent, and towards the opening of the gulf of Macri. During the night we tacked to close in with the Isle of Rhodes, but the captain fearing the vicinity of the coast of Asia, on account of the westerly

wind which just then rose, put out to sea again, and in the morning when we awoke, we were nearly out of sight of Rhodes. We saw at no great distance from us our consort brig, the Alceste, but the calm prevented us from nearing her during the whole of the day. Towards evening the wind freshened which carried us to the extremity of the gulf of Marmorizza. Toward midnight we had again the land-breeze and on the following day we entered the harbour of Rhodes.

May, 1833.

We spent three days in inspecting the environs of Rhodes, where we had some delightful prospects from the declivities of the mountains which overlook the Archipelago. After walking two hours along the strand, I entered a valley shaded by beautiful trees, and watered by a small rivulet. On following the banks of the stream, edged with oleanders, I arrived at a small platform, which forms the highest part of the valley. I there found a small house inhabited by a poor Greek family; the house, almost entirely covered by branches of fig and orange trees, has in its garden, the ruins of a small temple of the nymphs, a grotto, and some scattered columns and capitals, half hidden by ivy and the roots of the shrubs; beyond them was a grass-plot, two or three hundred paces broad with a spring; here were growing two or three sycamores, which entirely shaded the grass-plot. It is the sacred tree of the island, and much respected by the Turks, and the unfortunate Greek peasant having one day cut a branch off it, the Pacha of Rhodes ordered him to be bastinadoed. It is not true that the Turks deface nature or the works of arts. They leave all things as they find them; their only method of ruining everything is, that they never improve anything. Above the grass-plot and the sycamores, the hills which are almost perpendicular, are covered with fir trees, and down which flow a number of small streams, which furrow their sides with serpentine ravines. In the back ground the lofty mountains of the island command and overshadow these hills, the grass-plot and the fountain. From

the borders of the fountain, where I am reclining, I can see through the branches of the firs and sycamores, the sea of the Archipelago of Asia, which appears like a lake sown with islands, and the deep gulfs which lose themselves between the high and gloomy mountains of Macri, all crowned with battlements of snow. I hear no other sound but that of the spring, of the wind amongst the leaves, the flight of the bulbul alarmed at my presence, and the plaintive song of the Grecian peasant nursing her infant on the roof of her hut. How beautiful would this place have been to me six months ago.

I met in a pathway of the lofty mountains of Rhodes, a cypriot chief, in the European costume, but on his head the Grecian bonnet, and wearing a long white beard. I soon recognised in him an individual of the name of Theseus, the nephew of the patriarch of Cyprus, and who distinguished himself in the war of independence. On his return to Cyprus after the pacification of the Morea, his name, his spirit and activity attached to him the whole Greek population of Cyprus. At the period of the insurrection which had lately taken place in the island, the peasants of the mountains enlisted themselves under his orders: he used all his influence to tranquillize them, and after having in concert with M. Bottu, the consul of France, obtained the redress of some of their grievances, he dispersed his troop and took refuge in the consulate of France, to escape the vengeance of the Turks. A Greek vessel landed him at Rhodes, where he is by no means in safety. I offered him a berth on one of my brigs, which he accepted, and I will convey him to Constantinople, to Greece or Europe according to his own desire. He is a man, whose whole life and fortune have been a struggle against destiny; a man of great intelligence and personal courage, speaking almost every language, with an intimate knowledge of all countries; in conversation highly interesting and inexhaustible; as quick in action as in thought; one of those men whose motions are according to nature, and who rise like the birds of the storm, with the whirlwind of revo-

lutions, and then to fall with them. Nature forms few individuals in this mould, and the men thus formed are generally unfortunate: they are either feared, or they are persecuted, and they would be admirable instruments, if persons knew how to employ them according to their talents.

I have despatched a bark to Marmorizza to convey thither a young Greek who will there await the arrival of my horses, and who is the bearer of an order to my sais to join me at Constantinople. We have formed the resolution to go by sea, and to visit the islands of the coast of Asia, and the shores of the continent.

We set sail at midnight with a light breeze, and doubled Cape Krio the evening of the following day. We enjoyed a fine and easy sail between the islands of Piscopia, of Nisyra, and the enchanted island of Cos, the birth place of Esculapius. Next to Rhodes, Cos appears to me the most charming and delightful of the whole Archipelago: pleasant villages, shaded by beautiful plantains line its shores; the city itself being cheerful and elegantly built.

At night we found ourselves with our two brigs almost at a loss which way to steer, as we were in the midst of a labyrinth of small uninhabited islands covered to the edge of the water by a carpet of lofty herbs; having charming channels between them, almost all of which have small creeks, in which vessels can cast their anchor. What an enchanting retreat for men, who complain that there is no room for them in Europe, in the enjoyment of the climate and fertility of Rhodes and Cos. An immense continent is only two miles distant. We were continually tacking about, between that continent and the islands, and beheld the sun glittering splendidly on the magnificent ruins of the Grecian and Roman cities of Asia Minor.

On the following morning, we awoke in the Boghaz, a strait of Samos, between that island and the Isle of Ikaria. The lofty mountain, which forms almost of itself the whole of the island of Samos, is above our heads, covered with rocks and forests of fir trees, and we could discern in the

midst of the former a number of women and children. The population of Samos, at this time in insurrection against the Turks, have taken refuge upon the mountain, the men are all armed in the city and on the coasts. Samos is like a mountain of the lake of Lucerne, illumined by the sky of Asia; it almost touches the continent with its base, as we could only perceive a narrow channel which separates them. A storm overtook us in the gulf of Scala Nova, not far from the ruins of Ephesus. In the morning we entered the channel of Scio, and sought for a place of shelter in the roadstead of Tscheme, celebrated for the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by Orloff. The enchanting island of Scio stretches like a green hill, from the opposite side of a great river; its white houses, its towns and villages, scattered upon its umbrageous declivities, shine between the orange trees, and the full-leaved vines; the remainder bespeaks a recent immense prosperity and a numerous population. The Turkish dominion, though verging upon actual slavery, has not been able to stifle the active, industrious, commercial and agricultural genius of the Greek population of these beautiful islands. I am not acquainted with any place in Europe which presents the aspect of greater riches than Scio; it is a garden of sixty leagues in circumference.

A day's voyage brought us to the ruins and the mineral waters of Tscheme. The sea was calm, and we set sail for Smyrna. The wind was variable throughout the day, and we sailed gently along the coasts of Scio; the woods touched the very edge of the sea. The gulfs have all their fortified towns, with their harbours crowded with small vessels. The smallest creek has its village. An innumerable crowd of little sails skirt the shores, conveying the Grecian women and girls to their churches. On all the eminences, and in all the valleys between the hills, may be seen a village or a white church.

We doubled the point of the island, and we experienced a brisk wind, which drove us into the bay of Smyrna. Until night came on, we enjoyed the prospect of beautiful woods,

and large alpine villages, which bordered the western coast of the bay. During the night, we were becalmed, not far from the islands of Vourla, where we saw shining the lights of the French fleet, which had been at anchor there for six months. In the morning we perceived Smyrna built on the brow of an immense hill of cypresses at the extremity of the bay. The upper part of the city was crowned by high embattled walls, and a beautifully wooded campaign country extended itself on the left as far as the mountains. There flowed the river Meles; the recollection of Homer hovered around me on all the shores of Smyrna. With my eyes, I sought for that tree on the banks of the river, then unknown, on which the poor slave deposited her offspring amidst the rushes, that child, whose earthly renown was one day in his eternal glory to immortalize the name of the river, the continent and the islands. That imagination which Heaven then bestowed upon the earth, was to reflect upon us all antiquity, divine as well as human: he was born, abandoned on the banks of a river like the Moses of poetry: he lived miserably and blind, like those incarnations, those deities of Indies, who traversed the globe in the character of mendicants, and who were not acknowledged as gods until after their return from their wanderings. Modern erudition pretends not to see a man, but a type in Homer: it is one of those hundred thousand learned paradoxes, with which men attempt to fight against the evidence of their internal instinct. In regard to myself, Homer is a single individual, a man, who has the same accent of voice, the same tears in the heart, the same expressions in his words. To admit a race of homeric men appears to me more difficult than to admit a race of giants: nature does not scatter about her prodigies by a series, she made Homer and defied succeeding ages to produce another such example of reason, philosophy, sensibility and genius.

I went on shore at Smyrna to make a tour of the city and its environs with M. Salzani, banker and merchant of that place, a man as benevolent as he is amiable and well informed.

During the three days I partook of his hospitality; returning every night on board to sleep. Smyrna by no means answered my expectations of an eastern city. It is Marseilles on the coast of Asia Minor, a large and elegant place of business, where the European consuls and merchants lead the life of Paris and London. The view of the bay and the city from the top of the cypresses of the mountains is beautiful. On descending the hill to the margin of the river, which I take great pleasure in believing it to be the Meles, we fell in with a charming situation, not far from one of the gates of the city. It was the bridge of the caravans. The river is a limpid stream, slumbering under a peaceful arch of sycamores and cypresses: we seated ourselves on its banks and the Turks brought us pipes and coffee. If these waves heard the first mournful sounds of Homer, I love to hear their gentle murmurings amongst the roots of the plantains. I raised the water to my lips, I bathed my burning forehead in them. Oh! that a man may be born for the western world who shall compose a poem of his history, of his dreams and of his heaven. Such a poem would be the sepulchre of bygone times, to which the future comes to venerate the deceased traditions, and eternalize by its worship the great acts and thoughts of humanity: let such a man engrave his name at the foot of the statue, which he erects to man, and he lives in all the images with which he has filled the world of ideas.

I was this evening invited to pay a visit to an old man, who lives alone with two Greek servants, in a small house on the quay of Smyrna. The stairs, the hall and the chambers are full of the fragments of sculpture, of plans of Athens in relief and pieces of marble and porphyry. This person is M. Fauvel, formerly our consul in Greece. Expelled from Athens, which had become his country, and of which, like a son of it, he had ransacked the dust during the whole of his life, to restore its treasures to the world, he now lives poor and unknown at Smyrna. He has carried hither his gods and pays them his daily worship M. de Chateaubriand saw him

in his youth, happy in the midst of the splendid ruins of the Parthenon. I have seen him old and in exile, wounded by the ingratitude of men, but firm and cheerful in adversity, and full of that natural philosophy, which enables those whose fortune consists in the goodness of their hearts, to endure misfortune with patience and resignation. I passed a delightful hour of recreation in listening to this old man.

I met at Smyrna with a young man of talent, whom I had known in Italy, M. Deschamps, editor of the journal of Smyrna: he recollected me with every mark of kindness. The tempest had thrown upon the shores of Smyrna the remnants of the St. Simonians. They are reduced to the last extremities, but they support the reverses of fortune with the perseverance and resignation of a strong conviction. I received two remarkable letters from them whilst I was on board. New ideas are not to be judged by the disdain with which they are treated by the present age: the greatest of all thoughts have appeared at first as strange to the world. St. Simonianism has in itself something that is true, grand and fruitful; it is the application of christianity to political society and legislation for the whole human fraternity. Under this point of view, I am a St. Simonian; it was not the idea in which this eclipsed, but not deceased sect was deficient; nor was it wanting in the number of its disciples, but that which it did want, was in my opinion: a chief, a master, one great directing mind. I entertain not the slightest doubt that if a man of genius and virtue, a man, who with a penetrating glance could at once take in the whole horizon, religious and political, had been placed at the head of these growing opinions, he would have metamorphosed them into a powerful reality. The periods of the anarchy of opinions is the favorable season for the germination of new and important thoughts. Society in the eyes of the philosopher is arrived at a period of disorder and confusion; it has neither direction, nor aim, nor a chief. It is reduced to the instinct of conservation. A religious, moral, social and political sect, having a symbol, a word of order, an aim, a chief, a mind, marching in a com-

pact body and on a straight forward road in the midst of these ranks of disorder, would inevitably carry off the victory, but the great aim of its operation should be to bring prosperity to society and not to effect its ruin; it should attack that only which is injurious to it, and not that which is serviceable; recall religion to reason and to love; politics to christian fraternity, property to charity and universal utility; such only ought to be its title and foundation. A legislator was, however, wanting to those young men, ardent with zeal; devoured by a want of faith, but to whom the wildest doctrines have been attributed. The organizers of Saint Simonianism have adopted as their motto. "War without quarter between family ties, property, religion and us," and they fell in consequence. Let them perish, the world is not to be conquered by the force of a word, it may be converted, it may be moved, it may be moulded, it may be changed, but inasmuch as an idea is not practicable, it is not fit to be presented to human society; human nature proceeds from the known to the unknown, but not from the known to the absurd. That would be considered as an underplot before the great revolutions; signs are to be seen upon the earth and in the Heavens. The St. Simonians may be considered as one of those signs; they may and most probably will be dissolved as a body, but as individuals they will hereafter become the soldiers and chiefs of the new army.

May 15th.

On sailing out the bay of Smyrna, with all our sails set after having made the heights of Vourla, and were pursuing a straight course at the mouth of the bay, we grounded on a sand bank, owing to the unskilfulness of a Greek pilot. The vessel received a shock which made her masts quiver, and she stuck fast three leagues from land, the swelling waves dashing against her sides. We all hastened upon deck, what a moment of calm, but awful anxiety was that, while so many lives awaited their doom, depending on the uncertain success of the manœuvres that were attempted by the sailors. A

perfect silence reigned amongst us, but no signs of fear were exhibited. It is on great occasions that man is great. After some time had been spent in useless efforts, the wind arose to our aid, and turned us upon our keel. The brig got clear without having sprung a leak.

We got into the open ocean, with the island of Mitylene on our right, and after a delightful day's sail, we approached the channel which separates the island from the continent, but the wind fell; the clouds congregated over the open sea and at nightfall the wind and thunder burst from them together; a furious tempest, and pitchy darkness ensued; the two brigs fired signals to keep in company, and made for the road of Fogliari, the ancient Phocea, between the rocks, which form the northern point of the gulf of Smyrna. In two hours the force of the wind drove us ten leagues along the coast; one clap of thunder every moment succeeding another and whistling amongst the waves; whilst the sky, the sea, and the echoing rocks of the coast were illuminated by continual flashes of lightning, which supplied the place of day, and from time to time afforded us a glimpse of our track. The two brigs were at one time so close to each other, that we were in momentary fear of a collision taking place, at length by a daring and desperate manœuvre in the obscurity of the night, we came to an anchor in safety in the narrow mouth of the road of Phocea. We heard the waves dashing against the rocks on the right and the left; a single false motion of the helm, would have wrecked us upon them, we all stood mute upon the deck, waiting the decision of our fate. The night was so dark that we could scarcely distinguish our masts; suddenly we felt the brig glide over a motionless surface; a few lights shone around us upon the edge of the basin, which we had happily entered, and we cast anchor without knowing where we were. The wind roared the whole of the night amongst our masts and yards, as though it would have carried them away; the sea, however, was wholly motionless.

How delightful is the basin of the ancient Phocea, of about

half a league in circumference, and hollowed like a circular fortress between hills, whose graceful declivities are interspersed with red painted houses; cottages shaded by olive trees, gardens, creeping vines, and especially with fields and magnificent cypresses under the shade of which repose the white tombs of the Turkish cemeteries. We landed to examine the ruins of that city which gave birth to Marseilles. We met with a most gracious welcome, and were entertained in two Turkish houses, and passed the day in their orange gardens. On the third day, the sea became calm, and at midnight we sailed from the natural harbour of Phocea.

May 17th, 1833.

We sailed during the whole of the day along the channel of Mitylene, where Lesbos formerly stood, a poetical remembrance of the only woman of antiquity whose voice had the power to make itself heard through the lapse of centuries. There are only a few of the verses of Sappho remaining, but they are in themselves sufficient to establish a genius of the first order. A fragment of the arm or the bust of Phidias reveals to us the perfection of the whole figure. The heart from which the stanzas of Sappho flowed, must have been a deep source of passion and of images.

The island of Lesbos is to me even more beautiful than that of Scio. The groups of its verdant mountains, pinnacled with firs, are more elevated and more picturesquely joined together. The sea penetrates deeper into its broad interior bay. The tops of these hills, which overhang the sea, and which overlook Asia, are more solitary and more inaccessible. Instead of those numerous villages, which are scattered over the gardens of Scio, we only beheld the smoke of a Grecian hut curling above the heads of the chestnut trees and the cypresses, and a few shepherds on the point of a rock attending large flocks of white goats. Towards night, a favourable breeze sprang up and we doubled the northern extremity of Mitylene, and perceived on the horizon before us two dark spots on the crimson vapour of the sea; they were Lemnos and Tenedos.

Same date.

It is midnight, the sea as smooth as a mirror; the becalmed brig floating like an immoveable shadow upon its glittering surface. Tenedos rises from the waves on our left, and conseals from us the open sea. On our right, and in our immediate vicinity, the low and indented shore of the plain of Troy stretches itself like a dark barrier. The full moon rising over the snow capped summit of Mount Ida, diffuses a serene but flickering light over the mountain tops, the hills and the plain, this beaming upon the sea, tinges its murmuring waves with its mild effulgence under the very side of our vessel like a splendid track upon which no shadow dares to glide. We could easily distinguish the tumuli or little conical mounds, which tradition assigns as the tombs of Hector and Patroclus. The moon broad and red which beams upon the undulations of the hills, resembles the ensanguined shield of Achilles. There is no light on the coast, but a distant fire lighted by the shepherds on the point of Mount Ida; not a noise is heard but the flapping of the sail against the mast having no wind to fill it, and which the vacillation of the mast causes to strike at intervals against the main yards. Every thing seems dead like the past in this still and melancholy scene. Leaning over the shrouds of the vessel, that land, those mountains, those ruins, those tombs, rise before me, with their vapourous forms and indistinct outlines beneath the sleeping and the silent rays of the planet of night, like the shadowy apparition of a past world evoked from the bosom of the sea, and vanishing as the moon sinks behind the summits of other mountains. It is an additional splendid page to the Homeric Poem. It is the consummation of all poems and of history; unknown tombs, ruins without any definite names, a dark and naked soil confusedly illuminated by immortal stars, and new spectators passing with indifference before those shores, and repeating for the thousandth time the epitaphs of all things. Here lie an empire, a city, a people, and heroes, God alone is great, and the

thoughts which search him out and adore him are alone imperishable.

I feel no desire to inspect more closely and by day the dubious remains of Troy. I gave the preference to that nocturnal apparition which allows the imagination to re-people these deserts, and to enlighten itself only with the pale torch of the moon and the poesy of Homer. Besides of what import to me are Troy and its gods and its heroes? That page of the heroic world is turned over for ever.

The land breeze began to spring up, and we took the advantage of it to bring us nearer to the Dardanelles. Already several large vessels, which like us are bending their course towards that difficult entrance, are not far from us. Their large grey sails, like the wings of the night bird, glide in silence between our brig and Tenedos. I descended to the mid-deck and fell asleep.

May 18th, 1833.

I awoke at day light, I heard the quick motion of the vessel by the noise of its wake and the small waves of the morning, which sounded like the songs of birds about the sides of the brig. I opened one of the port holes, and I saw on a chain of low and rounded hills, the castles of the Dardanelles with their white walls, their towers and their immense loopholes for cannon. The channel is in this place only a league in breadth, winding like a beautiful and expansive river between the coasts of Asia and Europe, which have a strong resemblance to each other. The castles close this sea, like the two doors of a great gate, but in the present state of Turkey and of Europe, it would not be a difficult task either to force the passage by sea, or to make a descent and surprise the port from behind. The passage of the Dardanelles is impregnable only, when guarded by the Russians.

The rapid current bore us with the swiftness of an arrow past Gallipoli, and the villages which border the channel. We perceived the islands of the sea of Marmara, frowning before us, and we tracked the European coast for two days and nights with a contrary wind from the north. On the

following morning we saw the Isles of Princes at the extremity of the sea of Marmara in the Bay of Nice, and on our left the Castle of the Seven Towers, and the aerial pinnacles of the innumerable minarets of Stamboul, which present themselves in front of the Seven Hills of Constantinople. Every tack brought us nearer to it and unfolded new beauties to our astonished gaze. On this first view of Constantinople I felt only a painful emotion of surprise, but by no means of enchantment. What! said I to myself, are these the seas, the shores, is this the wondrous city for which the masters of the world abandoned Rome and the coasts of Naples? Is this the metropolis of the universe situated on Europe and on Asia, for which all the conquering nations of the world have in their turns disputed, as a sign of the royalty of the world? Is this the city that the painters and the poets fancy to be the queen of all cities, hovering over her hills and over her double ocean encompassed with her bays, her towers and her mountains and containing in itself all the treasures of nature and the luxury of the East? Is this the place that is compared with the bay of Naples, with her vast amphitheatre and resplendent city? Vesuvius at her side, losing its gilded tops amidst clouds of purple smoke; the forests of Castellamare dipping their dark foliage in an azure sea, and the islands of Proceda and Ischia, with their volcanic peaks, their declivities yellow with vines, and whitened with villas, shutting in the immense bay like gigantic moles thrown out by the Deity himself at the mouth of that glorious harbour. I do not see any thing here which can vie with that scene, and which has made an indelible impression upon my mind. I am sailing, it is true, upon a smooth and beautiful sea, but its shores are flat or rising in monotonous and rounded hills. The snows of Olympus of Thrace, which give a whiteness, it is true to the horizon, appear as nothing more than a white cloud in the sky, and are far too distant to impart sublimity to the landscape. The prospect at the further end of the gulf offers only similarly rounded hills of the same level without rocks, creeks or slopes, and Constantinople, to which the pilot pointed

with his finger, appears nothing more than a circumscribed white city, situate on a large mound on the coast of Europe. Was it worth the pains to come thus far for the sake of a disappointment? I had no desire to continue to look at it, nevertheless the endless tackings of the vessel brought us insensibly nearer to it. We skirted the castle of the Seven Towers, an immense mass of the severe and rude style of building of the middle age, which flanks towards the sea the angle of the Grecian walls of ancient Byzantium, and we came to an anchor under the houses of Stamboul in the sea of Marmara, in the midst of a crowd of ships and barks, which like ourselves were detained by the violence of the north wind.

It was five o'clock in the evening, the sky was serene and the sun brilliant. I began to recover from my contempt of Constantinople; the enclosing walls of this part of the city, picturesquely built of the fragments of ancient walls, and surmounted with gardens, kiosks, and small wooden houses painted red, formed the foreground of the picture; beyond, the terraces of innumerable houses, rose pyramidally, stage by stage, interspersed with tops of orange trees, and the sharp and black points of the cypresses. Still higher up seven or eight great mosques crowned the hill, and flanked by their lightly sculptured minarets, with their Moorish colonnades, projected towards the sky their gilded domes, which blazed with the reflection of the sun; the walls of these mosques painted light blue; and the leaden roofs of the cupolas which surround them, give them the appearance and the transparent varnish of porcelain monuments. The secular cypresses accompanied these domes with their stationary and gloomy tops and the paintings of the houses of the city of different colours, made the whole of the vast hill shine with all the colours of a garden of flowers. Not a sound issued from the streets; not a lattice work of any of the windows was open; not a single motion betrayed the residence of immense numbers of men; every thing appeared to be asleep under the intense heat of the day; the bay alone, furrowed in every sense by

sails of every form and size, gave the only signs of life. We saw every moment vessels in full sail clearing the Golden Horn, (the entrance of the Bosphorus) which passed close by us in directing their course to the Dardanelles, but we could not perceive the entrance of the Bosphorus, nor even make out its position. We dined on deck, with this magical spectacle stretched out before us. Some Turkish caiques came on board to examine us, and to bring us some provisions. We were informed by the boatmen that the plague had almost wholly disappeared. I despatched my letters to the city, and at seven o'clock, M. Turgui, consul of Sardinia, accompanied by the officers of the legation, paid us a visit, and invited us to take up our abode in his house at Pera, as there was no possibility of obtaining lodgings in the city, on account of the recent conflagration. The obliging cordiality of M. Turgui, and the attraction which we experienced in his general manner, induced us to accept his invitation. The contrary wind still prevailing, the brigs could not raise their anchor that evening; we therefore slept on board.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

May 20th, 1833.

By five o'clock, I was on deck, and the captain ordered a boat to be lowered. I descended with him, and we made for the mouth of the Bosphorus, coasting along the walls of Constantinople which are washed by the sea. After a sail of about half an hour through a multitude of vessels at anchor, we arrived at the walls of the seraglio, which are a continuation of those of the city, and form at the extremity of the hill on which Stamboul is situated, the angle which separates the sea of Marmara from the channel of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, or the great interior harbour of Constantinople. It is there that God and man, nature and art have placed or created in concert the most wonderful prospect that the human eye can contemplate upon earth. I uttered an involuntary cry, and I forgot for ever the bay of Naples, and all its enchanting scenes; to compare any thing with this

magnificent and glorious scene, would be an abuse of nature.

The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the grand seraglio, were at a short distance from us on our left, separated from the sea by a narrow flagged pathway, continually washed by the water, and where the perpetual current of the Bosphorus forms small blue and murmuring waves like the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. These terraces which rise in insensible slopes to the palace of the sultan, the gilded domes of which are visible through the gigantic tops of the plantains and cypresses, are themselves planted with enormous cypresses and plantains, the trunk of which tower above the walls, and the branches stretching beyond the boundaries of the gardens, hang over the sea in thick canopies of foliage, and afford a delightful shade to the caiques or Turkish boats. The rowers stop at times under their shade, and at intervals, these group of trees are interrupted by palaces, pavilions, and kiosks; sculptured and gilded doors opening upon the sea, or batteries of brass and bronze guns of the most grotesque and ancient forms. The latticed windows of these maritime palaces, which form a part of the seraglio, open on the water, and through the Venetian blinds, we can see the lustres and the gilding of the ceiling of the apartments. At every step also, some elegant Moorish fountain encrusted in the walls of the seraglio, falls from the top of the gardens, and murmurs in marble conchs, from which the passengers can quench their thirst. A few Turkish soldiers appear reclining near these fountains whilst one of the greatest nuisances of Constantinople, the dogs, which have no master, are seen prowling in quest of their food along the quay, whilst others are sleeping in the cannon's mouth of an enormous calibre.

As the boat advanced along these walls the prospect before us became more expanded; we approached nearer to the coasts of Asia, and the opening of the Bosphorus began to distinguish itself between a line of hills of a sombre green, and the opposite hills, which appeared to be variegated with all the colours of the rainbow. Here we again rested; the

smiling coast of Asia only about a mile distant was on our right, its broad and lofty hills standing forward in relief crowned with black forests of sharp pointed trees. The fields were lined with trees and studded with houses, painted red, and the edges of the perpendicular rocks carpeted with green plants and sycamores, the branches of which dip into the water. At a greater distance, the hills were still more lofty, and then declined in green slopes, until they formed a large advanced cape, bearing on its brow, the populous town of Scutari, with its white barracks, resembling a royal castle, its mosques with their glittering minarets; its quays and its creeks lined houses, bazaars and caiques under the shade of trellices of palm trees: and in the back ground, its dark and sombre forest of cypress trees, through the branches of which shone with melancholy splendour, the innumerable white monuments of the Turkish cemeteries. Beyond the promontory, of Scutari terminated by a small island called the *maiden's tomb*, the Bosphorus, like a confined river opens about half way, and appears to escape between dark and rocky mountains, of which the multiform angles, projecting or receding, the ravines and forests of one coast appear to those of another, and at the foot of which is discovered in the distant perspective an uninterrupted chain of villages; fleets at anchor or under sail; small harbours shaded with trees, scattered houses and spacious palaces, with their rose gardens stretching down to the sea.

A few more strokes of the rowers brought us in front of and at the exact point of the Golden Horn, where the eye revels at the same time over the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmara, and finally the whole of the harbour, or more properly speaking the interior sea of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmara, the coasts of Asia and the Bosphorus, to contemplate with one look, the basin itself of the Golden Horn and the seven cities suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which unites the whole in one unique and incomparable city; at once a city and the country, sea, harbour, riverbanks, gardens, wooded

mountains, profound valleys, multitude of houses, swarms of vessels and streets; tranquil lakes and enchanting solitudes, —the whole forming a view which no pencil could delineate but in detail, and where with every stroke of the oar, the eye rests upon some new prospect, and impression in contrast with the former.

We made sail for the hills of Galatea and Pera; the seraglio gradually receded from us, and grew larger as it receded, in proportion that the eye embraced a fuller scope of the vast circumference of its walls, and the multitude of its declivities, of its trees, its kiosks and its palaces. Its site alone would suffice for the situation of a large city. The harbour opened itself more and more before us, winding like a canal between the sides of the hanging mountains. This harbour resembles no other one; it is rather a large river, like the Thames, enclosed between two sides of hills studded with towers, and covered on each of its banks with an interminable fleet of vessels grouped together at anchor in front of the houses.

We sailed through this immense multitude of vessels, some at anchor, others under sail, bending their way towards the Bosphorus, the Black Sea or the Sea of Marmara, comprising vessels of all forms and magnitudes, and of all flags, from the Arab bark, the prow of which projects out and rises like the beak of the ancient galleys to the three decked ship with its walls of bristling cannon. Swarms of Turkish caiques, impelled by one or two rowers in silken sleeves, and small boats, which answer the purpose of carriages in the maritime streets of this amphibious city, threaded their course between those grand masses, crossing each other, and coming into contact without being capsized, and elbowing each other like the crowd in the public squares, whilst clouds of albatrosses similar to beautiful white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, in order to station themselves at a greater distance, and to be cradled by the waves. I will not attempt to describe the number of ships, vessels, brigs, sloops and boats, which which were either stationary or under sail in the waters of Constantinople from the mouth of the Bosphorus and the

point of the seraglio to the suburbs of Eyoub, and the delicious valleys of the sweet waters. The Thames at London cannot be compared to it. It may be sufficient to say, that independently of the Turkish fleet, and the European vessels of war at anchor in the middle of the channel, the two shores of the Golden Horn are lined with ships, two or three deep on each side and about a league in extent on both sides. We had but a slight view of those extended files of prows, looking over to the sea to the end of the bay, and our eye was lost at the bottom of the bay, which was contracted as it extended inwards towards the land by an actual forest of masts.

We landed at the foot of the town of Pera, not far from a magnificent barrack of artillery men, the covered terraces of which were piled with ordnance carriages and cannons. A beautiful Moorish fountain, erected in the form of an indian pagoda, and the marble of which sculptured and painted with brilliant colours stood out in relief, like lace upon a dress of silk, poured forth its waters over a small quadrangle crowded with pyramids of cannon balls, bales of merchandize, horses, dogs without owners, and Turks seated on the ground, smoking in the shade. The rowers of the caiques were seated in great numbers on the banks of the quay, waiting for their masters, or plying for hire. They are a handsome race of men, whose costume adds considerably to the beauty of their form. They wear white trowsers, in folds as large as those of a petticoat, and fastened round the waist by a sash of crimson silk. A small Greek cap of red worsted, with a long silk tassel at the top hanging down behind the head: and a loose shirt of raw silk, with large hanging sleeves, which covers their shoulders and arms, leaving the neck and breast bare. Their caiques are narrow canoes twenty or thirty feet long by two or three feet wide, made of walnut wood, polished and shining as mahogany: the prow is as pointed as the head of a lance, and cuts the sea like a knife. The narrow shape of these caiques renders them dangerous and incommodious for the Francs, who are not accustomed to them: they are overturned at the slightest oscillation, which a clumsy person

may give to them. It is necessary to lie down in the Turkish fashion at the bottom of the caiques, and to be careful that the weight of the body is equally divided between the two sides of the boat. They are of a different size, so as to contain from one to four or eight persons, but all of them have the same form. The number of them at Constantinople amount to several thousands, and independently of those, which like the hackney coaches, are at all hours at the service of the public; every individual in the city who is in easy circumstances has one for his own immediate use, the rowers being his own servants. Every man who travels about the city on his commercial pursuits, is obliged during the day to cross the sea several times.

On egressing from this small square, we entered the dirty and populous streets of a bazaar in Pera. In point of costume, they exhibit nearly the same appearance, as the environs of the markets of our cities. Wooden stalls in which confectionary and other viands are dressed for the people; barber's shops, venders of tobacco, dealers in vegetables and fruits; a busy and active crowd in the streets: all the costumes and all the languages of the East striking the eye and ear, and above all, the barking of the numerous dogs, which fill the squares and the bazaars and quarrelling about the bones, which are thrown into the streets. From thence we entered a long lonely and narrow street, which rises in a steep slope over the hill of Pera. The grated windows allow nothing to be seen of the interior of the Turkish houses, which generally appear poor and deserted. At intervals the green arrowy head of a cypress projects from an enclosure of great and dilapidated walls, and raises its immovable head into a transparent sky. Blue and white pigeons are scattered on the window sills and the roofs of the houses, and fill the silent streets with melancholy cooings. At the top of these streets, extends the beautiful quarter of Pera, inhabited by Europeans, the ambassadors and the consuls. It is a place in every respect resembling a small poor village of our provinces. There were formerly some beautiful palaces of the ambassadors scattered on the

sloping terraces of Pera, but they now only exhibit a number of columns recumbent on the ground: the sides of blackened walls, and demolished gardens: the flames of the conflagration have destroyed every thing. Pera has neither character, originality nor beauty: from its streets neither the sea nor the hills, nor the gardens of Constantinople are to be seen. In order to enjoy the magnificence of the view with which nature and man have conspired to endow it, we must ascend the roofs of its houses.

We were received by M. Truqui, as if we belonged to his family: his house is large, elegant, and beautifully situated: he has placed it entirely at our disposal. The richest furniture; the most luxurious fare of Europe; the most affectionate attentions of friendship, the most courteous and affable society in his own person, and those around him, are to us, delightful substitutes, for the carpet or the mat of the desert; the pilau of the Arabian: or the severity and privations of a maritime life. I had scarcely taken up my abode with him, than I received a letter from Admiral Roussen, ambassador of France at Constantinople, who was so kind as to offer us a residence at his house at Therapia. These pleasing instances of interest and complaisance, received from our stranger compatriots at a distance of a thousand leagues from our fatherland, in isolation and misfortune, impress their traces deeply on the remembrance of the traveller.

21st, 22nd, 23rd, May, 1833.

We were busily employed in the unlading of the two brigs; after which we enjoyed the comfort of repose, receiving visits from the principal merchants of Pera. We passed our time chiefly in the delightful privacy of M. Truqui and his intimate friends. We rode through the chief part of Constantinople, making a general inspection of the town. We afterwards paid a visit to the ambassador at Therapia.

23rd May, 1833.

When one has suddenly quitted the changing and tempestuous scene of the ocean, the dark and moving cabin of a brig,

the fatiguing and wearisome rolling of the waves, and we feel ourselves standing firmly on a friendly land, surrounded by men, books, and all the amenities and luxuries of social life; when we see a campaign country stretched out before us; woods in which to roam; a whole terrestrial existence to be, as it were, begun again, after a long desuetude; in such enjoyments, we feel an instinctive and an entirely physical pleasure, with which we never can become fatigued. A land whatever it may be, however savage, even at the greatest distance, is like our fatherland, which we have found again. I have experienced this feeling a hundred times on disembarking, even for a few hours, on an unknown and desert coast. A rock that protects you from the wind, a tree which shelters you with its trunk or its branches; a ray of the sun which warms the land on which you are seated: a few lizards that crawl between the stones, the insects which fly about you; a timid bird which approaches you, uttering a cry of alarm; all these things which are trifles for a man who lives on land, are a little world for the tired navigator who is released from the waters. But the brig is there, which is riding in the bay upon a surgy sea, on which we must soon go on board again. The sailors are on the yards, busy in drying, or adjusting the great sails which have beeen split: the boat which rises and disappears amongst the foaming breakers formed by the waves, is incessantly passing and re-passing from the vessel to the shore, carrying provisions and fresh water: the cabin boys are washing their shirts of checked linen, and hanging them to dry on the mastick trees on shore. The captain is studying the weather, and waiting for a change of wind, that he may summon his passengers on board by the firing of a gun, to their life of misery, of darkness, and of motion. Although we are all anxious to arrive at the end of our voyage, we secretly offer up our wishes that the contrary wind may not so soon change, in order that we should by necessity, be forced to enjoy for another day that great delight, which a man experiences on land. We contract a friendship for the coast, with the little plot of turf or shrubs which extends between the sea

and the rocks: with the hidden spring under the roots of an old green oak, with the lichens with its little wild flowers, which the wind carries incessantly between the crevices of the rocks, and which we shall never see again. When the cannon of recall sounds from the ship, when the signal flag is hoisted at the mast-head, and the boat is lowered to fetch us on board, we might almost be tempted to regret leaving this nameless corner of the world, with which we are wholly strangers, except that we have reposed our limbs upon it for a few hours. I have often experienced this love of man for a shelter, whatever it may be on any shore, however solitary, unknown or deserted it may shew itself.

But here I experience two contrary emotions, the one sweet, the other painful. In the first place, the pleasure which I have just described, of having a firm footing on shore; a bed from which one cannot be thrown; a floor which does not throw you incessantly from one side to the other, the pleasure of walking straight before you; large windows, which can be open or shut at pleasure, without fear of being drowned with the foam; the delight of hearing the wind playing amongst the curtains, without making the house rock, or the sails to rustle, or the masts to tremble, or the sailors hurrying on deck with their heavy footsteps; to which may be added, the friendly communication with Europe, with travellers, with merchants, with newspapers and books, and every thing which places man in a communion of idea and life with man; that participation of a general movement of events and ideas, of which we have been for so long a time deprived, and more than all besides, the warm, attentive, and cordial hospitality, and I will go further and say, the friendship of our excellent host, M. Truqui, who appears as happy in overwhelming us with his kindness, with his anticipations, with all the comforts he can procure for us, as we are ourselves happy in receiving them. He is a rare and excellent man, whose parallel I have not met with twice during my long life of a traveller. His memory will be pleasant to me, as often as I call to my remembrance these years of my pilgrimage, and my thoughts will

always follow him to those coasts of Asia or Africa, where his destiny condemns him to finish his days.

But when we have enjoyed those first delights of a return to land, we are often tempted to regret the uncertainty and the perpetual agitation of a life on board a vessel. There, at any rate, the mind has not leisure to retire within itself, and to fathom the abysses of sorrow which death has made in our hearts. Grief, indeed is always there existing, but it is every moment assuaged by some thought, which prevents its weight from crushing us. The noise, the continual motion, which is around you: the ever-varying aspect of the ship's deck and the sea; the waves which either swell, or subside; the wind which turns, or rises or falls, the sails which are set and reset twenty times a day; the sight of the manœuvres in which we are ourselves obliged to assist in heavy weather; the thousand accidents of a day and night of storm: the rolling of the vessel, the furling of the sails, the shattered furniture rolling about between decks; the heavy and irregular knocks of the sea against the fragile sides of the cabin in which an attempt is made to sleep; the quick paces of the men on the quarter deck, running from starboard to larboard over our head: the plaintive cries of the fowls, which are almost drowned by the foam in their coops fixed at the bottom of the masts: the crowing of the cocks at the break of day, on the close of a night of darkness and of squalls, the whistling of the cord of the log, which is thrown over board to determine our progress; the strange unknown, picturesque, wild or beautiful view of a coast, which we did not expect to see on the preceding night, and along which we coast at day-break, measuring the height of the mountains, or pointing out with the finger its towns and villages, shining like mounds of snow amidst the groups of firs; all these things affect the mind more or less, assuage the heart a little; and allow sorrow to evaporate as long as the voyage lasts. But all that grief falls with its full weight upon the soul, as soon as we set our foot on shore, and sleep, in a tranquil bed restores man to the intensity of his feelings. The heart, which is no

longer distracted by any exterior circumstances, returns to itself amidst these mutilated feelings its desponding thoughts, its black and disheartening futurity. We are unable to conceive how a return to an old mode of life, a life of monotony, and the same life of cities and society, is to be endured. This is what I experience to the extent of wishing at present for an eternal navigation, a voyage without an end, with all its chances and distractions, even the most painful. Alas! such are the thoughts which I read in the eyes of my wife, much more than in my own heart. The sufferings of a man are nothing in comparison with those of a woman, or a mother: a woman lives and dies from a single thought, from a single sentiment. Life for a woman is a thing of which she is in possession. A man lives through all things, good or evil, God kills him not with a single blow.

24th May, 1833.

I am surrounded by journals and pamphlets recently arrived from Europe for which I am indebted to the civility and politeness of the ambassadors of France and Austria. After having perused them the whole of the day. I am confirmed in the ideas, which I brought with me from Europe. I perceive that events proceed exactly in the direction of the political predictions which historical and political analogy allows to be assigned to the track of things in this glorious age. France which was in a state of agitation, has become calm. Europe restless but alarmed, looks on with hatred and jealousy, but dare not interfere. It feels by instinct, and that instinct is prophetic, that in the act of moving she would perhaps lose her equilibrium. I had never any idea of a war in consequence of the revolution of July. France must have been under the influence of insane counsels to become the aggressor and France, not acting upon the offensive, Europe could not thoughtlessly run into a revolutionary furnace, in which she would be consumed, even in her efforts to extinguish the fire. The government of France well deserves the thanks of France and of Europe for the single act of having after the three days re-

strained the blind and impatient ardour of the warlike spirit then existing in France. Europe and France would be equally losers. We had neither armies, nor public spirit, for none can exist without unanimity. A foreign war would have been immediately followed by a civil war, in the south and west of France, and by a general persecution and spoliation. No government could exist in Paris under a revolutionary emotion in the centre of the country, whilst the fragments of armies raised on a sudden by a patriotism without a guide and without a rein, would have been destroyed on our eastern frontiers; the south as far as Lyons would have hoisted the white flag; the west as far as the Loire would have re-established the vendean guerillas; the manufacturing population of Lyons, Rouen, and of Paris, exasperated by the misery in which the cessation of labours had plunged them, would have rushed to the centre, and poured in undisciplined hordes upon Paris and the frontier, choosing for themselves inexperienced commanders for the day, and imposing their caprices as the plan of a campaign. Property, commerce, industry, credit, every thing would have perished at the same moment. Violence must have been used in order to collect taxes or to raise loans. The gold concealed, and credit dead, despair would have led to resistance, and resistance to plunder, assassination and popular vengeance. Once, having entered the path of blood, there would have been no escape from it, but the consequence would have been anarchy, despotism or a total dismemberment of the kingdom. But all this would have been still more complicated from the unexpected and spontaneous insurrections of other parts of Europe. Spain, Italy, Poland, the banks of the Rhine, Belgium, all would have burst out into a flame at once, or one after the other. The whole of Europe would have been involved in a fluctuation of insurrections and oppressions, which every instant would have changed the face of things. We should have entered, ill prepared into another thirty years war. The genius of civilization however, would, not permit it. That which ought to have been, has been. People nor

nations do not fight until they have prepared themselves for the battle, until they have acquired some knowledge of their power, until they have been numbered, passed in review and ranged in order of battle. The struggle then would be regularly conducted, and the result would be certain and foreseen. It would be no longer a battle in the dark.

We discern things better at a distance, because the eye is not obstructed by the details, and the objects present themselves in their most principal points of view. Hence it is, that the prophets and the oracles of old lived alone and at a distance from the world. They were the sages, studying the things in the aggregate, and whose judgment was not disturbed by the petty passions of the day. It is necessary that the politician should frequently withdraw himself from the theatre, in which the drama of his time is enacted, and that he should foresee its catastrophe. To predict is impossible, for predictions belong alone to God, but to foresee is possible, for foresight belongs to man.

I often ask myself what will be the result of that grand movement of the minds and the events, which, emanating from France, agitate the world and draws every thing willingly or otherwise within its vortex. I belong not to that class, who see in that movement nothing but the movement itself, that is to say, the tumult and the disorder of ideas; who believe the moral and political world to be in those final convulsions, which are followed by death and decomposition. There is evidently a double motion of decomposition, and organization at the same time. The creative spirit is at work in proportion, that the destructive spirit destroys. One faith supersedes another; one form is substituted for another form. Where-ever the past crumbles to pieces, the future is all prepared to appear behind the ruins. The transition is slow and rude, as every transition is, in which the passions or the interests of men have to fight in their progress, or in which the social classes or the different countries march with an unequal pace; in which some will obstinately go back, whilst the general mass advances. There confusion, dust,

ruins, darkness prevail for the moment, but from time to time also, the wind disperses that cloud of dust, which conceals both the track and the end, and those who stand on the eminence distinguish the march of events, recognise the promise of futurity, and perceive the earliest dawning of a day, which is to enlighten a vast horizon. I hear it incessantly said around me, and even here, "Men have no longer any faith, every thing is sacrificed to individual reason, there is no longer any faith in anything, neither in religion, nor in politics, nor in sociability. There is only one method of saving the people, and that is, to restore to them their faith. Restore to them to their faith, resuscitate the dead popular dogmas in the conscience of the people, restore what time has destroyed—all is the language of insanity: it is an attempt to contend against nature and against the spirit of things; it is proceeding in a direct opposition to providence, and those acts by which its immediate course is known. We can only arrive at a particular aim, but by proceeding in the direction, in which God conducts events, circumstances and ideas: the course of time has never a retrogade motion: it may be directed, and the world may be directed in its all powerful and resistless current; it can neither be arrested, nor can its onward course be altered.

But is it then a truth that there is no longer any light in the intelligence of man, nor a common belief in the mind of the people, nor an intimate nor a significant faith in the conscience of the human race? It is a word to which a certain degree of faith is paid, without the signification of it being properly determined. It has has indeed no signification. If the world had no longer either faith or belief, or even an idea in common, it would no longer be subject to the agitation which now distinguishes it. Nothing can come from nothing. *Mens agitat molem.* There is on the contrary, a strong conviction, a fanatical faith, a confused, but indefinite hope, an ardent love, a common, but not well digested symbol, which pushes, presses, moves, attracts, condenses, which forces all the talents, all the consciences, all the moral strength of this

particular period, to gravitate towards a common centre. These revolutions, these shocks, these downfalls of long established empires; these gigantic and repeated movements of all the members of ancient Europe, with their reverberations in America and Asia; this unreflecting and irresistible impulse, which in defiance of individual will, is the cause of so much agitation and unanimity amongst and upon the collected strength of nations; all this is not an effect without a cause; all this has a meaning, a deep and concealed meaning, but at the same time a meaning clear and evident to the eye of the philosopher. This sense or meaning is exactly that which you complain of having lost, and the existence of which you deny in the present state of the world. It is an idea in common; it is a social law; it is a truth, which having involuntarily entered into all minds, and even without their knowledge into the mind of the people at large, labours to exhibit itself in facts with the force of divine truth, that is with an invincible force. This faith is universal reason; speech is its organ; the press is its apostle; it extends itself over the world with the infallibility and the intensity of a new religion; it is its desire to remodel after its own image, religion, civilization, society, legislation, imperfect or degenerated by the errors and ignorance of the dark ages through which they have passed; it would make religion to consist in one perfect God as a dogma, eternal morality as a symbol; adoration and charity as the object of worship; in politics; human nature above nationalities; in legislation, the equality of man, man the brother of man; society like a fraternal exchange of reciprocal duties and services, regulated and guaranteed by the law—in fine, a legislated christianity.

It is the will of universal reason that it should be so. Let it then no more be said that there is no common faith, no common object in the men of the present times. Since the birth of christianity, the world has never seen the accomplishment of so great a work by such feeble means. One cross and one press, these are the two instruments of two of the greatest civilizing movements of the world.

May 25th.

This evening, during a splendid moonlight, which spread itself over the Sea of Marmora, aud even to the violet coloured lines of the snow-capped Olympus, I seated myself alone under the cypresses of the steps leading to the sanctuary of the dead. These cypresses which shade the numberless tombs of the Mussulmans, and which incline from the heights of Para to the sea shore, are intersected with several paths more or less steep, which lead from the port of Constantinople to the mosque of the dancing dervishes. At that hour no one was travelling on the paths, and a person might have imagined himself a hundred miles from a great city, but that the thousand sounds of the evening wafted by the breeze, played for a moment and were then lost amongst the trembling branches of the cypresses. These sounds were the songs of the sailors on board the ships, the splashing of the oars of the caiques in the water, the wild music of the Belgarians, the drums in the barracks and the arsenals, the voices of the women singing within their grated windows to lull their children to sleep, and the buzz of the populous streets and bazaars of Galata. From time to time the cry of the Muetzlins from the tops of the minarets, or the evening gun fired by the fleet lying at anchor at the entrance of the Bosphorus, were reverberated by the sonorous mosques and the hills, and then died away, in the basin of the Golden Horn, or amongst the peaceful willows overhanging the fresh waters of Europe. All these various sounds were blended at intervals into one dead and confused hum, and formed like an harmonious music or human sounds, the stifled respiration of a great city wrapt in sleep, mingling themselves without one being able to distinguish them, with the sounds of nature, the distant roar of the waves, and the gusts of wind which bent the pointed tops of the cypresses. This was one of the grandest and most infinite impressions, that a poetical mind is able to support. All seemed in unison, man and

God; nature and society; the internal agitation and the melancholy repose of the mind. It is very difficult to say whether the mind participates the most in the great movement of animated beings, whose varied feelings are expressed in the tumult of upraised voices, or in the nocturnal peace of the element, which elevates the soul above cities and empires, in the sympathy of God and nature.

The seraglio, a vast peninsula, black with its plantains and cypresses, stretches itself like a cape of forests between the two seas, which extend themselves before my eyes. The pale light of the moon threw its silvery shadows on the numerous kiosks, and the ancient walls of the palace of Amurath projected like a rock from the dark green of the plantains. I had under my eyes and in my mind all the scenes and all the sinister or glorious dramas which have been enacted during so many ages. All those dramas appeared before me, with their characters and their traces of blood and glory.

I beheld a horde emerging from the Caucasus, impelled by that instinct of emigration, with which God has endowed a victorious people, in the same manner as he has given it to the bees, which sally forth from the trunk of a tree to form elsewhere their new colonies. The grand patriarchal figure of Othman in the midst of his tents and his flocks, scattering his people over Asia Minor, then advancing successively as far as Brussa, and expiring in the arms of his sons, who had become his lieutenants, and saying to Orchan,

"I die without regret since I leave such a successor as you. Go and propagate the divine law, the mind of God, which came to seek us from Mecca to the Caucasus. Be like that law, charitable and indulgent; it is by these means that princes draw down upon their subjects the benediction of Heaven. Do not leave my body in this land, which is to us as a path, but deposit my mortal remains in Constantinople, in the place which I have pointed out in my dying hour."

Some years later, Orchan, the son of Othman was encamped at Scutari on the same hills, which now cast their black shadows on the cypress woods. The Greek emperor

Cantacuzene, impelled by necessity, gave him his beautiful daughter, Theodora, as his fifth wife in his seraglio. The young princess amidst the sound of music crossed that arm of the sea, on which I now behold the Russian vessels riding at anchor, and went like a victim, to immolate herself, though in vain for the purpose of prolonging for a few days the existence of the empire. The sons of Orchan soon approached the shore, followed by a few valiant soldiers; in one night they constructed three rafts, supported by bladders filled with air, and favoured by darkness they crossed the strait. The Greek sentinels were asleep. A young peasant going to work at break of day met with the Ottomans who had lost their way, and showed them the entrance of a subterraneous passage, leading to the interior of the castle, by which the Turks obtained a footing and a fortress in Europe.

In the fourth reign after this, Mahomet II. gave the following answer to the Greek ambassadors. "I undertake no enterprise against you, the empire of Constantinople is bounded by its walls;" but Constantinople thus bounded prevented the sultan from sleeping. He sent for his vizir and said, "I must have Constantinople. I cannot sleep on this pillow. God is disposed to give me the Romans. In his brutal impatience, he dashed with his horse into the waves of the sea, and was nearly drowned. On the day of the last assault he said to his soldiers, "I reserve to myself only the city; the women and the gold are yours, and I give the government of my largest province to him who shall first mount the ramparts. During the whole of the night, the land and the waters were illumined by innumerable fires; the morning which was to consign to the Ottomans their prey seemed to approach.

In the mean time the brave and unfortunate Constantine repaired on the last night of his life to the sombre cupola of St. Sophia to offer up his prayers to the god of the empire. At sun-rise, he mounted his horse, and amidst the cries and lamentations of his family, he departed to die the death of the

hero in the breach of his capital. This took place on the 29th May 1453.

A few hours afterwards, the gates of St. Sophia were broken by the axes of the besiegers. Old men, women, young girls, monks and nuns had thronged to the sacred edifice; the porch, galleries, vaults, domes and platforms of which were sufficient to contain the population of the whole city. A last cry was raised to Heaven, like the voice of expiring christianity; in a few moments, sixty thousand old men, women and children, without distinction of rank, age, or sex were bound two by two, the men with cords, the women with their veils or their girdles. These slaves in couples were driven on board the vessels, carried to the Ottoman camp, where they were insulted, exchanged, sold and bartered for like so many herd of cattle. Never were such lamentations heard on the shores of Asia and Europe; the women were separated for ever from their husbands; the children from their mothers, and the Turks drove by different roads their living booty from Constantinople into the interior. Constantinople was given up to pillage for eight hours, and then Mahomet II. entered by the St. Roman Gate, surrounded by his vizir, pachas, and his body guard. He dismounted at the portico of St. Sophia, and struck with his yatagan a soldier, who was breaking the altars. He ordered that nothing should be destroyed. He transformed the church into a mosque, and a muetzlin mounted for the first time to that tower, from which I now hear him summoning the Mussulmans to prayers, and to worship under another form the same god, who was worshipped there the day before. From thence Mahomet proceeded to the palace, deserted by the Greek Emperors, and as he entered, he repeated this Persian verse.

"The spider weaves its web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl sings her night song on the towers of Erasiab."

On the same day, Constantine's body was found amongst the heaps of the dead. Some Janissaries had heard a Greek, splendidly attired, and struggling in the agonies of

death cry out, "can no christian be found to put an end to my life? They severed his head from his body. Two eagles embroidered in gold on his sandles, and the tears of a few faithful Greeks left no doubt that the unknown soldier was the brave and unfortunate Constantine. His head was exposed to the public gaze, in order to prevent his conquered countrymen from cherishing any hope of his being alive, or that he would ever appear again amongst them. He was then buried with all the honours due to royalty, heroism and death.

Mahomet did not abuse his victory. The religious toleration of the Turks displayed itself in the first act of his reign. He suffered the christians to retain their churches, and to enjoy the freedom of public worship. He maintained the Greek patriarch in all his functions. Seated on his throne, he placed with his own hands the crosier and the pastoral staff in the hand of the monk Gennadius, and presented him with a horse richly caparisoned. The fugitive Greeks took refuge in Italy, and carried thither their taste for theological disputations, philosophy and literature. The torch which had been extinguished at Constantinople, was rekindled in Florence and Rome during thirty years of a reign, which was one uninterrupted series of conquests. Mahomet II. added two hundred towns and twelve kingdoms to the empire. He died in the midst of his triumphs, and received the surname of Mahomet the Great. His memory still lives in the last years of the people whom he drove into Europe, and who will soon carry his tomb into Asia. This renowned prince had the complexion of a Tartar, a smooth countenance, sunken eyes, with a profound, penetrating expression. He was in possession of all the virtues and all the vices, which policy demanded of him.

Bajazet II. the Louis XI of the Ottomans, cast his sons into the sea, and he himself driven from the throne by Selim, fled with his wives and his treasures, and died of poison, administered by his son. This Selim, in answer to the question of his vizir, where he would have his tents pitched,

ordered him to be strangled. The successor to the vizir put the same question and met the same fate. A third, without putting any question, pitched the tents towards all the four quarters of the world, and when Selim asked where his camp was, the vizir replier "Everywhere, your soldiers will follow you to whatsoever side you may turn your arms." "Good," said the terrific sultan, "it is so I like to be served." This was the prince who conquered Egypt, and who, mounted on a magnificent throne, raised on the banks of the Nile, ordered the whole race of the oppressors of that fine country to be brought before him, and ordered twenty thousand Mamelukes to be massacred in his presence. Their bodies were thrown into the river. All this was accomplished without any actual cruel disposition, but in pursuance of that fatalism, which makes a man place faith in his mission, and who, to fulfil the will of God, of whom he feels himself to be the instrument, looks upon the world as his conquest, and men as dust beneath his feet. The same hand, stained with the blood of so many thousands of men, wrote some verses, full of resignation, sweetness and philosophy. The piece of white marble is still in existence on which he wrote the following sentences.

"Every thing proceeds from God, he bestows upon us whatever he will according to his pleasure, and refuses what we demand of him. If any one in the world were able to accomplish any thing by his own powers, he would be equal to God himself"

Lower down are the following words.

"Selim, the servant of the poor, composed and wrote these verses. As the Conqueror of Persia, he died whilst giving his orders to his vizir to make pious restitutions to those Persian families, who had been ruined by the war." His tomb is placed contiguous to that of Mahomet II with this haughty epitaph.

"On this day Selim passed to the eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Soliman."

I distinguish from hence shining between the domes of

the mosques, the resplendent cupola of the mosque of Soliman, one of the most magnificent of Constantinople. This mosque is an affecting testimonial of the grief of Soliman for the death of his eldest son Mahomet, whose mother was the celebrated Roxalana. In honour of the memory of his son, Soliman released a number of slaves of both sexes, and thus associated their sympathy with his grief.

In a short time afterwards the environs of this same mosque became the scene of a terrible drama. Soliman being excited by Roxalana against Mustapha, one of his sons, by another wife, sent for the mufti and thus addressed him. What punishment does Zair deserve, the slave of a merchant of this city, who during his travels confided to him his wife, his children and his treasures? Zair has brought the affairs of his master into disorder; he has attempted to seduce his wife, and laid some dangerous snares for his children. What punishment then does the slave Zair deserve?

"The slave Zair deserves death," wrote the mufti, "God is greatest and the best," Soliman, strengthened by this answer, ordered Mustapha into his camp. He arrived, accompanied by Zeangir, a son of Roxalana, who, however, so far from sharing the hatred of his mother for Mustapha, entertained the sincerest affection for his brother. On arriving before the tent of Soliman, Mustapha was disarmed. He advanced alone within the first line, in which solitude and silence prevailed. Four mutes rushed upon the young prince and endeavoured to strangle him. He, however, overcame them, and was on the point of escaping and calling to his aid the troops, who were much attached to him, when Soliman himself, who had watched in secret the contest of his son with the mutes, raised one of the corners of his tent, and cast upon the mutes a look, full of fury and indignation. The mutes then recovered themselves, rose and eventually succeeded in strangling the prince. The body was exposed on a carpet before the tent of the sultan. Zeangir died of grief on the body of his brother, and the troops regarded with horror the implacable vengeance of a woman, to whose will

the unfortunate Soliman was a complete slave. Mustapha had a son ten years of age, and Roxalana prevailed on Soliman to grant an order for his death. A secret envoy was despatched to elude the vigilance of the mother of the child. A pretext was devised for conveying him to a country house at a little distance from Brussa. The young sultan, on horse-back went before the princess, his mother, who was borne on a litter. It happened, however, that the litter broke down, and the prince proceeded on his journey, attended only by the eunuch, who was to execute the secret order for his death. He had no sooner reached the house, than the eunuch stopped him on the threshold of the door, and presented to him the bowstring, saying, "It is the command of the sultan that you shall instantly die." "This command," answered the youth, "I consider to be as sacred to me as the mandate of God," and accordingly he presented his head to the executioner. On the arrival of the mother, she found the palpitating body of her son lying at the threshold of the door. The infatuated passion which Soliman entertained for Roxalana was the cause of a greater number of crimes being committed in the seraglio, than were ever witnessed in the palace of the Argos.

The Seven Towers recall to my recollection the death of the first sultan, who was assassinated by the janissaries. Othman was allured by them into the castle, and perished two days afterwards by the hand of the vizir Daoud. In a short time afterwards, the vizir himself was conducted to the Seven Towers, where the turban was torn off his head, and he was made to drink of the same fountain, in which the unfortunate Othman had quenched his thirst, and he was strangled in the same chamber, in which he had strangled his master. The aga of the janissaries, one of whose men had struck Othman was broken, and until the time of the abolition of the corps, when an officer, called the sixty-fifth aga, to another officer made the following answer.

"May the voice of that aga perish! may the voice of that aga be annihilated for ever."

The janissaries, repenting of the murder of Othman, deposed Mustapha, and repaired to the seraglio, where on their knees, they demanded a youth of about twelve years of age, to bestow upon him the imperial dignity. Clad in a robe of cloth of gold, with the imperial turban on his head, and seated on a portable throne, the young emperor was carried on the shoulders of four janissary officers and paraded through the city, amidst the acclamations of the people. This prince was Amurath IV, who well deserved the throne to which rebellion and repentance had prematurely raised him.

Here may be said to terminate the glorious days of the Ottoman empire. The law of Soliman, which enacted that the children of the sultans should be kept captives in the seraglio amongst the eunuchs and women, enervated the blood of Othman, and left the empire a prey to the intrigues of the eunuchs and the revolts of the janissaries. At intervals, a few extraordinary characters have appeared, but they have been impotent and ineffective, because they may be said from an early age to have had no will of their own. Whatever may be the opinion held in Europe, it is certain that the empire is dead, and that were even an Amurath to appear again, he could only restore it to that semblance of power, which once made it one of the most formidable empires of the world.

The serag'io, abandoned by Mahmoud, is now nothing but a brilliant tomb. How deeply interesting would its history be, if the walls had tongues to tell it.

One of the most amiable and imposing characters in the mysterious drama of the seraglio is the unfortunate Selim. He was deposed and imprisoned there, because he would not shed the blood of his nephews, and he became the tutor of the present sultan Mahmoud. Selim was a philosopher and a poet. Thus the tutor had been a sovereign, and the pupil was destined to become one. One day, during the captivity of the two princes, Mahmoud, enraged at the negligence of a slave, struck him in the face. "Ah! Mahmoud,"

said Selim, "when you shall have passed through the furnace of the world, you will not suffer your passion thus to obtain the mastery over you. When you shall have suffered as I have suffered, you will know how to compassionate the sufferings of others, even those of a slave."

The fate of Selim was unfortunate to the end. Mustapha Baraictar, one of his most faithful pachas, armed in the support of his cause, arrived at Constantinople, and presented himself at the gates of the seraglio. Sultan Mustapha was at that time voluptuously enjoying himself in one of his kiosks on the Bosphorus. The Bostanji defended the gates. Mustapha repaired to the Seraglio, and whilst Baraictar was forcing the gates with his artillery, and demanding the liberation of his master Selim, the unfortunate prince was pierced by the poniards of the kislar aga and his eunuchs.

Sultan Mustapha ordered that his body should be thrown out to Baraictar, and the latter fell prostrate on the corpse of Selim, and covered it with kisses and tears. A search was made for Mahmoud, who was concealed in the seraglio, and it was feared that Mustapha had shed in him the last drop of the blood of Othman. He was at length discovered, concealed in some rolls of carpet, in an obscure corner of the seraglio. It was his belief that his pursuers sought his life, but on the contrary, they placed him on the throne, and Baraictar did homage before him. The partizans of Mustapha were exposed on the walls and his women were enclosed in sacks and thrown into the sea. In the course of a few days, Constantinople was a field of battle. The janissaries revolted against Baraictar, and demanded the restoration of Mustapha, whose life had been mercifully spared by Mahmoud. The seraglio was besieged, and one half of Stamboul was a prey to the flames. The friends of Mahmoud strongly urged him to sacrifice his father Mustapha. The sentence of death expired on his lips; he covered his head with a shawl, and threw himself on a sofa; his silence was interpreted as a consent and Mustapha was strangled. Mahmoud, now the last and only descendant of Othman, became an inviolable and

sacred being to all parties. Baraictar perished in the flames, whilst fighting near the seraglio, and the reign of Mahmoud commenced.

The square of the Almeidan, which, from the place on which I am now standing, looks gloomy and sombre behind the white walls of the seraglio, was the scene of the most important event in the reign of Mahmoud, namely the extinction of the race of the janissaries. This measure, the only one that could revive the empire, has nevertheless produced one of the most sanguinary and terrible scenes that the annals of history record. It is still to be traced in the monumental characters in the ruins of the Almeidan, and in the marks of bullets and fire. Mahmoud prepared it like a skilful politician, and executed it like a hero. The last revolt was brought about by a mere accident.

An Egyptian officer struck a Turkish soldier, and the janissaries threw down their mess-pots. Information of these proceedings was conveyed to the sultan, who being at all times prepared, had assembled round him his principal counsellors in one of his gardens at Beschiktasch on the Bosphorus. He repaired immediately to the seraglio, took the sacred standard of the prophet around which the mufti and ulemas rallied, and declared the abolition of the janissaries. The regular troops and faithful Mussulmans flew to arms, and assembled at the voice of the sultan. He himself advanced on horse-back, at the head of the troops of the seraglio. The janissaries, who were collected on the Almeidan, respected their sovereign, who several times rode through the mutinous assemblage unguarded, risking a thousand deaths, but animated by that supernatural courage, which a decisive resolution inspires. That day was to be the last of his life, or the first of his emancipation and his power. The janissaries, deaf to his voice, refused to submit to their agas. They gathered from all points of the capital to the number of forty thousand. The faithful troops of the sultan, the gunners and the bostanjis, occupied the outlets of the streets adjoining the hippodromes.

The sultan commanded the fire to commence. The gunners hesitated, when a resolute officer, named Kara-Djehennem, advanced to one of the cannons, snapped his pistol into the touch-hole, and the first file of the janissaries were levelled with the dust. The firing was now directed upon every part of the square. The barracks were soon in flames and thousands of persons confined in that narrow space were either killed by the fire or buried beneath the fragments of the fallen walls. The work of slaughter commenced, and ended only with the last of the janissaries. A hundred and twenty thousand men in the capital alone fell a prey to the fury of the people and the sultan. The waters of the Bosphorus drifted their bodies into the Sea of Marmora. The remainder, who were banished to Asia Minor, perished on the way, and the empire was delivered. The sultan now more absolute than any sovereign ever was, found himself surrounded only by willing slaves. He might at his pleasure have regenerated the empire, but he was too late. His genius was not equal to his courage. The hour of the fall of the Ottoman empire has sounded: it resembles the Grecian empire. Constantinople awaits new decrees of fate. I see from hence the Russian fleet, like the floating camp of Mahomet II, daily pressing nearer and nearer to the city and the harbour. I perceive the bivouac fires of the Calmucks on the hills of Asia: the Greeks are returning under the name and in the costume of the Russians, and providence has marked the day, when the last assault made by them upon the walls of Constantinople, which is now all that remains of the empire, will reduce that once splendid and glorious city, that now sleeps its last sleep, to a mass of flames, smoke and ruins.

The most beautiful prospect of Constantinople is from just above our apartment, at the top of a belvidere built by M. Truqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvidere commands the entire group of the hills of Para, Galata, and the little hillocks which surround the port on the fresh water side. It is the bird's eye view of Constantinople and the sea,

Europe, Asia, the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Maromra are all under the eye at once. The city lies at the feet of the spectator. If we were allowed to have a glance at only one part of the world, this is the one which I would select. Whenever I mount the belvidere to enjoy this view, which I am in the habit of doing several times a day, and invariably in the evening, I cannot conceive how, of the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have been sensible of the beauty, which this scene presents to my eye and to my mind. How does it happen that no one has described it? Is it because language has neither space, horizon nor colours, and that painting is nothing more than the speech of the eye? but the richest colours of the pallet have never depicted what is here portrayed. The pictures, which I have nitherto seen are merely detached scenes, consisting of dead lines, and colours devoid of life; none of which convey any idea of the innumerable gradations of tints, varying with every change of the atmosphere and every passing hour. The harmonious whole and the colossal grandeur of these lines; the movement and the blending of the different horizons; the moving sails scattered over the three seas; the murmur of the busy population on the shores; the reports of the cannon on board the vessels; flags waving from the mastheads; the floating caiques; the vaporous reflections of domes, mosques, steeples, and minarets in the sea, all this combination of scenes has never been described. I will attempt it.

The hills of Galata, Para, and some others, descending from where I am now standing towards the sea, are studded with towns of various colours: some of the inhabitants have their houses painted a bright red; others black, with numerous blue cupolas relieving the sombre tint. Between the cupolas are perceived patches of verdure formed by the plantains, fig trees and cypresses of the little gardens adjoining each house. Between the houses there are large spaces, which are cultivated fields and gardens; in which may be perceived groups of Turkish women covered with their black

veils, and playing with their children and their slaves beneath the shade of the trees. Flights of turtle doves and white pigeons float in the air above these gardens and the roofs of the houses, and like light flowers waved by the passing wind are detached from the back ground of the picture, which is the dark blue sea. The streets may be discerned, winding as they descend towards the sea, like ravines, and lower down the bustle of the bazaars, which are envelopped in a blaze of light and transparent smoke. These towns, or as they may be styled portions of towns, are separated one from another by promontories of verdure crowned by wooden palaces, and kiosks painted of every colour, or by deep valleys from which project the heads of cypresses, and the sharp and brilliant spires of the minarets.

On reaching the sea, the eye wanders over its blue surface amidst a labyrinth of vessels, some sailing and some lying at anchor. The caiques like water birds, swimming sometimes in groups, and sometimes singly, cross each other in every direction, some proceeding from Europe to Asia, or from Para to the point of the seraglio. Some frigates in full sail are seen issuing from the Bosphorus, and salute the seraglio, whilst the smoke rising from their two sides like grey wings, envelopes them for a moment; but on a sudden, their white sails again re-appear, doubling the garden of the Grand Seignior appearing almost to touch the cypresses and the plane trees, and enters the Sea of Marmora. About thirty or forty frigates, constituting the whole fleet of the sultan, are at anchor at the entrance of the Bosphorus. They completely overshadow the water on the land side; only five or six of these vessels are, however, but distinctly discernible; the remainder are partly concealed by the hill and the trees, whilst their masts and rigging seem entertwined with the cypresses, forming a circular avenue extending up the Bosphorus. The back ground of the picture is here formed by the mountains on the opposite side, or on the Asiatic shore, and are higher and greener than those on the European shore. All of them are crowned with thick forests. On their declivities are gar-

dens, kiosks, pavilions, villages and small mosques curtained with trees. The bays are filled with vessels riding at anchor, caiques rowing to and fro, and small sailing barks. The large town of Scutari extends at the feet of these mountains, on a broad margin shaded by their brows and encircled by a forest of black cypress trees. A string of caiques and boats filled with Asiatic soldiers, horses, or Greek cultivators bringing the produce of their grounds to Constantinople, are seen incessantly moving between Scutari and Galata, and the line is continually broken by another line of large vessels issuing from the Sea of Marmora.

Turning again to the European coast, but with the eye towards the other side of the canal of the Golden Horn, the first object on which the look rests after glancing across the blue basin of the canal, is the point of the seraglio. This is the most majestic, the most varied, the most magnificent, and the wildest prospect that can possibly be conceived. The point of the seraglio advances like a promontory or a flat cape into the three seas, and fronts the coast of Asia. This promontory, commencing at the gate of the Seraglio on the Sea of Marmora, and ending at the grand kiosk of the sultan, opposite the quay of Pera, may measure about a quarter of a league in circumference. It is a triangle ; its base being the palace, and its most extended side looking to the inner port or canal of Constantinople. The spot from which I now trace this description, commands a full view of it. It is a forest of gigantic trees whose trunks rise like columns, or like enclosing walls, whose branches overshadow the mosques, the batteries, and the vessels on the sea. These woods of dark and glossy green are interspersed with verdant lawns, parterres of flowers, balustrades and flights of marble steps, gilt or leaden cupolas, minarets as slender as the masts of a ship ; large domes of palaces, and the mosques or kiosks which surround these palaces. This prospect has a very near resemblance to that presented by the palace of St. Cloud, when viewed from the opposite bank of the Seine, or from the hills of Meudon.

The spots, however, which I have just described are surrounded on three sides of the sea, and commanded on the fourth by the cupolas of the numerous mosques, and by the crowd of houses and streets which form the real Constantinople or the city of Stamboul. The mosque of St. Sophia, the St. Peter's of the eastern Rome, raises its massive and gigantic dome above and quite close to the outward walls of the seraglio. St. Sophia has the appearance of an irregularly formed hill of stones, surmounted by a dome, which glitters in the sun like a sea of lead. At a little distance are the more modern mosques of Achmet, Bajazet, Soliman, and Sultania, all of which tower to the clouds, with minarets intersected by Moorish galleries. Cypresses, almost as tall as the minarets are intermingled with them, and their black foliage contrasts with the brilliant glitter of the edifices. On the summit of the flat hill of Stamboul, there are discerned amongst the walls of the edifices and the stems of the minarets, one or two eminences blackened by fire and bronzed by time. These are some remains of the ancient Byzantium, standing in the square of the Hippodrome or the Atmeidan. There likewise may be discerned the vast lines of several palaces of the sultan or his vizirs. The divan, whose gate has given the name of the Sublime Porte to the empire is in this group of edifices. Further up and clearly defined on the azure back ground of the sky stands a splendid mosque, which crowns the hill and overlooks the two seas. Its gilt cupola lighted by the sun, appears to emit rays of fire, and the transparency of its dome and its walls surmounted by aerial galleries, give it the appearance of a monument made of silver or bluish coloured porcelain.

The horizon in this direction terminates and the eye descends over two other broad hills thickly covered with mosques, palaces and painted houses, until it reaches the extremity of the port, where the sea diminishes insensibly in width, and disappears beneath the trees in the arcadian valley of the fresh waters of Europe. In the canal rise groups of masts belonging to the vessels moored off the Death quay in the

arsenal and under the cypress forests which flank Constantinople. The town of Galata, built by the Genoese, rises like the masts of a ship from an ocean of house tops and forms a colossal boundary between Galata and Pera. The eye at last reposes in the tranquil basin of the Bosphorus, uncertain whether to direct itself towards Europe or Asia.

Such may be considered the most prominent points of the picture, but if to these be added the vast frame-work, which encircles and makes it stand out from its back ground of sky and sea, namely, the black lines of the Asiatic mountains; the low and vapoury horizons of the gulf of Nicomedia; the summits of the Olympus of Brussa, rising behind the seraglio beyond the Sea of Marmora, and which appear like white clouds in the firmament: if to these be added the majestic whole, the grace and colouring of the details; if the varied effects can be pictured in the imagination produced on the sea and the city by the sky, the wind and the different hours of the day; fleets of merchant vessels, like flights of sea birds, detaching themselves from the dark groves of the seraglio, floating in the middle of the canal, and then slowly sailing down the Bosphorus, forming ever-changing groups; the rays of the setting sun gilding the tops of the trees and the minarets, and illuminating, as if with fire, the red walls of Scutari and Stamboul; a dead calm lulling the Sea of Marmora to the stillness of a lake of molten lead, or if a breeze should lightly ruffle the Bosphorus, seeming to spread over its surface the resplendent meshes of a network of silver: the smoke of the steam boats rising and winding round the broad trembling sails of the sultan's frigates; the guns fired for prayers on board the vessels of the fleet, resounding in prolonged echoes to the cypresses surrounding the cemetery: the various noises from the seven cities and the thousands of vessels rising from the sea and the shore, and wafted by the breeze to the hill, whence I am looking down: if it be considered that the sky is always a pure dark blue, that these seas and these natural ports are ever tranquil and safe; that every house along these shores has a creek in which a vessel

may lie in all weathers under the very windows; that large three deckers are built and launched beneath the shade of the plane trees on the shore; if it be recollected that you are in Constantinople, the queen of Europe and Asia, at the precise point where these two quarters of the world meet, as it were, either for friendly greeting or for combat; if night surprises you in the contemplation of this scene, of which the eye is never weary; if the lighthouses of Galata, of the seraglio, and of Scutari, and the lights on the high poops of the vessels be glimmering; if the stars are to be seen one by one, or in their constellations in the azure firmament, and envelope the black mountains of the Asiatic coast; the summits of the snows of Olympus; the islands of the princes in the Sea of Marmora: the sombre platform of the seraglio; the hills of Stamboul and the three seas like a blue network studded with pearls, in which all the scenes of nature seem to float; if the gentler glare of the firmament in which the moon is rising, leaves sufficient light to exhibit these great masses of the picture, by effacing or softening the details, you have then at every hour of the day and night, one of the most magnificent and delicious spectacles which can charm the human eye. It is an intoxication of the vision which communicates itself to the mind; a dazzling of the sight and soul. Such is the spectacle which I have enjoyed every day and every night for the space of a month.

The French ambassador having proposed to me accompanying him on the visit which all the ambassadors on their arrival are privileged to pay to St. Sophia, I arrived at eight o'clock this morning at one of the gates leading to the sea, behind the walls of the seraglio. One of the chief officers of the sultan met us at the landing places, and conducted us to his house, where he had ordered a collation to be prepared. The apartments were numerous and elegantly ornamented, but without any other furniture, than divans and pipes. The former were placed against the windows, which looked upon the Sea of Marmora. The collation was served in the European style, the viands alone being national. These were

numerous and of exquisite *cuisinage*, but they were almost all of them new to us. At the conclusion of our repast, the ladies were conducted to visit the wives of the Turkish colonel, who were confined for that day in a lower apartment; the harem or women's apartment being that in which we were received. We were provided with Asiatic slippers of yellow Morocco, to enter the mosque, otherwise we should have been obliged to take off our boots and walk barefooted. We entered the court yard of the mosque, surrounded by a number of guards, who kept back the crowd, which had assembled to see us. The mussulmans looked rather gloomy and discontented, for in their zeal and fanaticism, they regard the admission of christians as a profanation of their sanctuaries. As soon as we entered, the gate of the mosque was closed.

The great basilisk of St. Sophia, which was built by Constantine, is one of the largest edifices ever raised on earth by the genius of the christian religion, but we feel from the barbarous style of art, which pervades this whole mass of stone, that it is the work of a declining and vitiated age. It is the confused and rude memorial of a taste, which is no longer in existence; the imperfect production of an art in its infancy. The temple has in the front a long and broad peristyle, covered and closed like that of St. Peter's at Rome. Columns of granite of a prodigious height, but imbedded in the walls, separate the vestibule from the court in front of the porch. A large gate opens into the interior. The walls of the church are decorated on each side by superb columns of porphyry, egyptian granite, and rare kinds of marble, but these columns, which are disproportionate in size and of various orders, are evidently fragments taken from other temples, and are placed here without any regard to symmetry or taste, on the same principle that savages might support a rude hut with the mutilated remains of a palace. Gigantic pillars of coarse workmanship, support an elevated dome like that of St. Peter's, and the effect of which is certainly not less majestic. This dome, which was formerly ornamented with

mosaic work, which formed the pictures on the dome, was plastered over, when Mahomet II. took possession of St. Sophia, for the purpose of converting it into a mosque. Some portions of the plaster have fallen off, and here and there allow the ancient christian decoration to re-appear. Circular galleries are carried up all round the building as high as to the very top of the dome. Viewed from the upper galleries the aspect of the edifice is beautiful. Vast, gloomy, bereft of all ornament, with its broken arches and dirty columns, it resembles the interior of a colossal tomb, the reliques of which have been dispersed. It inspires awe, silence, and meditation on the instability of the works of man, who builds for ideas, which he believes to be eternal and which succeeding ideas, a book, or a sword in the hand come in their turn to take possession of or to ruin the monuments. In its present state, St. Sophia resembles a caravansary of God. Here are the columns of the temple of Ephesus, and the figures of the Apostles, encircled with gilded glories, looking down upon the pendent lamps of the Iman. Superb trees throw their shade over the courts, and a number of fountains diffuse the murmurs and voluptuous freshness of their waters. Minarets of the most exquisite workmanship rise from their domes like four aerial boundaries at the four angles of the mosque. They rise far above their domes, whilst small circular galleries, with a parapet of sculptured stone in elaborate open-work like lace, surround at different elevations the light spires of the minarets. There, at different periods of the day, the muetzlim stations himself, who cries the hour, and summons the whole city to the constant thought of the Mahometan, the thought of God. A portico opening on the gardens and the courts, and raised on a few steps, conducts to the gate of the temple. The temple is a platform square or round, surmounted by a cupola supported by elegant pillars of beautifully fluted columns. A pulpit is placed against one of these pillars. The frieze is formed of verses from the koran, inscribed in ornamental characters on the walls, which are painted in arabesque

ornaments. From pillar to pillar are fixed iron wires, from which are suspended lamps, the eggs of ostriches, and bunches of spices and flowers; the floor is covered with mats of rushes or of rich cloth. The effect of the whole is simple and grand. The mosque is not a temple inhabited by a god; it is a house of prayer and of contemplation, in which men assemble to worship the only and universal God; but what we call worship does not exist in the Mahometan religion. Mahomet preached his faith to tribes of barbarians, in the ceremonies of whose worship, the deity was lost sight of. The rites of the Mahometans are simple. An annual festival, together with ablution and prayer at the five divisions of the day, are their only ceremonies. Their only dogma is a belief in a creating and rewarding God. They have banished idols and images, for fear they should work upon the weakness of human imagination, and convert mere memorials into objects of sinful idolatry. They have no priests, or at least every one of the faithful is able to perform the functions of the pastor. The sacerdotal body was formed at a later period and by corruption. At all times that I have entered the mosques, whether on this day or any previous days, I have always found a number of Turks prostrate on the carpet, and praying with all the external signs of fervour and a complete absorption of the mind.

In the court of the mosque of Bajazet, I saw the empty tomb of Constantine. It consists of a vase of a prodigious size, and would contain a hundred heroes. The piece of porphyry is evidently of the Grecian epoch, and most probably some fragment torn from the temple of Diana at Ephesus. Ages lend to each other their temples, as well as their tombs, and render them empty. Where are the bones of Constantine? The Turks have enclosed his sepulchre in a kiosk, and will not allow it to be profaned. The tombs of the sultans and of their families are in the gardens of the mosques which they have built, under the kiosks of marble, shaded by trees and perfumed by flowers. A number of fountains murmur near or in the kiosk themselves, and the memory of

the dead is so immortal amongst the Mussulmans, that I never passed by one of these tombs without observing fresh nosegays placed at the door or upon the windows of the numerous monuments.

I am just returned from an excursion up and down the Bosphorus, from Constantinople to the mouth of the Black Sea. It was my wish to sketch for myself some of the features of this enchanting scenery. I could not believe that the heavens earth, sea, and man could produce such a combination of beautiful prospects. The transparent mirror of the sky or the sea can alone reflect them in their full expanse. My imagination embraces and preserves them in this way, but my memory can only retain and paint them by some successive details. I therefore traced individually every different point of view, as I glided along in my caique. A painter would require years to depict only one shore of the Bosphorus. The landscape changes at every glance, and as it varies, presents a renewal of beauty. What can I say in a few words?

The morning was clear and the sun shone brilliantly, and at seven o'clock I embarked in one of those long caiques, which dash through the waves like fish. I took with me four Arnaut rowers and an interpreter; the latter, seated between the rowers and myself told the names of things and places. We rowed along the quays of Tophana and the artillery barracks. The town of Tophana rises in tiers of painted houses, like bouquets of flowers grouped around the marble mosque, and is partly lost beneath the shade of the high cypresses of the vast field of the dead of Pera. This curtain of sombre foliage terminates the hills on that side. We glided on between a number of vessels lying at anchor, and innumerable caiques conveying to Constantinople the officers of the seraglio, the ministers and their kiaias, and the establishments of the Armenian merchants, whom the hour of labour summoned to their warehouses and counting-houses. The Armenians are a fine race of men. Their costume is dignified and simple, consisting of a black turban, and a long

blue robe, confined round the waist by a white cachmere shawl. Their figures are athletic, and their countenances intelligent, but vulgar. Their complexions are fresh, their eyes blue and their beards fair. They may be styled the Swiss of the East, and like the Swiss of Europe, they are laborious peaceful and regular, but like them also, they are calculating and avaricious. They let out their trading talent for the wages of the sultan or the Turks. There is nothing heroic nor warlike in their nature. Commerce is their deity, and they would pursue it under any master or under any government. No other class of christians agree so well with the Turks. They accumulate the wealth, which the Turks neglect, and which escapes the grasp of the Greeks and the Jews. Every thing here is in their hands. They are the dragomans of all the pachas and vizirs. The Armenian women have pure and delicate features; their placid beauty resembles that of the English women or the peasants of Helvetia. The children too are excessively handsome. The caiques which glided by us were filled with these Armenians. The prows of their boats are laden with baskets of flowers, which they have brought from their country houses.

We now begin to turn the point of Tophana, and are getting under the shadow of the large vessels, belonging to the Ottoman fleet, which is riding at anchor off the European coast. These huge masses sleep here as calmly as on the bosom of a lake. Sailors, dressed like the Turkish soldiers, in red and blue, are carelessly leaning on the shrouds, whilst others are bathing round their sides, large shallops laden with troops are passing to and fro between the shore and the fleet, and the elegant boats of the capitan pacha, each manned with twenty rowers, dart past us like arrows. Admiral Tahir Pacha and his officers are dressed in loose brown coats or pelisses, and on their heads, they wear the fez, a large red woollen cap, which they draw down over their foreheads, as if ashamed of having abandoned the noble and graceful turban. These men have the air of resignation and of melancholy; they are smoking their long pipes with mouth-pieces

of amber. There are lying here about thirty fine ships of war, apparently ready to sail; but there are neither officers nor seamen, and this magnificent fleet is merely an ornament of the Bosphorus. Whilst the Sultan views it from his kiosk of Beglierbeg on the opposite coast of Asia, the two or three frigates of Ibrahim Pacha are in undisturbed possession of the Mediterranean, and the barks of Samos command the Archipelago. A short distance from these vessels, along the shore of Europe. I passed under the windows of a magnificent palace of the Sultan. It had the appearance of the abode of amphibious beings. The waves of the Bosphorus, even when slightly agitated by the wind, touch the windows and throw their foam into the apartments of the ground-floor. The flights of steps are washed by the water, and through the iron-work of the gates, the sea finds its way into the court-yards and gardens. Here are basins for the caiques, and baths for the sultanas, who may almost plunge into it, skreened by the curtains of their saloons. Behind these maritime court-yards, gardens planted with shrubs and flowers rise in successive rows, ornamented with terraces and kiosks, gilt and enclosed with iron-work. These flowery parterres are lost in the thick woods of oak, laurel and plantain trees, which cover the declivities, and rise to the very summit of the eminence. The apartments of the sultan are now open, and I can see through the windows the rich golden mouldings of the ceilings, the crystal lustres, the divans, and the silken curtains. The windows of the harem are closed by thick gratings of wood, elegantly and elaborately carved. Having passed this palace, we arrive at an uninterrupted series of palaces, houses, and gardens, belonging to the principal favourites, ministers, or pachas of the Grand Seignior, all lying on the margin of the sea, as if to inhale its delightful freshness. Their windows are open; the masters are seated on their divans in spacious apartments glittering with gold, and silken draperies, and are either smoking, conversing, sipping sherbet, or gazing at us, as we pass by. Their apartments also open upon terraces, raised one above the other, and or-

namented with trellice work, shrubs and flowers. A number of slaves richly dressed are seated on the flight of steps leading down to the sea, and caiques manned with rowers are waiting in readiness to receive the masters of these delightful dwellings. In all the houses, the harem forms a wing, separated by gardens or court-yards from the apartments of the men. All the windows of the harem are grated. The head of a pretty child is only now and then to be seen projecting through the openings in the midst of the vines and creeping flowers to look at the sea, or at times the white arm of a woman is seen opening or closing a window-blind. These palaces, or houses are built of wood, but very elaborately worked; and have projecting roofs, galleries and innumerable balustrades, all of which are shaded by large trees, creeping plants and groves of jessamine and roses. All of of them are washed by the waves of the Bosphorus, and have inner courts into which the sea flows, and where the caiques are under shelter. The depth of the Bosphorus is everywhere so great, that we passed so close to the shore as to inhale the air embalmed with the odour of the flowers, and to permit our rowers to enjoy the shade of the trees. Large vessels passed as closely as we did, and not seldom the yards of a brig became entangled in the branches of a tree, the trellis of a vine, or even the blind of a window, carrying away a fragment of the foliage or the house. These houses are separated from each other only by groups of trees, planted on some projecting piece of ground, or by angles of rock covered with ivy and moss, which descend from the hills, and extend to the length of several feet in the water. Here and there a bay of greater width and depth runs in between two hills which are separated by the bed of a torrent or a streamlet. A village then extends along the smooth banks of these little gulfs, with its beautiful Moorish fountains its mosque with cupolas of gold and blue, and its light minaret towering above the tops of the plantain trees. The small houses rise in amphitheatres round these gulfs, with their facades and kiosks painted a thousand colours. Spa-

cious villas extend along the brows of the hills, flanked by gardens and groves of fir trees, which terminate the horizon. At the foot of these villages, there is a quay of granite a few feet in breadth, which is generally planted with sycamores, vines and jessamines, which hang over it into the sea, forming harbours, beneath which the caiques lie for shelter. Trading vessels of every nation anchor in front of the warehouses of the merchants and ship-owners, and the merchandize is frequently carried along a plank fixed from the deck of a ship to a window. A number of children and dealers in fruit and vegetables are seen moving along the quays, which may be considered as the bazaars of the villages of the Bosphorus. Sailors in the dresses of all nations, and speaking all languages, mingle with the orientals, who are squatted on the carpets near the fountains, or round the trunks of the plantain trees.

No view of the villages of Lucerne or Interlaken can afford any idea of the grace and picturesque effect of these little gulfs of the Bosphorus. It is impossible not to desist from rowing for a moment and taking a survey of them. These little towns, harbours or villages are to be seen every five minutes along the first moiety of the European coast, that is, for the space of two or three leagues. They become afterwards less frequent, and the landscape assumes a more wild character, on account of the increasing height of the hills, and the vast extent of the forests. I am, however, only speaking here of the European coast. I shall on my return speak of the coast of Asia, which is still more beautiful. In order, however, to form a correct idea of the whole, it must be borne in mind, that the shore of Asia is but a very little distance from us, that we are frequently as near to one shore as we are to the other, by keeping the middle of the current in those places, where the channel becomes contracted or assumes a winding character, by which similar scenes which I am now describing meet the eye, whenever I turn towards Asia.

But to return to the shore of which I am in the immediate

vicinity. After passing the last of these natural harbours, there is a spot in which the Bosphorus imbeds itself like a broad and rapid river between two rocky capes, which descend perpendicularly from the summit of a double range of mountains. The channel here takes a turn, and appears there entirely to close. In proportion, however, as we advance, we see it open, and take a winding turn behind the European cape; then widening, it forms a kind of lake, on the banks of which stand the two towns of Therapia and Buyukdere. From the base to the summit of the two promontories of rock, which are covered with vegetation, there rise some half ruined fortifications, white cranied turrets, draw-bridges and towers erected after the manner of the beautiful structures of the middle ages. These are the two famous castles of Europe and Asia, from which Mahomet II. so long maintained the siege of Constantinople, before he succeeded in gaining possession of the city. The castles rise like two white phantoms, from the black bosom of the pines and cypresses, and appear to close the entrance to the two seas. Their towers and their turrets, suspended, as it were, above the ships in full sail, the long branches of ivy hanging like warrior's cloaks over the half-ruined walls, the grey rocks on which the castles stand, the angles of which project from amidst the surrounding verdure, and the broad shadows which they cast upon the water, altogether render this one of the most characteristic points of the Bosphorus. Here, however, it loses its exclusively graceful aspect, and assumes a character alternately beautiful and sublime. At the foot of these two walls, there are some Turkish cemeteries, and turbans sculptured in white marble are seen here and there amidst the foliage washed by the waves. What a happy people are the Turks! Their ashes always repose in the spot of their own choice, beneath the shade of the tree or the shrub which they planted and cherished in life; on the banks of the river in which they have bathed, or whose murmur has delighted them in the hour of their recreation, visited by the doves which have been fed by their hands, and embalmed by the

perfume of the flowers which they planted and cherished. If they possess no portion of earth during life, they possess it after death; they do not consign the remains of those, whom they have loved to charnel houses, whence horror repels the worship and the piety of remembrance.

Beyond the castles, the Bosphorus gradually widens, the mountains of Europe and Asia raise their barren and desert heads. The sea shore, however, is still studded here and there with little white houses and rustic mosques, each of the latter being built on a rising ground near a fountain and under the dome of a plantain tree. The village of Therapia, where the French and English ambassadors reside, is situated a short distance from the margin of the shore; the high and dense shadows which overhang it, throw their shadows over the terraces and lawns of the two palaces, and some little winding valleys amongst the rocks form the limits of the two powers. Two English and French frigates, riding at anchor before each of the palaces, await the signal of the ambassadors to convey to the fleets in the Mediterranean messages of war or peace. Buyukdere, a beautiful town at the extremity of the gulf formed by the Bosphorus, where it winds to lose itself in the Black Sea, extends like a curtain of palaces and villas along the sides of the two gloomy mountains. A fine quay separates the gardens and the houses from the sea.

The Russian fleet, consisting of five ships of the line, three frigates and two steam-vessels, is anchored off the terraces and the palaces of the Russian embassy, and look like a town floating on the water. Boats transmitting orders from one ship to another; various small craft conveying water from the fountains, or carrying invalids ashore; the yachts of the young officers sailing past each other with the fleetness of the race horse, or the discharge of the cannon fired in the deep valleys of Asia, and announcing the entrance of ships from the Black sea; a Russian camp pitched on the burning sides of the Giant's Mountain, in front of the fleet; the beautiful plain of Buyukdere on the left, with its group of majestic plane trees, one of which would shade a whole

regiment; the magnificent forests of the palaces of the Russian and Austrian embassies, which fringe the brows of the hills: the elegant balconied houses, which border the quays, with festoons of flowers over-hanging their terraces; Armenians, with their children, rowing to and fro in their caiques filled with foliage and flowers; the dark and narrow arm of the Bosphorus, of which a very partial glimpse is obtained, extending towards the misty horizon of the Black Sea; other chains of mountains, without any trace of villages or houses, and elevating themselves amongst the clouds with their black forests, like formidable boundaries, between the storms of the ocean of tempests, and the magnificent serenity of the seas of Constantinople; two fortified castles, fronting each other on either shore, crowning with their batteries, with their towers and their crenallated tops, the projecting summits of two gloomy capes, and finally, a double line of rocks studded with forests, gradually losing themselves in the blue waves of the Black Sea; such is the *coup d'œil* of Buyukdere. Add to this, the perpetual motion of a file of vessels, coming to Constantinople, or issuing from the canal, accordingly as the wind blows from the north or the south; which vessels are sometimes so numerous, that one day, on returning into my caique, I counted nearly two hundred in less than a quarter of an hour. They sail in groups like birds, migrating to a distant climate. If the wind changes, they tack from one shore to the other, standing out alternately from under the houses of Asia or Europe: if a breeze freshens, they drop anchor in one of the numerous bays, or at the point of the little Capes of the Bosphorus, and the next moment they appear with all their sails set. The whole scene, animated and modified every minute by these groups of vessels sailing or lying at anchor, and the different positions which they take along the shore, presents every moment a new aspect, and renders the Bosphorus a wonderful kaleidoscope.

On my arrival at Buyukdere, I took possession of the charming house on the quay, which M. Truqui had so hospitably offered me. It is our intention to pass the summer there.

Same date.

On taking a general view of the coast of the Bosphorus, such as I have just described, it would appear that nature had done her utmost, and that no landscape could be found in the world superior to that which now enchants my sight. I have just coasted along the shores of Asia, on returning this evening to Constantinople, and I find them a thousand times more beautiful than the European coasts. The shores of Asia are little indebted to man, for nature there has done everything. There is not to be seen a Buyukdere or a Therapia, no palaces of the ambassadors, no towns of Armenians or of Franks are there to be seen. The prospect consists only of mountains, separated by their defiles; small verdant valleys formed amongst the bases of the rocks, serpentine rivers, and torrents, whitening with their foam the forests which overhang the sides of the rocks, penetrate into the defiles, and descend even to the margins of the numerous gulfs on the coast. The whole of the scene presenting such a variety in form and colour, foliage and verdure, beyond the richest fancy of the landscape painter to invent. A few detached houses belonging to Turkish sailors or gardeners are sprinkled here and there along the shore, on the platforms of the woody hills, or grouped on the points of the rocks, against which the current breaks into blue waves, in colours like the nocturnal sky. The white sails of a few fishing boats in the creeks are seen now and then gliding between the plantain trees. Innumerable flocks of white birds perch on the margins of the meadows, and eagles from the craggy summits of the mountains hover over the sea. Some of the little bays or mysterious creeks are completely closed up by rocks and trunks of large trees, whose boughs covered with black foliage, overhang the waves, and amidst which the caiques lie concealed, as it were, in cradles. One or two villages are concealed in the shade of these creeks, with their gardens situate behind the houses on verdant declivities, and their groups of trees at the foot of the rocks with their barks

cradled on the gentle waves before their door: the clouds of pigeons on their roofs; their women and their children at the windows, while the old men sit under the plantains at the foot of the minaret. The labourers are seen quitting the fields to return to their caiques, or are engaged in loading their barks with green fagots, with myrtle and broom still in flower, which they dry and burn in the winter. Concealed behind these masses of hanging verdure, hanging over the sides and dipping into the water, neither the bark nor the rower is to be seen, and looks like a portion of the shore loosened by the current, and carried along by the sea with its foliage still green and its flowers sending forth their balsamic odours.

The shore presents this aspect as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which appears to close the Bosphorus, giving it the semblance of a Swiss lake. Here, however, the character of the coast begins to change. The summits of the hills are less rugged, and they fall with a gentler declivity into the small valleys. Asiatic villages appear, more rich and crowded. The fresh waters of Asia, and delightful plains shaded by trees, and studded with kiosks and Moorish fountains, open to the view. A number of carriages travelling from Constantinople, which are a kind of gilt wooden cages, placed upon four wheels, and drawn by a couple of oxen, are dispersed over the greensward. From these vehicles, the Turkish females in their veils may be seen to alight, and seat themselves on the foot of a tree, or on the ground near the water; at some distance from them, the men are sitting in groups, drinking coffee or smoking their pipes. The parti-coloured clothes of the men and the children, contrasted with the monotonous brown tint of the veils of the women, form under all the trees one of the most singular and beautiful mosaic of tints, which can enrapture the human eye. Oxen and buffaloes are seen grazing in the meadows, whilst Arabian horses, caparisoned with velvet, silk and gold, are curvetting and prancing near the caiques, which row in crowds to the shore, filled with

Armenian and Jewish women. The latter, after landing, sit down unveiled on the grass by the side of some of the streams, forming a long chain in different costumes and attitudes. Some of them exhibit the most exquisite beauty, which is considerably heightened by the variety of their dress. I have seen here a number of the Turkish women of the harems without their veils. They are almost all of them diminutive in stature, of a pale sickly countenance, with a mournful, melancholy expression of the eye, and a wan and feeble aspect. The climate of Constantinople, in general, notwithstanding its apparent conditions of salubrity, appears to me to be unwholesome. The women at least are far from deserving the reputation of beauty which is awarded to them; the Jewish and the Armenian women being the only ones, whom I thought handsome. But how great was the difference of the beauty of the Jewish and the Armenian women of Arabia, and particularly, the indescribable charms which characterize the Greek women of Syria and Asia Minor.

At a short distance higher up, on the very margin of the waves of the Bosphorus, rises the magnificent new palace, at present the residence of the Grand Seignor. Beglierbeg, is an edifice in the Italian taste, mingled with the impressions of Moorish and Indian recollections. It is an immense building of apartments in different stories, with wings and interior gardens. Spacious parterres, planted with roses and watered by fountains, extend behind the buildings between the mountain and the palace. A narrow quay of granite, separates the windows from the sea. I passed slowly by this palace, in which repose under the marble and the gold so much misery and terror. I perceived the Grand Seignor, seated on a divan in one of the kiosks at the water side. Achmet Pacha, one of his young favourites was standing near him. The Sultan struck by the appearance of the European costume, pointed us out to Achmet Pacha, with his finger, as if to make inquiry of him, as to whom we were. I saluted the master of Asia, according to the oriental manner, and he graciously returned the salutation. All the

venetian blinds of the palace were open, and we could see within all the rich decorations of this magnificent and delightful dwelling. The wing inhabited by the women, or the harem, was closed. This part of the building is immense, and the number of women which it contains is not known. Two caiques gilded all over, each with twenty-four rowers, were lying afloat at the gate of the palace. These caiques would not disgrace the most exquisite European taste as to elegance of form, whilst at the same time they display the utmost degree of European magnificence. The prow of one of them, which projected at least twenty-five feet, was formed of a golden swan with its wings extended, which appear to support the vessel over the waves. A silk awning, drawn over golden pillars covered the poop, and rich cachmere shawls composed the Sultan's seat. The prow of the second caique was a feathered arrow of gold, which appears to fly over the sea, as if just impelled from the bow. I stopped a considerable time out of the sight of the Sultan for the purpose of admiring this palace and its gardens, where everything appeared to be regulated by the most perfect taste. I know not of any royal residence in Europe which presents to the eye a more magnificent and fairy-like aspect. Everything seems to emanate from the pen of the artist, pure, and beaming with splendour and painting. The roofs of the building are marked by gilt balustrades, and the chimneys, which disfigure the majority of our public edifices in Europe, here consist of fluted gilt columns, whose elegant capitals impart an additional ornament to the edifice.

I entertain a high regard for this prince, who passed his boyhood in the gloomy dungeons of the seraglio; threatened every day with death; who was instructed in his adversity by the wise and unfortunate Selim; placed on the throne by the death of his brother; brooding during fifteen years in the silence of his own thoughts, the emancipation of the empire, the restoration of Islamism, and the destruction of the janissaries. He executed this daring project with the heroism and the calmness of fatality; braving his people continually

to regenerate them; bold and dauntless in peril, and mild and merciful when he was allowed to consult the feelings of his own heart. Mahmoud has not been sufficiently supported by those around him; without the instruments of effecting the good which he had in view; misconstrued by his people; betrayed by his pachas; ruined by his neighbours; abandoned by fortune, without which man can effect but little; himself assisting in the overthrow of his throne and his power, and finally wasting in the voluptuous pleasures of the Bosphorus his remnant of existence, and his shadow of sovereignty. He is a man of good and upright intentions, but his genius is insufficient for the times in which he lives, and in resolution he is weak and wavering. Like the last of the Greek emperors, whose place he fills and whose destiny he seems to represent, he is worthy of other subjects and a better age, and is capable of dying the death of a hero. He will one day be a great man. History does not record on its pages an event comparable to the destruction of the janissaries. It was a revolution the most nobly planned, and the most heroically accomplished which history can present, and the name of Mahmoud will be inscribed on its pages; but why should he occupy but one page? The greatest difficulty was surmounted; the tyrants of the empire were overthrown, and it only required will and resolution to re-animate and civilize the empire. Mahmoud stopped short in his task. Was it because genius is more rare than heroism?

After the palace of Beglierbeg, the coast of Asia again becomes wooded and solitary, till you reach Scutari, which blooms like a garden of roses, on the extremity of a cape at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora. Directly opposite, appears the verdant point of the seraglio, and between the coasts of Asia, crowned with its three painted cities, and the coasts of Stamboul, all glittering with its cupolas and its minarets, opens the vast port of Constantinople, where the vessels riding at anchor along the shores, leave a broad avenue for the caiques. I am now gliding through this labyrinth of vessels, as the venetian gondolas float under the shadow of

the palaces, and I land at the Death quay, beneath an alley of cypresses.

May 29th.

I was accompanied this morning by a young gentleman of Constantinople, to the slave market. After having traversed the long streets of Stamboul, which run parallel with the old walls of the seraglio, and passing several splendid bazaars crowded with merchants and purchasers, we ascended by a few narrow streets into a dirty square, on which opened a narrow gate of another bazaar. Thanks be to the Turkish costume in which we were clad, and to the perfection with which my guide spoke the language, that we were allowed to enter this market of human beings. How many ages have elapsed and successive revelations been made to the reason of man, before force has ceased to be a right in his eyes, or that it could be convinced that slavery is a crime and a blasphemy on his intelligence. What a progress has been made, and how much does it promise hereafter. How many things there are with which we are not shocked, which we look upon with indifference, and which will appear as enormous crimes in the eyes of our descendants. I thought of these things on entering this bazaar, in which life is the chief marketable commodity, where the soul, the body, the liberty of another are sold, as we sell an ox or a horse, and where the buyer supposes himself the legitimate possessor of that which he has bought. How many legitimate possessions are there of the same kind, of which we take no account. And after all they are lawful, for we cannot require more from man than he knows, convictions are his truths, and he has no others. All of them belong to God alone, and he distributes them to us in proportion to our progressive intelligence.

The slave market is a spacious open court, surrounded by a roofed portico or piazza. Under this portico, which on the side of the court has a wall as high as the roof, there are the doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants keep their slaves. These doors are kept open in order to enable the purchasers as they walk about to examine the slaves. The

men and women are kept in separate chambers and the women are unveiled. Independently of the slaves in these lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery under the portico and in the court itself. We commenced the inspection of the different groups, the most remarkable of which consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated, squatted on their heels, and their faces turned to the spectators. The greater part of them were extremely handsome. Their eyes were almond-shaped, their nose aquiline, their lips thin, with a delicate oval contour of the face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the wing of the raven. The pensive, melancholy and languishing expression of the physiognomy of the Abyssinian women, in spite of their copper-coloured complexion, render them a race of females extremely lovely and interesting. They are as tall and slender as the plane trees of their country, and their arms remarkable for symmetry of form and grace of motion. The girls, whom I saw in the bazaar had no other clothing than a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ankles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. Seated, with their heels on the ground, their head resting on the back of their hands, or their knees, they regarded us with a look as mild and as sorrowful as that of the goat or the lamb which the peasants lead with strings around their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they spoke to each other in a whisper and smiled. One of them had a little child in her arms, and was weeping, because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. At no great distance from this group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared to be in high health. They were amusing themselves at an oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. In the mean time, the merchants and buyers took first one, then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their

age and state of health. When released, the children eagerly joined their companions and renewed their game, as if the whole scene was to them a matter of perfect indifference. I next visited the covered porticoes which were crowded with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in this traffic were walking about amongst the groups, superbly clad in furred pelisses and with long pipes in their hands, with an anxious and prejudiced look, casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms, in which they kept their human merchandize; but as they supposed us to be Arabs or Egyptians, they did not venture to refuse us admittance to any of the rooms. Itinerant dealers in cakes and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few piasters into the hand of one of them, directing him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

My attention was particularly attracted by a poor negress, about eighteen or twenty years of age, remarkably handsome, but having a sullen and melancholy air. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed, and with her face unveiled. There were about a dozen other negresses around her, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. She held on her lap a fine little boy three or four years of age, magnificently dressed: this child, who was a mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable, beaming with pride and intelligence. I played with him, and offered him some sweetmeats and cakes, which I had purchased at a neighbouring shop, but the mother snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, with an expression of anger and pride. She held down her head and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately from her child, and I requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase her and her child for me. I would have brought up this interesting boy without separating him from his mother. For the purpose of effecting the purchase, we addressed ourselves to a broker with whom

M. Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child, and he at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly and the boy threw his arms around his mother's neck. The bargaining, however, was all a pretence on the part of the merchant, and when we agreed to give him the very exorbitant price which he set upon the slaves, he took the broker aside and told him that the negress was not for sale, that she was the slave of a rich Turk, who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced a too haughty and over bearing spirit in the harem, and that in order to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but with secret orders that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to, and when a Turk is out of humour with his female slaves, his usual threat is, that he will send them to the bazaar. We accordingly passed on.

We inspected a great number of rooms, each containing four or five women, almost all of them black and ugly, but having the appearance of good health. The majority of them appeared wholly indifferent to their situation, and some even solicited purchasers. They talked and laughed together, and occasionally made critical remarks on the figures of the men who were bargaining for them. One or two were weeping and concealed themselves at the further end of the chamber and did not return without reluctance to place themselves in sight, on the bench on which they were sitting when we entered. We saw several led away cheerfully by the Turk, who had purchased them, taking with them their little bundles tied in a handkerchief, and covering their faces with their white veils. We witnessed two or three acts of genuine humanity and compassion, for which even christian charity might envy that of the good Mussulmans. Several Turks purchased some old female slaves, who had been sent away from the harems of their masters on account of their age and infirmities, we asked them why they had purchased the poor old women, To please God; replied the broker, and I

was assured by M. Morlach, that several Mussulmans were in the practice of sending to the markets to buy poor infirm slaves of both sexes, and support them for the sake of charity in their houses. The spirit of God never wholly abandons men.

The last rooms we entered were half closed, and we were at first refused admittance. There was only one slave in each room under the guard of a female. These slaves were young and beautiful Circassian girls, newly arrived from their country. They were dressed in white in a most elegant style and distinguished by a remarkable coquetry. Their beautiful features betrayed neither chagrin nor astonishment, but a kind of disdainful indifference. These beautiful white slaves of Georgia, and Circassia are become extremely scarce, since the Greeks no longer people the seraglios, and that Russia has prohibited the traffic in women. Nevertheless the Georgian families bring up their daughters for this odious traffic, and cargoes of them are from time to time carried away by contraband dealers. The price of these beautiful creatures varies from twelve to twenty thousand piastres, that is from 125 to 250*l* sterling, whilst black slaves of an ordinary beauty do not sell for more than five or six hundred francs, 12 or 15*l* sterling, and the most beautiful at a thousand or twelve hundred francs. In Arabia and Syria, female slaves may be purchased for five or six hundred piasters, twelve or fifteen shillings. One of the Georgian women was a most perfect beauty, with delicate and expressive features, soft and pensive eyes, and a skin of dazzling whiteness. She was sold before our very eyes for the harem of a young pacha of Constantinople. The females of Georgia and Circassia are, however, in general far from possessing the charms of the Arabian women. The climate of the north is perceptible in their figures.

We left the slave market with an afflicted heart and tears in our eyes, and bade farewell to a scene, which is renewed every day and every hour in the cities of the East, and returned in a pensive mood to the bazaar of Stamboul,

Such is the effect of a permanent system of laws. They keep sacred the barbarities of former ages, and impart the right of antiquity and legitimacy to every crime. The fanatics of the past are equable culpable and as injurious to humanity as the fanatical anticipators of the future. The former sacrifice men to their ignorance and their recollections, and the latter to their hopes and their precipitation. If man acted, thought, and believed accordingly as his ancestors did, the whole human race would be subject to fetishism and slavery. Reason is the sun of the human race; it is the infallible and perpetual revelation of the divine laws, applicable to society. We must progress in order to follow it, under pain of remaining in evil and darkness; but we must not get in advance of it, under pain of falling down precipices. To understand the past without regretting it; to tolerate the present by the amendment of it, and to hope for the future by preparing for it, such is the law of wise men and of all benevolent institutions. The sin against the Holy Ghost is the conflict of certain men against the amelioration of things; it is an egoistical and stupid effort to draw back the moral and the social world, which God and nature are always pushing forward: the past is the sepulchre of the human race that are passed. It should indeed be respected, but we should not bury ourselves in it, nor wish to live in it.

The chief bazaars for merchandize of various kinds, and especially for spices are spacious arched galleries, with a footway on each side, and shops filled with all kind of wares. These wares consist of arms, saddles and harness; jewellery, provisions, Morocco boots and slippers, Indian and Persian shawls, various European stuffs; carpets of Damascus and Caramania; the essences and perfumes of Constantinople; narguilés and pipes of every form and every degree of splendour; carved amber and coral used by the orientals for smoking the toumbach; tobacco chopped or folded like quires of yellow paper; pastry under a variety of enticing forms; confectionary with an endless change of sweetmeats and preserved fruits; drugs, exhaling perfumes which pervade

all the bazaars; Arabian mantles woven of gold and goat hair, and women's veils spangled with gold and silver.

The bazaars are filled with a continually moving crowd, the faces of one moment not being seen the next, the whole consisting of Turks with pipes in their hands or their mouths, and followed by slaves; veiled women accompanied by negresses and beautiful children; pachas on horseback, slowly pacing amidst the silent throng, and Turkish carriages formed of gilt trellis work, and driven at a walking pace by coachmen with long white beards. These carriages are filled with women, who from time to time alight to make purchases at the jewellers' shops. Such is the coup d'œil of all the bazaars. Some of the bazaars would be several leagues in length, if they consisted of a single gallery. They are always much crowded, and in which we are obliged to stoop every moment, and where the Jews expose and sell the garments of those who have died of the plague, and which are the most active vehicles of contagion. That disease has just brokeu out at Pera, and five or six people have already fallen victims to it; we passed with uneasiness through the crowd, a tenth part of which may be carried off by it before to-morrow.

18th June.

We passed several days in reading and studying in our solitude at Buyukdere, with the Bosphorus and the Black Sea beneath our eyes. In the evenings we made excursions in caiques to Constantinople, to Bellegrade and its inimitable forest; to the coast of Asia, to the mouth of the Euxine, and to the Valley of Roses, situate behind the mountains of Buyukdere. To the latter place we paid frequent visits. This delicious valley is watered by a spring to which the Turks resort to recreate themselves with the water, to enjoy the freshness and the odour of the roses and the warblings of the bulbul and the nightingale. The fountain is shaded by five immense trees, and a kind of coffee-house is kept under the foliage. Higher up, the valley becomes contracted, and leads to an acclivity of the mountain, where two artificial lakes,

fed by the waters from the spring, slumber tranquilly under the spreading tops of the plantain trees. The Armenians with their families assemble in the evenings on the margin of these lakes, and take their supper. Delightful groups are seated round the trees, and young girls are dancing together. Such are the tranquil and decorous pleasures of the orientals. They possess a higher degree of susceptibility for nature, and appear to enjoy her charms more than we do. In no place have trees and springs more sincere admirers than in this country. There exists a deep sympathy between their minds and the beauties of the sea, the earth and the sky. On my return in the evening from Constantinople in my caique, rowing along the European coast on a clear moonlight night, I see for the space of a league, groups of women, young girls and children, seated on the edge of the granite quay, or on the parapets of the terraces of the gardens. They spend whole hours in gazing at the sea, the woods, the moon and inhaling the fresh evening breeze. The inhabitants of our regions are wholly insensible of these natural enjoyments. Their sensations are obtuse. They require factitious pleasures, and they can only be excited by vices. Those amongst whom nature still speaks with a voice sufficiently loud to be understood and worshipped, are visionaries and poets. Are those miserable, to whom the voice of God in his works, nature, love, and silent contemplation are sufficient?

At Buyukdere and Therapia I met with several persons of my acquaintance amongst the Russians, and the members of the foreign embassies. I have had the most marked attention shown to me by Count Orloff, M. Bontenieff, the ambassador from Russia to Constantinople, a man of superior attainments, at once a philosopher and a statesman, and Baron Sturmer, the Austrian internuncio. I hear nothing discussed but European politics; it is here the most important of all subjects. The Russians are encamped in Asia, and their fleet is riding at anchor under our windows. Will they retire? for my own part, I have no doubt they will. We are

never in a very great hurry to take possession of a prey, which we know cannot escape us. Count Orloff read to me yesterday an admirable letter written to him by the Emperor Nicholas. It was to the following effect.

"My dear Orloff,

"When providence has placed a man at the head of forty millions of men, it is expected of him that he exhibits to the world an example of probity and fidelity to his word. I am that man. I will show myself worthy of the mission which I have received from God. As soon as the difficulties are arranged between Ibrahim and the Grand Seignior, do not await another momnt: bring back my fleet and my army."

This is noble language: a situation well understood, and a generosity at once noble and dignified. Constantinople must remain where she is, and necessity will bring back the Russians, whom their political integrity, has removed for a moment.

June 20th.

I have become acquainted here with a most agreeable and clever man, one of those men, who are superior to their ill-fortune, and who contrive to make use of the wave which is to drown them, to bear them to the shore. M. Calasso, a Piedmontese officer, is the individual to whom I allude. He committed himself, like many others of his companions in the military revolution of Piedmont in 1820, and was prescribed like the others without an asylum and without any personal sympathy: he therefore sought an asylum in Turkey. He offered his services to the sultan, for the purpose of disciplining his cavalry, and he soon became Mahmoud's favourite and his military adviser. Honest, skilful, and reserved, he has had the prudence not to show any pride and arrogance for a favour, which might have proved dangerous to him, as rendering him an object of envy. His modesty and cordiality of manner have given great satisfaction to the

pachas of the court, and the ministers of the divan. He has made himself friends everywhere, and has known how to keep them by the merit which enabled him to gain them. The sultan has promoted him in rank, without requiring him to abjure his allegiance or his religion. Amongst the Turks, he is now Rustem Bey, and amongst the christians he is an obliging and amiable Frank. He sought me out here and offered to render me any service which his intimacy at the divan and the seraglio, would enable him to procure for me. He has access everywhere, and is on terms of intimacy with some of the principal officers of the court. He procured for me several facilities for seeing those places, to which no christian traveller, not even the ambassadors are ever admitted. I am to make a visit to the seraglio, to which no christian, since Lady Mary Wortley Montague, has been allowed to enter. To-morrow we are to explore in company that mysterious palace, to which M. Calosso is himself a stranger, though he is acquainted with all the Sultan's principal officers.

We began by paying a visit to Namuk Pacha, one of the young favourites of the Grand Seignior, who had invited me to breakfast at his barracks at Scutari, and who had lent me his horses, when I visited the mountains of Asia. Namuk Pacha was that day on duty at the palace of the Sultan at Beglierbeg on the banks of the Bosphorus. We accordingly proceeded thither. Thanks to the high rank and favour enjoyed by Rustem Bey, that we were permitted to pass the gates, and examine the environs of this magnificent residence of the Grand Seignior. The Sultan was about to visit a little mosque of a European village, on the opposite coast of the Bosphorus, in front of Beglierbeg. His caiques, superbly fitted out, were moored by the side of the quay which bordered the palace, and his Arab horses of exquisite beauty were standing in the court-yard, held by sais, ready for the Sultan and his suite to mount, in order to cross the gardens. We entered by a wing of the palace detached from the body of the principal building, and in

which the pachas, the officers on duty, and the staff of the palace had their apartments. We crossed through several spacious saloons, in which were a crowd of military officers, clerks, servants, and slaves. Everything was in motion and bustle like a ministerial office, or a palace in Europe on a levee day. The interior of this palace was not splendidly furnished; the whole of the decoration consisting in divans and carpets; walls painted in fresco, and crystal lustres. The oriental costume, the turban, the pelisse, the large pantaloons, the sash, the gold caftan which the Turks have abandoned for a miserable European dress, badly cut out and ridiculously worn, have changed the grave and solemn aspect of the people into a poor parody of the Franks. The star of diamonds which glitters on the breast of the pachas and the vizirs, is the only ornament which distinguishes them, and which recalls to our mind their ancient magnificence. We were conducted across several halls, crowded with people, until we arrived at a little saloon, which opens upon the outward gardens of the palace of the Grand Seignior. We were there joined by Namuk Pacha, who seated himself by our side, ordered pipes and sherbets to be brought in, and introduced us to several young pachas, who like himself were basking in the sunshine of the Sultan's favour. Some colonels of the nisam or regular troops of the guard came to join us, and took part in our conversation. Namuk Pacha, who had recently returned from his embassy to Petersburg spoke the French language with fluency and eloquence. His manners, formed upon the model of the Russians, were those of an elegant European diplomatist. He appeared to me to be shrewd and intellectual. Kalil Pacha, then Capitan Pacha, who has since married the daughter of the sultan, likewise speaks the French language with great fluency. Achmet Pacha is also a young Osmanli dandy, with all the manners of a European exquisite. There was not indeed any thing in this palace to remind us of an Asiatic court, with the exception of the black slaves, the eunuchs, the grated windows of the harem, the shady groves and blue waters of the

Bosphorus, on which our eyes fell whenever we directed them towards the gardens. We talked with discretion, but at the same time with freedom of the negotiations between Egypt, Europe and Turkey, and the progress that has been made, and was to be made by the Turks in military tactics, legislation, and the policy of the different powers of Europe. There was not any thing in our conversation which would have denoted that we were discoursing with a people who are termed barbarous, concerning the affairs of these same barbarians, and that what we did say might have reached the ear of the Grand Seignior, that shadow of Allah.

Our conversation could not have been more familiar, more unrestrained, or more elegantly kept up in one of the drawing-rooms of London or Vienna. These young men, who appeared eager for information and knowledge, spoke of their situation and of themselves with a dignified and affecting modesty. As the hour of prayer was approaching, we took leave of our hosts, deferring till another opportunity our request to be presented to the sultan. Namuk Pacha confided us to the conduct of a colonel of the Imperial Guards, directing him to conduct us to the outer court of the mosque to which the sultan was about to proceed.

We crossed the Bosphorus, and we were landed at the gate of the little mosque, on the steps which led to it. In the course of a few minutes, we heard the report of the cannon of the fleet and the forts, which announce every Friday to the capital, that the sultan is going to the mosque, and we saw the two imperial caiques leaving the shores of Asia, and crossing the Bosphorus like an arrow. No splendour of horses or carriages can come near to the oriental luxury of these gilded caiques, the prows of which project like golden eagles, full twenty feet in advance of the caique, the twenty-four rowers of which, raising and lowering simultaneously their long oars, imitated the motion of two vast wings, and raised at evey stroke a veil of mist, which enveloped the sides of the caique, and at last, beneath an awning of silk, gold, and feathers, the curtains of which were drawn up, we ob-

served the Grand Seignior seated on a throne of cachmere, with his pachas and admirals at his feet. When the caique reached the shore, the Sultan jumped out with great nimbleness, resting his hands on the shoulders of Achmet and Namuk Pacha. The band of his guard, ranged opposite to where we stood on the square of the mosque, played a flourish, and he proceeded rapidly forward between two lines of officers and spectators.

Sultan Mahmoud is a man of about forty-five years of age, of middling stature, and of an elegant and dignified figure. His eye is blue and mild in its expression; his complexion dark and ruddy; his mouth handsome and intelligent, and his beard which is as black and glossy as jet, descends in thick clusters over his breast. The latter is the only remnant of the national costume which he has preserved: in other respects, the hat excepted, he might be taken for a European. On the present occasion, he wore pantaloons and boots, a brown frock coat, with a collar embroidered with diamonds, and on his head a small red woollen cap surmounted by a tassel of precious stones. He walked with an unsteady pace and appeared anxious and disturbed, something appeared to have given him great offence. He spoke with great emphasis and with an air of agitation to the pachas by whom he was accompanied. As he approached the spot, where we were standing, and ascended the steps leading to the door of the mosque, he slackened his pace, cast upon us a most gracious look and slightly inclined his head. He then by a motion directed Namuk Pacha to take a petition from the hand of a veiled Turkish female, and entered the mosque. He remained in it only twenty minutes, and during that interval, the military band played several pieces from the operas of Mozart and Rossini. On the sultan leaving the mosque, he appeared to be more calm and composed. He saluted the spectators on his right and left, and having walked slowly down to the water's edge, he jumped smilingly into his boat. In the twinkling of an eye we saw him land on the Asiatic shore, and enter the gardens of Beglierbeg.

It is impossible not to be pleased with the countenance of Mahmoud, nor to avoid entertaining a wish for the welfare of a prince, whose countenance bespeaks so much manly energy and profound sensibility. But, alas! such wishes are totally unavailing, when we think of the fate that inevitably awaits him. If he were in reality a great man, he would change his destiny, and overcome that fatality which attends him. He has still time to accomplish it. As long as a nation retains any remnant of existence, there is in the religion and nationality of its people, a principle of energy and resurrection, which may be regenerated and lead to a glorious transformation by a skilful and powerful genius. The greatness of Mahmoud, however, is confined to his courage. He would fight with intrepidity, and die like a hero, but the main spring of his resolution relaxes, when he is required to exercise the duties of a sovereign. Nevertheless, whatever may be his fate, history will compassionate and honour him. He has attempted great things; he foresaw that his empire must fall, if he did not attempt to regenerate it. He has lopped off the dead branches of the tree, but he cannot infuse life and sap into that portion of the trunk, that still remains standing. Ought this, however, to be ascribed to him as his fault? I think it ought. That which remained to do, was nothing in comparison to the destruction of the janissaries. Nothing would have resisted him in Turkey, and Europe, timid and blind, took the advantage of his supineness and meekness. A golden opportunity has been suffered to escape. A number of years have elapsed, and the audacious Ibrahim has converted to his own advantage the unpopularity of the sultan. Russia has been accepted as a protectress, but this hateful protection of a natural enemy against a rebellious slave has deeply wounded the pride of Islamism. Mahmoud has now scarcely any resource but his own personal courage. Surrounded as he is by courtiers and sycophants, an insurrection may hurl him from his throne, and plunge the empire into final anarchy. Turkey depends on the life of Mahmoud. He and the empire will perish on

one and the same day, and in the tomb of Mahmoud will be buried two of the finest portions of Europe and Asia.

June 21st, 1833.

At eleven o'clock we landed at the stairs of the old seraglio and we entered the streets by which it is surrounded. On my way I visited the divan of the Porte, a spacious palace in which the Grand Vizir resides, and in which all the affairs of state are transacted. There is nothing particularly worthy of note about this place, with the exception of the recollection of the momentous scenes which have been enacted within its precincts; the edifice itself, however, bears no marks of the sanguinary dramas of which it has been the theatre. This building is a large palace of painted wood, with an outward staircase, covered with a projecting roof, cut into festoons according to the Indian or Chinese fashion. The apartments are empty, and covered with mats. We descended thence to the square, where the terrible gate of the seraglio, has so often opened to vomit forth the bleeding heads of vizirs and even of sultans. We passed this gate without any interruption. The public are admitted into the first court of the seraglio, which is ornamented by clusters of beautiful trees, descending on the left towards the mint, which is a magnificent modern building, without the slightest oriental character. Here we were received by the Armenian directors of the mint, who opened in our presence the caskets in which the jewels are kept, belonging to the seraglio. Our imagination might have led us to believe that pearls and diamonds had rained down from heaven, so great was their profusion, a kind of impoverishing riches by which an empire is ruined. As soon as a state becomes civilized, these ideal representations of riches are exchanged for real and productive wealth, agriculture and commerce.

I stayed here but a short time, and we proceeded to enter the last court of the seraglio, which is inaccessible to every one, but those who have official appointments about the palace and to the ambassadors on the occasion of delivering their

credentials. It is bounded by the wings of the palace, by several kiosks, each separated from the other, and by the apartments for the eunuchs, the guards, and the slaves. The fountains and the trees spread every where around, their refreshing sweetness and their balsamic odours. On our arrival at the third gate, the soldiers on guard obstinately refused to let us pass. In vain did Rustem Bey endeavour to make himself known to the officer on duty. He presented to him his countersign, and told him that he should forfeit his head if he allowed me to enter. We therefore with regret retraced our steps, not a little chagrined at our disappointment, when we were accosted by the kesnedar or grand treasurer, who was returning from the mint, to the interior of the seraglio, in which his apartments were situate. Being informed by his friend Rustem Bey of the cause of our disappointment, he told us to follow him, and he introduced us without any difficulty into the court of the Icoglans.

This court, which is less spacious than those by which we had entered, is formed by several small palaces in the form of kiosks, having very low roofs which project about seven or eight feet beyond the walls, and are supported by small columns or little Moorish pillars of painted wood. The columns, the pillars, the walls and the roofs are all of carved wood and painted various colours. The courts and the gardens, formed by the intervening spaces between the kiosks are of various sizes, and irregularly planted with trees of every kind. These branches spread over the buildings, and completely envelope the roofs and the terraces. The right wing of these edifices consists of kitchens. They are large buildings with numerous chimneys, and their external walls are blackened by smoke. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of these kitchens, when it is known that the sultan boards all the persons attached to the court and the palace, and that the number of these guests amount to, at least, ten thousand each day.

At a short distance in advance of the kitchens stands a pretty little palace surrounded by a gallery or portico on the

ground floor. This is the abode of the pages or icoglans of the seraglio. It is there that the sultan provides for the education of the sons of the officers of his court, or of the young slaves, who are destined to fill situations in the seraglio, or in the government offices. This palace which was formerly the residence of the sultans themselves, is decorated, both internally and externally, with a profusion of carving, sculpture, and gilding, and on the whole it is executed with a good taste. The ceilings are as rich as those of the most beautiful palaces of France and Italy; the floors are formed of mosaic work. The palace contains several apartments nearly of equal size. On each side of these apartments, there are niches and stalls of carved wood, the workmanship of which is not inferior to the stalls in the choirs of our old cathedrals. Each of these niches is the dormitory of an icoglan. At the extremity of each there is an alcove in which he lays his cushions and his carpets, and in which his clothes are either hung up or laid in a box of gilt wood. Above these niches is a gallery which is ornamented, decorated and furnished with as many stalls as the lower apartments. The whole is lighted by cupolas or small windows in the roof of the edifice. The young icoglans, who had all been pupils of Rustem Bey received him with the greatest joy, and the most affecting demonstrations of attachment. The visit of a father who had been long expected, could not have been more joyfully received. The affection of these grateful youths drew tears from Rustem Bey, and I was myself deeply affected at the spontaneous and sincere expression of their feelings. They took my friend by the hand and kissed the skirts of his coat.

Rustem Bey! Rustem Bey! they exclaimed one after the other, and all hastened to meet him, breathless and flushed with joy. It was not without the greatest difficulty that he could extricate himself from their caresses, and they accosted him in the most affectionate language. Rustem Bey, said they to him, why have you been absent so long? you have been a father to us, and we have been longing to see you. We are indebted to you for all we know. Allah and the

sultan have sent you to make men of us. Before we were only slaves, sons of slaves. The name of the Osmanlis was a mockery, a term of reproach in Europe, henceforth we will defend and honour it. But tell the sultan to send you back to us. We do not study now, we are eaten up with ennui and dulness.

Five or six of these young men, whose features bore the imprint of mildness, intelligence, frankness, and amiability, took us by the hand and conducted us over every part of the building. They afterwards showed us their saloon of recreation, which was a kiosk surrounded by murmuring fountains, which fell from the walls into marble basins. Divans were placed all around it, and a staircase concealed in the thickness of the walls, led to the offices, in which a number of slaves, under the orders of the Icoglans have always in readiness fire for the pipes, coffee, sherbets, water and ice. There are all sorts of games played at in this saloon, and several of them were playing at chess. They ordered sherbets and ice to be presented to us, and seated on the divans, we conversed with them for a long time relative to their studies, and the progress which they had made; the conversation diverging to the politics and the ultimate fate of the empire, of which they spoke in a wonderful manner. They shuddered with indignation at their present condition, and offered up their prayers for the success of the sultan in his plans of reformation. I never witnessed a more ardent zeal for the regeneration of a country, than that which illumined the eyes and animated the words of these young people. The young Italians with whom I have conversed on independence and the diffusion of knowledge, never evinced a greater enthusiasm. Their features beamed with intelligence during the time that we were conversing with them. The oldest of them might be about twenty or twenty-two years old, the the youngest about twelve or thirteen. With the exception of the naval asylum at Greenwich; I never beheld a more noble set of youths, than I witnessed among these young Turks. It was with great reluctance that they permitted us

to depart, and accompanied us as far as they were allowed to do, through the gardens, the courts, and the kiosks. One or two of them shed tears on parting with Rustem Bey. During this time the kesnedar had gone to give his orders to the eunuchs and keepers of the gardens and palaces, to admit us to every place which we might express a desire to examine. At the bottom of the court rather further off than the palace of the Icoglans, our view was intercepted by a large building, which appeared to place a barrier to our further advance. It is the residence of the sultans themselves. It is surrounded, like the palaces and the kiosks, which we had just inspected by a gallery, formed by a projection of the roofs. On this gallery open the doors and the innumerable windows of the apartments. The palace is all on the ground floor. We entered the large halls, which serve as a vestibule and communicate with the different rooms. This vestibule is of an irregular shape, it is in fact a laybrinth formed by the pillars which support the roof and ceilings, and from which spacious corridors branch off for the persons in close attendance upon the sultan. The ceilings and walls are all of painted wood carved in Moorish ornaments. The doors of the imperial apartments were open, and we took an inspection of several of them. They all resembled each other in the arrangement and decoration of the mouldings and gilding of the ceilings. They were surmounted by cupolas of wood or marble carved in Arabesque open work, through which was admitted a soft and mellowed light. Broad and low divans were ranged round the walls, but without any furniture, and no seats with the exception of the carpets, the mats and the cushions. The windows, which are about half a foot from the floor, look upon the courts, the galleries, the terraces and gardens. On the side of the palace facing that at which we entered, there was a terrace or platform built of stone and paved with marble. A beautiful kiosk, in which the sultan receives the ambassadors is detached from the place at the distance of a few yards, and is elevated a few feet above this platform. It is

like a small Moorish chapel, a divan completely fills it. It is surrounded by circular windows, which command a superb view of Constantinople, the harbour, the sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. Marble fountains gush forth and form *jets d'eau* on an open gallery between the kiosk and the palace. It is a delicious promenade, the shrubs and rose trees from the little gardens which cover the lower terraces creep up the balustrades, and diffuse their refreshing odours through the kiosk. Some pictures painted on marble and wood, are hung round the walls. They represent different scenes in Mecca and Medina. I examined them very minutely. They are like plans without any perspective, but they perfectly agree with what Ali Bey has related of Mecca and of the Kaaba, and the arrangement of the different sacred monuments of the holy city, and further they are a direct proof of that traveller having in reality visited the place which he has described. His report of the circular gallery which surrounds the area of the different mosques is sufficiently attested by these paintings. They represent the portico, which resembles that of St. Peter's at Rome.

Having followed the basement of the palace on the left, we reached by a narrow balcony, supported by high terraces, the harem or palace of the sultanas. It was closed, and only a small number of odalisques remained in it. We did not venture to approach very near to this place, which is interdicted even to the eye. We saw only the grated windows and the delicious balconies with their trellis work intertwined with flowers, where the women pass their time looking at the gardens, the city and the sea. We cast our look over a multitude of parterres, surrounded with walls of marble, watered by fountains, and planted with care and symmetry with all sorts of flowers and odoriferous shrubs. These gardens, which are reached by descending flights of steps, and which communicate one with another, have also elegant kiosks. There the women and children of the harem walk about and enjoy the charms of nature.

We reached the declivity of the hill of the seraglio which

begins to decline towards the harbour and the sea of Marmora. We were now standing on the most elevated point of this spot, which has not its parallel in the whole world, and whence the eye commands all the hills and all the seas of Constantinople. We halted a considerable time to enjoy the glories of the prospect. It was the same enchantment of the sight as that, which I described from the Belvidere of Pera. During the time that we were standing on the terrace of the palace, the clock struck the hour of repast, and a number of slaves passed us, carrying on their heads large pewter dishes, containing the dinner of the officers, the eunuchs and the women of the seraglio. We were present at several of these dinners. They consisted of pilaus, poultry and koubes, which are small balls of rice and meat hashed together and roasted in a vine leaf, little cakes like our wafers, and vases of water. Wherever the slave met his master, there he deposited his dinner. Sometimes it was in a corner of one of the rooms of the palace; sometimes on the terrace, under the shade of the roof, sometimes in the gardens, and under a tree, and sometimes near a fountain.

The kesnedar came to look for us, and conducted us to the kiosk in which he lived, in front of the treasury of the seraglio. This treasury, which contains incalculable wealth accumulated since the creation of the empire, is a large stone building with a covered portico. The building is very little elevated above the ground: the doors are low and the apartments are like cellars. Large wooden coffers, painted red, are filled with gold and silver coin. A certain quantity is taken every week for the service of the empire. A number of these coffers were standing under the portico. We did not solicit leave to enter the treasury, but we were assured, that independently of the gold and silver specie, the Kesne contains vast hoards of pearls and diamonds. This statement is highly probable, as the sultans have always been accustomed to deposit their jewels in this treasury, and never to remove them, except in the utmost extremities of the state. But after all, the value of these precious stones is merely specu-

lative, and if the Grand Seignior wished to sell them, he would diminish their price by the abundance created in the market, consequently, this resource which appears immense in a financial point of view, is in reality a very problematical one.

The kesnedar, who was a frank, cheerful and intelligent man, conducted me to his own apartment, where I saw for the first time in Turkey, something approaching the elegance and convenience of European furniture. The divans were high, and covered with silk cushions, and there were tables and shelves round the room. On these shelves there were papers, books, maps, and a terrestrial globe. Sweetmeats and sherbets were offered to us. We conversed on the state of the arts and sciences in Europe, compared with the state of human knowledge in the Ottoman empire.

The kesnedar appeared to me as well informed and as divested of all prejudices as many Europeans. He possessed a kind of general knowledge, and heartily prayed for the success of Mahmoud in all his attempts at reform. Being, however, far advanced in years, and having passed his life in confidential employments in the seraglio, under four sultans, he appeared to cherish but little hope, and was philosophically resigned to his fate. He led a peaceful and a solitary life in the heart of the deserted seraglio. He put a multitude of questions to me on various subjects, viz, philosophy, religion, poetry, politics, military tactics, and different systems of government, republican and monarchical. He discussed all these subjects with a degree of judgment and shrewdness, which convinced me that he was one of the most able men in the Turkish empire. He placed his terrestrial globe before me, and having sent for a celestial one, he asked me to explain to him the movements of the planets, and the divisions of the earth. He took notes of all I said, and appeared highly delighted. He solicited me to stop and sup with him and to pass the night under his roof. We found it very difficult to decline his urgent invitations, and indeed I could only excuse myself by telling him that my wife and friends,

who knew that I had come to the seraglio, would be in a painful state of anxiety, if I did not speedily return.

You are indeed, said he, the first Frank, who ever entered here, and that is a reason why you should be treated with the greater attention. The sultan is great, and Allah is for all!

He escorted us as far as the inner staircase, leading from the platform of the sultan's palace into the labyrinth of the little gardens of the harem, of which I have already sp k n. There he confided us to the care of a chief of the bostangis, who led us from kiosk to kiosk, from parterre to parterre, the latter all watered with delicious fountains, till we reached a gate in the high wall, which separates the interior part of the seraglio, from the spacious surrounding lawns. There we found ourselves beneath some enormous plantains, upwards of a hundred feet high, which spread their branches over the walls, and shade the high balconies of the harem. These trees form a forest, intersected with green lawns. A little further on, we came to the orchards of fruit trees and large kitchen gardens cultivated by negro slaves, who have their huts under the trees. These irregular plantations are watered by little streams.

At no great distance from the harem stands an old and magnificent palace of Bajazet, now overgrown with ivy, and inhabited only by the birds of night. It is built of stone in a beautiful style of Arab architecture. It might be easily restored, and would be of itself worth the whole of the seraglio; but according to traditionary lore, it is haunted by evil spirits, and accordingly no Osmanli will enter it. As we were now alone, I entered into one or two of the subterranean vaults of this beautiful palace; they were almost choked up with rubbish. The walls and staircase of which I had time to take a glimpse, appeared to be specimens of exquisite workmanship.

Having arrived at one of the gates of the wall of the seraglio, we retraced our steps, passing through a forest of plantains, sycamores and cypresses, the largest in magnitude which I

ever beheld, and we made the circuit of the exterior gardens. They brought us to the bank of the Sea of Marmora, on which are situate two or three magnificent palaces, which are the residence of the sultans during the summer. The apartments of these palaces open direct upon the water, and are constantly refreshed by the sea breezes. A little further on, we came to some little verdant hills, on which were erected, mosques, kiosks, fountains, encircled by marble parapets, and shaded by large trees. Here we seated ourselves amongst the flowers and fountains: behind us rose the lofty walls of the seraglio, and before us stretched a sloping lawn of green turf, terminating at the sea. Between the sea and ourselves a curtain rose of cypresses and plantains, extending the whole length of the boundary wall. Between this curtain of the tops of trees, we perceived the waves of the sea of Marmora, the Islands of Princes, the vessels under sail, the masts of which glided from tree to tree, and Scutari tinged with the rays of the setting sun. The gilded summit of the Giants Mountain, and the snow clad tops of the mountains of Phrygia, formed the frame work of the enchanting picture.

Such is the interior of this mysterious abode, the most beautiful of the abodes of earth, that scene of so many bloody dramas, in which the Ottoman empire was born and flourished but in which it will not die, for since the massacre of the ianissaries, the Sultan Mahmoud no longer inhabits it. He is a man of wild and voluptuous habits, these drops of blood of his reign are repugnant to him. It may perhaps also arise from the circumstance, that he does not feel himself in safety in the midst of the fanatical population of Stamboul, and prefers having one foot on Asia, and another on board his fleet, which he can have in any one of his thirty palaces on the shores of the Bosphorus. The general character of this admirable residence, is neither grandeur, nor convenience, nor magnificence; it is merely a cluster of wooden tents, gilded and ornamented with open work. The character of these palaces is that of the Turkish people, intelligence and the love of nature. The instinct of beautiful prospects, of

sparkling seas, of grove and fountains, and immense horizons bounded by the summits of the snowy mountains, is the predominant instinct of this people. In it we feel the reminiscence of a pastoral and agricultural nation, who love to cherish the remembrance of their origin, and whose tastes are all simple and instinctive. This people have placed the palace of their rulers, the capital of their imperial city on the slope of the most beautiful hill, of which their empire can boast, and perhaps the whole world. The seraglio possesses neither the interior luxury, nor the mysterious voluptuousness of a European palace. Its beauty consists in spacious gardens in which the trees grow spontaneously and everlastingly like those of a virgin forest, with murmuring fountains and cooing ring doves; with apartments, the windows of which are always open. Terraces overlooking the gardens and the sea, and grated kiosks, where the sultans, seated behind their window blinds may at once enjoy retirement and the magic scenery of the Bosphorus. It is similarly constituted throughout all Europe; sovereigns and subjects, noble and ignoble, appear to have but one want, one feeling in the choice and arrangement of their dwellings, and that is, to charm the eye with a delightful prospect, or if the situation of the house and the poverty of the owner preclude this luxury, then at least there is a tree, birds, sheep, pigeons in a patch of ground in the vicinity of their hut. This very elevated site commanding a fine prospect is occupied by a mosque, a Santoon and a Turkish cabin. There is not a little hill, nor a smiling gulf, along either of the shores of the Bosphorus, where a pacha or a vizir has not built a villa, and laid out a garden. To recline beneath the shade of a tree, near a refreshing mountain, with a magnificent view of the country or the sea, and to spend hours and days in tranquil, listless contemplation, such is the supreme luxury of Mussulman life. It accounts for the peculiar structure and arrangement of the Turkish houses, and it also explains why the people are inactive and silent, until some violent excitement rouses the energy which lies dormant, but is not extinct within them. The Turks have not the loquacity

of the Arabs. They attach little value to the gratifications of self-love or society; the charms of nature are alone sufficient to constitute their happiness. They dream, meditate and pray. They are a nation of philosophers, deducing every thing from nature, and referring every thing to God. God is incessantly in their thoughts and in their mouths, and with them the deity is not a mere abstract idea, but a palpable, evident, and practical reality. The virtue of the Turk is constant adoration of the divine will; his dogma is fatality. With such a faith, the world may be conquered, but it may be lost with the same facility, and with the same indifference.

We left the seraglio by the gate which opens upon the harbour, and I entered the beautiful kiosk on the quay, where the sultan sits to receive the salutations of his fleets, when they depart on any expedition or return home.

June, 26th.

We have spent two days at Belgrade, a village in the middle of the forest of that name, four leagues from Constantinople. It is an immense forest of oaks, which covers the hills situated between the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora at an equal distance from both, and extends without interruption as far as the Balkan. It is a site as wild and as graceful as any of the English forests, with a beautiful Greek village built in a large valley, in the middle of the forest; arcadian meadows, and a river which flows beneath the shade of the oak trees. There are also some magnificent artificial basins formed in the hollows between the hills, for the purpose of collecting the waters and snpplying the fountains of Constantinople. Here I enjoyed the kind hospitality of M M. Aleon, French bankers, who have been established for two or three generations at Constantinople, and who possess a delightful house at Buyukdere, and a hunting villa at Belgrade. In this charming family, I found elegance of manners, exalted feeling and cultivation of mind combined with the winning grace and simplicity of the East. I was also introduced at Constantinople to another family, entirely French, that of M.

Salzani, the brother of my banker at Smyrna, an amiable and intelligent man, who treated us as his countrymen and friends. In general the Frank society at Constantinople, which consists of the officers of the foreign ambassadors and their suites, the consuls, the families of the dragomans, and the merchants of different European nations, is far above its reputation. Being confined within contracted limits, it has all the defects of the society of small towns, a proneness to gossiping, scandal, and envy, but on the other hand there are probity, information, elegance, and the most cordial hospitality to strangers. The current events of Europe are as well known there as in the circles of Vienna or Paris, and the strongest interest is felt in the political affairs of the west. I met with men of considerable merit, and women distinguished for beauty, virtue, and accomplishments. In the saloons of Pera and Therapia, a stranger might fancy himself in the most elegant drawing rooms of our principal cities, of Europe, if he did not cast his eyes on the Bosphorus, or see the Golden Horn at the extremity of the gardens, sparkling amongst the shrubs and trees.

June 29th, 1833.

We have made some excursions on the fresh waters of Europe. At the bottom of the harbour of Constantinople, the hills of Eyoub and those of Pera and Galata approximate insensibly, and leave only a narrow arm of the sea between them. On the left extends, the suburb of Eyoub with its mosque, and whither the sultans repair, on ascending the throne, to gird themselves with the sabre of Mahomet, for blood and force distinguish the religion of Mussulman despotism. This pyramidal mosque gradually rises above the painted houses of the suburb, and the tops of its minarets mingle in the horizon with the lofty dilapidated walls of Constantinople. On the edge of the canal stands a handsome palace, belonging to the sultanas, the windows of which are level with the canal, and the large and tufted tops of the trees in the gardens rise above the roof and are reflected in the water. Beyond this palace, the sea dwindles into a river, flowing

between beautiful greenswards, interspersed with slopes, gardens and woods. Here Bulgarian shepherds are seen playing on their pipes, whilst seated on the rocks they tend their herds of goats and horses. At length the river becomes a mere brook, the banks of which are touched by the oars of the caiques as they glide along, and the branches of magnificent elms stretching from shore to shore embarrass the rowers. A vast meadow shaded by groups of plantains extends on the right, whilst the left bank is crowned by green and woody hills. Further on in the direction of the stream, the view is lost amongst irregular avenues of trees, which shadow the brook and follow all its windings. These terminate the beautiful harbour of Constantinople, and there also ends the vast and tempestuous Mediterranean. You are wrecked as it were, in a shady creek, at the bottom of a verdure-girdled gulf, on a grassy and flowery bank far removed from the noise and bustle of the sea and the city. How happy would be the man that should end his days in such a spot as this! O that God may grant such a close to the life of my friends who are now struggling in the busy theatre of the world. Here silence and solitude may be enjoyed after turmoil and agitation. It is a resting place of shade and retirement, in which to reflect on the life that is past, and to die in peace and friendship with nature and all mankind. For myself, I should have no other wish, no other request. My solitude would no where else be so sweet and delightful.

Disembarking from the caique, I walked along the banks of the stream, until I arrived at a kiosk, which I perceived glittering amongst the trees. Around the trunk of each tree was assembled a group of Turkish, Jewish, and Armenian women, who with their beautiful children were playing upon the grass, and enjoying their repast in the shade. Saddle horses superbly, caparisoned, and Arabs (the carriages used at Constantinople) were scattered here and there over the meadow. In front of and around the kiosk were a canal and separate pieces of water, on which swans were swimming.

The gardens were not of large dimensions, but indeed the whole meadow may be said to be a garden. In this place the sultan was accustomed formerly to pass the sultry season. He was attached to this delicious retreat, because it was much liked by a favourite odalisque. After the massacre of the Almeidan, love found a place in the breast of Mahmoud, but the beautiful odalisque died in this retreat, and since that time Mahmoud has wholly deserted it. It is said, however, that he sometimes visits the tomb of the fair sultana, which is the only one that ornaments the gardens of the deserted palace. I passed the day in the depths of this valley under the shade of the trees.

July 3rd.

I embarked this morning for Constantinople, and having re-ascended the Bosphorus, entered the sea of Marmora. After rowing for about two hours along the outer walls which separate Stamboul from the sea, I landed at the foot of the castle of the Seven Towers. We had not with us either a teskéré or a guide. It was with the greatest reluctance that the Turkish soldiers permitted us to enter the first court of this castle of blood, whither the dethroned sultans were dragged to suffer the death doomed by the populace, who were at the same time both judges and executioners. Six or seven heads of decapitated emperors have rolled along the pavement of this court, whilst millions of meaner heads have been exposed on the battlements of the tower. The warder refused to allow us to proceed any further. Whilst he was absent to gain instructions from the commandant of the castle, the door of a low vaulted room in the eastern tower opened. I advanced a few steps; a loud roar made the walls vibrate, and I found myself face to face with a magnificent lion. He was chained up, but he made a spring at a beautiful greyhound which I had with me. The animal escaped and ran for protection beneath my legs. The lion then raised himself on his hinder legs, but he was confined to the wall by his chain. I made the best of my way out, and shut the door. The

warder arrived shortly afterwards and informed me, that it would be at the risk of his head, if he allowed me to proceed any further. I accordingly retired and left the boundaries of the city by a gate in the old walls leading into the campaign country. The walls of Constantinople commence at the castle of the Seven Towers upon the Sea of Marmora, and extend as far as the summits of the hills which crown the suburb of Eyoub, near the extremity of the harbour at the fresh waters of Europe: thus they enclose all the ancient city of the Greek emperors as well as the Stamboul of the Turkish sultans, on the only side of the triangle which is not defended by the sea. On this side, indeed, Constantinople is solely protected by the insensible acclivity of its hills, which at length merge into a finely cultivated plain. Here was raised that triple line of walls, which repelled so many assaults, and behind which the miserable Greek empire was so long thought to be imperishable. These well-built walls are still standing, and next to the Parthenon and Balbec, are the noblest existing memorials of ruined empires. I this morning walked along the base of the outer side. The walls consist of stone terraces from fifty to sixty feet in height, and occasionally from fifteen to twenty thick, covered with freestone of a greyish white colour, but sometimes of pure white, and appearing fresh from the chisel of the mason. At the foot of the walls are the ancient ditches, filled with rubbish and luxuriant loam, in which trees and climbing plants have years ago taken root, and now form impenetrable glacis. It is in fact a green wood, thirty or forty feet long, peopled by birds and reptiles. In many parts, this wood conceals the wall and the square towers by which it is flanked, leaving nothing visible but the battlements. In other parts, the wall is seen in its full height, and then it reflects the rays of the sun with rich effect. It is broken into fissures of every form at the top, and the vegetation taking root there, descends as in the ravines of mountains, and mingles at last with the verdure in the ditches. The summit of the wall is almost every where crowned with vegetation, which overhangs

and form a sort of coping surmounted by capitals and volutes of climbing plants and ivy. Here and there may be seen a plantain or a cypress springing from amidst the towers covered by dust, and intertwining their roots amongst the clefts of the wall. The weight of their foliage and branches, and the strong breezes to which these aerial trees are incessantly exposed, make them incline to the south, and they hang as if uprooted, their immense branches being laden with nests and myriads of birds.

At intervals of every three or four paces appears one of the double towers, of magnificent construction, with the enormous arches of a gate or antique porch between the two portions of the building. The great part of those porches are now closed up, and the vegetation which has taken root everywhere on the walls, the gates, the battlements and the turrets, forms itself into the most grotesque figures, in combination with the ruins. The ivy hangs from the summit of the tower like the folds of immense mantles; other creeping or climbing plants form, from one cranny to the other, bridges of foliage, fifty feet in length, and beds of july-flowers springing from the perpendicular walls, wave with every breeze like an ocean of flowers, whilst the shrubs form themselves into jagged battlements of a thousand different hues. If a stone be thrown against these verdure clad walls, or into the abyss of shrubs at their feet, swarms of birds immediately issue forth. We perceived also a number of eagles, which inhabit the towers, and hover the whole of the day in the sun above the eyries, where they feed their young.

July.

We continue to lead the same solitary life at Buyukdere, spending the evening on the water or in the Valley of Roses, and receive weekly visits from M. Truqui. Good hearts possess in themselves a virtue, which consoles them. God has furnished them with the only balsam for the incurable wounds of the heart—sympathy.

Yesterday, Count Orloff, the commander of the Russian fleet

and army, and Ambassador Extraordinary from the emperor of Russia to the Porte, celebrated the success of his mission and his departure by a military fete, given to the sultan on the Bosphorus. The gardens of the Russian embassy at Buyukdere, cover the wooded sides of a mountain, which closes the bay, and the feet of which are washed by the sea. From the terraces of the palaces, there is a view of the Bosphorus, in its double course towards Constantinople and the Black Sea. During the whole of the day, the cannon of the Russian fleet, at anchor off the gardens in front of the gardens, have fired minute guns, and the masts, decked out with all colours appear to mingle with the verdure of the great trees of the two shores. The sea has been covered from the morning with small vessels, and caiques conveying from Constantinople fifteen or twenty thousand spectators, who dispersed themselves in the kiosks, in the meadows, and on the neighbouring rocks. Many remained in the caiques, in which the Jewish, Turkish, and Armenian women, with their gay coloured dresses, seemed like bouquets of flowers scattered over the surface of the water. The Russian camp on the sides of the Giants Mountain, half a league from the fleet, presented with its white and blue tents, a striking contrast to the sombre foliage, and parched declivities of the hill. In the evening, the Russian ambassador's gardens were illuminated by thousands of lamps suspended from the branches of the trees. The vessels illuminated on all their masts, their yards and rigging, looked like fire ships, the burning of which led to the discharge of the cannon. Their broad-sides vomited volumes of flame, whilst the camp of troops about to embark, illumed by the immense fires on the tops of the mountains of Asia, were reflected in luminous masses on the sea, and spread the vivid glare of a conflagration over the immense bed of the Bosphorus. The Grand Seignor arrived in the midst of these splendid rejoicings, on board a steam boat, which came to an anchor under the terraces of the palace of the Russian ambassador, to enjoy the brilliant spectacle which was got

up in honour of him. He showed himself on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by his vizirs and his favourite pachas. He remained on board and sent the grand vizir to represent him at the supper given by Count Orloff. Spacious tables laid out under long avenues of plantain trees, and some other tables concealed amongst the numerous groves of the gardens, were covered with gold and silver dishes, which reflected the brilliancy of the illuminated trees. At the darkest hour of the night, that is a little before the rising of the moon, some fire-works, which had been conveyed on rafts into the middle of the Bosphorus, at an equal distance from the three shores, were let off, and diffused a vermillion light over the mountains, the fleet, and the innumerable crowd of spectators, whose caiques covered the sea. Never was there a more splendid spectacle presented to the eye of man. The imagination might have fancied the canopy of heaven to be open, and a glimpse afforded of an enchanted world, with all its elements, its mountains, its seas, and its skies of unknown forms and colours; thousands of white vapoury shadows flitted over waves of light and fire. Presently all was again plunged in silence and darkness. The lamps on the yards, and at the port-holes of the vessels, were extinguished all on a sudden, as if by a gust of wind. The moon rising between the brows of two high mountains shed her soft radiance over the sea, giving a pearly back ground to the enormous black masses of rock, as well as the spectral forms of masts, shrouds, and rigging. The sultan took his departure in his light steam boat, which spreads its smokey column across the waves, and vanished in silence like some spirit which had come to assist in the downfall of an empire.

It was Sardanapalus feeling the flames of his own funeral pyre with the fragments of his fallen throne. Mahmoud gave the death blow to a tottering empire: he had from its enemies sought succour and protection against a revolted slave, and now witnessed the celebration of their triumph, and his own consequent disgrace. What must have been the thoughts of the old Osmanlis, when they beheld the lights in the camps

of the christian barbarians and their fires bursting over the domes of their mosques, and reflected even against the walls of the ancient seraglio? what must have been the feelings of Mahmoud, under the forced smile that played upon his lips? a serpent must have preyed upon his heart. There was something profoundly pitiable in his situation, and what he must have suffered, might well have sufficed to create heroism out of remorse. The spectacle could not but give rise to consolatory reflections in the mind of the philosopher, who sees the hand of providence in all things.

The march of time and events was trampling into dust an immense empire, the obstacle of the civilization of the East, and gradually gathering together in those beautiful regions, races of men more vigorous, governments more humane, and religions more enlightened.

July.

I dined to-day at Baron Sturmer's with the Prince Royal of Bavaria who stopped some days at Constantinople on his return from Greece. This young prince, with an earnest desire for information and with the good sense to appear forgetful of the throne which awaits him, seeks the conversation of men, who have no motives for flattering him, and makes their remarks the guide of his conduct. His own conversation is highly edifying. The king, my brother, said he to me, is still hesitating upon the choice of his capital. I should like to have your opinion on the subject. The capital of Greece, I replied, is marked out by the very nature of the event, which has re-established Greece. Greece is a resurrection, and where a thing is revived, it should be restored in form as well as in name, in short as far as possible in its complete individuality. Athens with its ruins and recollections is the emblem of the existence of Greece. That city must then be the point of his regeneration, or the Greeks will never be any thing but what they are; a wretched population spread over the rocks and the islands of the Peloponnesus.

July.

Constantinople like all the capitals of a decaying people, alone presents an appearance of population and life: in proportion as the vitality of empires recedes from the extremities it concentrates itself in the heart. There was also a time when the entire Greek empire existed in Constantinople, the city was taken, and the empire was no more. Authors are not agreed respecting the population of Constantinople, which is differently stated from three hundred thousand to a million souls: the census is wanting, every one therefore judges from private data. Mine is founded only on a glance cast upon the great development of the city, including Scutari, the shores of the Golden Horn, the sea of Marmora, and the coasts of Asia and Europe. I include all this under the name of Constantinople, for there is no interruption of houses. The denominations of quarters, of towns and villages, are arbitrary; it is but a single city, a single centre of population, sending out its lines of houses, kiosks, palaces, or villages, over an extent of fourteen French leagues in length, sometimes of a considerable depth, sometimes of one or two houses only. I believe that the aggregate of this population may amount to from six to seven hundred thousand souls: not more than one third of these are Turks; the remainder are Armenians, Jews, Christians, Franks, Greeks, and Bulgarians. The Turkish population of Constantinople may be taken, then, according to my estimate, at from two to three hundred thousand souls. I did not visit the shores of the Black Sea; but according to the excellent and conscientious narrative of M. Fontanier's travels, published in 1834, the indigenous population predominates in those districts, and the Turks diminish in number there, as well as in the provinces of the empire which I have traversed.

After the capital, the only great town of European Turkey is Adrianople, which may reckon from thirty to forty thousand Turks: Phillippopoli, Sophia, Nissa, Belgrade, and the little intermediate towns, an equal number. I apprehend the

number of Turks in those portions of the empire which I have not visited will amount on the whole to about three hundred thousand. Servia and Bulgaria will scarcely produce a Turk to a village: and I suppose the case may be the same in the other provinces of Turkey in Europe. Allowing then, for the errors which I may have committed, and attributing to the interior of Asia Minor a much larger population than appears to the eye, or than the relations of travellers warrant, I do not think that the total existing Turkish population can be estimated at more than two or three millions of souls; I am indeed far from believing that it should be stated so high. Here then is the conquering race, reared on the borders of the Caspian Sea, melting away under the sun of the Mediterranean; here then is Turkey possessed, or rather already lost, by this small number of men: for while the doctrine of fatalism, the inertness which is consequent upon it, the immutability of institutions, and the barbarism of the administration, reduce almost to nothing the conquerors and masters of Asia, their slaves, the Christian races of the empire, the Armenians, Greeks, and Maronites, and the race of conquered Arabs, increase and multiply through the natural effect of their customs, their religion, and their activity. The number of slaves immensely surpasses the number of oppressors; the Greeks of the Morea, a feeble and miserable population, have, single handed, in a moment of energy, cleared the Peloponnesus of Turks; Moldavia and Walachia have thrown off the yoke; the islands would be all freed but for the European treaty which guarantees them to the Sultan; the whole of Arabia is dissected amongst tribes unknown to each other, molested alternately by the Turks and the Egyptians, and dominated in her most energetic portions by the great schism of the Wahabees: two-thirds of the Armenians are snatched from the Turkish power by the Russians and Persians the Georgians are Russians; the Maronites and the Druses will be masters of Syria and Damascus as soon as it is seriously their will to be so; the Bulgarians are a numerous and healthy population, still tributary, but themselves more numerous and

better organized than the Turk, capable of casting off their subjection with a word: this word the Servians have pronounced and their magnificent forests already begin to be opened by roads, towns, and villages; Prince Milosch, their chief, admits Turks at Belgrade only as allies, no longer as masters. The spirit of conquest, the soul of the Osmanlis, is extinct; the spirit of armed proselytism has long since vanished from among them; their force of impulsion is gone; their force of conversation, which should reside in a uniform, enlightened, and progressive administration, exists only in the head of Mahmoud: popular fanaticism is dead with the janissaries, and if the janissaries could revive, barbarism would revive with them: a miracle of genius would be necessary to resuscitate the empire; Mahmoud has heart, but not genius; he assists in producing his own ruin, and encounters only obstacles, where a stronger and more expansive mind would find instruments; he is reduced to depending for support upon the Russians, his natural and immediate enemies. This policy of weakness and despair ruins him in the opinions of his people; he is become the shadow only of a sultan assisting in the dismemberment of his empire; pressed between Europe, which protects him, and Mehemet Ali, who threatens him; if he declines the humiliating assistance of the Russians, Ibrahim arrives and overthrows him by his presence: if he combats Ibrahim, France and England confiscate his fleets, and encamp on the shores of the Dardanelles; if he enters into alliance with Ibrahim, he becomes the slave of his slave, and finds a prison or death in his own seraglio. The energy of heroism and an effort of sublime despair alone could save him, and restore for a while the Ottoman glory. To close on either side the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, to make an appeal to southern Europe and to all that remains of Islamism and to march himself against Ibrahim and the Russians, these are the only means of recovery yet open to him: but suppose them adopted and successful, the empire, glorious for a moment, would not the less decompose itself immediately afterwards; the only permanent result would be, that its fall

would be enlightened with a halo of heroism, and that the race of Othman would set as it rose, in a triumph.

Now that we have seen the state of Europe and that of the Ottoman empire, what line of conduct should political foresight adopt? How should Europe act, consistently with the policy of humanity, not of a blind and stupid selfishness? the routine of diplomacy, which repeats its axioms, when once received, long after they have ceased to have a rational meaning, and which trembles to have a real and serious question to discuss, because it has neither intellect nor energy to resolve it, has declared that the Ottoman empire must be supported on all sides, as a necessary counterpoise to Russian power in the East.

If an Ottoman empire really existed, if there were still Turks capable of creating and organizing, not an army only, but a government, which might observe the rear of the Russian empire, and give her serious disquiet, while southern Europe engaged her in front, then, perhaps, this might be conservative policy. It would be hardihood or madness to say to Europe, efface from the map an existing empire, ful. of life—lift an immense weight from the ill-adjusted equilibrium of the body politic; the world will not perceive the change. But the Ottoman empire no longer exists, except in name; its life is extinct, its weight no longer sways the balance; it is nothing but a vast void, which your anti-human policy wishes to leave vacant, instead of filling it with a healthy living population, which nature has already planted there, and which you might replenish and propagate yourselves. Do not precipitate the fall of the Ottoman empire, do not usurp the office of fate, do not assume the responsibility of Providence; but do not sustain by an illusory and culpable policy that phantom to which you can at best give only an appearance and attitude of life, for it is dead. Do not become the allies of barbarism and Islamism, against the more advanced stages of civilization, reason, and religion, which they oppress; nor the accomplices of the slavery and depopulation of the finest parts of the world.

Let destiny accomplish its purposes: observe, wait and be ready.

When at length the empire shall sink of itself, and, undermined by Ibrahim, or some other pacha, shall be dismembered alike in its northern and southern provinces, you will have a very simple question to decide. Will you make war upon Russia, to prevent her inheriting Constantinople and the coasts of the Black Sea? will you make war upon Austria, to prevent her inheriting one half of Turkey in Europe? will you make war upon England, to prevent her inheriting Egypt and the route to India by the Red Sea?—upon France, to prevent her colonising Syria and the Island of Cyprus?—upon Greece, to prevent her completing her territories by the addition of the coasts of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful isles which bear her name, and are inhabited by her own people?—on all the world, in short, lest any one should profit by these magnificent ruins? Or we must come to a mutual understanding, and divide them amongst the human race, under the patronage of Europe, that the human race may multiply and flourish in this beautiful climate, and that civilization may resume its station there? These are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to decide. Truly the answer is not doubtful.

If you resolve on war, you will have war, with all the evils, all the ruin that attend it; you will injure Europe, and Asia, and yourselves; and the war having ended from utter weariness, nothing which you intended to prevent will be prevented. The force of circumstances, the irresistible march of events, the influence of national sympathies and religion, the power of territorial positions, will have their inevitable effect; Russia will occupy the coasts of the Black Sea and Constantinople, for the Black Sea is a Russian lake, of which Constantinople is the key; Austria will spread herself over Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, to keep pace with Russia; France, England, and Greece, after disputing the road for some time, will respectively take possession of Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the Islands. The

effect will be the same; but, meanwhile, torrents of blood will have flowed by sea and lan ; the chances of battle will have substituted forced and arbitrary for natural and rational division of territory; years of useful colonization will have been lost; and during perhaps these lengthened years, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been the prey of anarchy and incalculable calamities. You will find more extensive deserts than even the Turks had left. Europe will have receded instead of following her accelerated movement of civilization and prosperity, and Asia will have rested still longer in her bed of death. If reason presides over the destinies of Europe, can she hesitate? and if she hesitates, what will history say of her governments and rulers? It will attest that the political world has been directed in the nineteenth century by suicidal selfishness and folly; and that its cabinets and subjects have rejected the most magnificent present which Providence has ever offered to the necessities of an epoch, and to the progress of mankind.

Let us now see what ought to be done. Let a congress be assembled of the principal powers bordering on the Ottoman empire, or having important interests in the Mediterranean, to establish the principle that Europe withdraws from all action or direct influence upon the internal affairs of Turkey, and abandons it to its own vitality and the chances of its destiny; and to agree beforehand, that in case of the fall of this empire, whether by a revolution at Constantinople, or by successive dismemberments, the European powers shall take under the title of protectorates, such portions of its dominions as shall have been assigned to each by the stipulations of the congress; that these protectorates, the territories of which shall be defined and limited according to contiguity of situation, security of frontier, analogy of religion, customs, and interests, shall maintain only the paramount authority of the respective powers, without interfering with the local sovereignties pre-existing in the protected provinces. This *suzeraineté* or paramount protectorship, thus recognized as a European institution,

should be defined to consist principally in the right of occupying certain portions of the territory and coasts, of founding there free cities, European colonies, or trading ports. The several nationalities, the classifications of tribes, the pre-existing rights of every kind, should be recognised and supported by the protecting power, which should exercise over its assigned territory only an armed and civilizing guardianship, guaranteeing its existence and the elements of its nationality, under the banners of a stronger nationality, preserving it from invasion, dismemberment, and anarchy, and furnishing it with the means of pacifically developing its commercial and industrial resources.

These points established, the mode of action and influence of the protectorates over the portions of the East which should devolve upon them would vary according to their respective localities and customs, and would flow from peculiar circumstances: matters would naturally take the following course:

In the first instance, one or several European free towns would be founded upon such parts of the coast or territory as from nature and circumstances should appear the most eligible. These towns, open, as well as the whole territory, to all the protected population, would be governed by the laws of the mother country, or by an especial colonial legislation: on settling in them, the protected people should obtain the rights of citizenship, and soon after all those enjoyed by the native subjects of the protecting power; they should cease to be subject to the oppressive and barbarous legislations of their tribe or their prince; they should be fully invested with the right of property and its transmission, which is almost everywhere wanting in these lands, and which is the first and chief lever of its civilization; they should enjoy such immunities of commerce, industry, and arms, as the policy of the protectorate should confer upon them. The commercial relations between these principal centuries of liberty, property, and civilization, would inevitably be drawn closer and closer; the towns, villages, and tribes would soon demand in mass to be admitted

to the benefits of compatriotism, and of the social rights which would result from it; and the protected country would pass although in a few years within the pale of the protecting power. A uniformity of laws, and of political and social institutions, would be promptly and liberally established; all these advantages are already warmly appreciated among the people to whom they would thus be extended. Weary of the tyranny and the barbarous administration by which they are decimated, eager for the rights of property, commerce, and individual liberty, there can be no doubt but they would immediately fill to an overflow the first open towns. The contagion of example, and the prosperous security enjoyed by these towns and territories, would seduce the entire population of still extending circles. But two things would require to be respected and protected—their customs and religion. This is easy, because toleration is the law of Europe and good sense, and the inveterate habit of the East. All sorts of worship must be equally protected, in perfect freedom and mutual independence. Some purely civil conditions must be gradually imposed on those who establish themselves in European towns, modifying their customs with respect to legislation without interfering with their faith. The municipal and protecting law must know nothing of a plurality of wives or of slavery, but it must interdict nothing which belongs merely to the province of domestic government or of conscience.

Each protectorate must possess two sorts of legislation: the one general, and in some measure feudal, which will regulate the general connexion of the protected people and tribes amongst each other and with the protecting nation, as imposition of the taxes and the militia of the colony, and the boundaries of the territories of the respective dependent tribes; the other, a European legislation for the European free towns, analogous to that of the protecting nation, a legislative model incessantly offered to the emulation of the native powers. The common pact, over the due execution of which the protectorate would watch, must only oblige

these various races of men that inhabit the East, differing from each other in tribes, in religion, and in customs, to live together in peace : it would habituate them to a community of interests; would teach them, for certain objects, to convene deliberative assemblies of their respective nations and tribes; and then to choose the most enlightened among themselves as deputies, to deliberate in their turn with the deputies of other nations and tribes on interests common to the whole protectorate; in order to accustom them by degrees to a beneficial connexion, and to blend them insensibly rather by the force of manners than of laws. The East is so well prepared by its municipal habits, and by the great diversity of its races, for such a state of things, that the protecting nation would experience no difficulty, except in a few great capitals, as Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, and Constantinople. These difficulties must not be overcome by force but simply by a temporary interdiction of intercourse with the rest of the protected territories. The cessation of commerce is, in the East, a suspension of life. Their repentance would soon purchase reconciliation.

The possibility, I will even say the extreme facility, of such an organization, is manifest to all who have travelled in these countries. Galling subjection, ruin, depopulation, absence of the rights of property and legal transmission, the arbitrary will of a pacha, weighing like an incubus upon fortune, and upon life itself, have so denationalized those beautiful regions, that any standard planted there on the above conditions would quickly rally the majority of their inhabitants under its shadow. They are for the most part ripe for the change: all the population of Turkey in Europe, and all the Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, and Jews, are industrious, agricultural, and commercial; give them only protection of property, personal security, and liberty, and they will speedily multiply, and cover the isles and the two continents. In twenty years the measures which I propose will have created prosperous nations, and we shall see millions

of men advancing under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization.

But, I may be asked, how will you dispose of the Turks? The empire once fallen, divided, and dismembered, the Turks, shaken off by all the insurgent populations, will either become blended with them, or flee to Constantinople and some few parts of Asia Minor, where they may still muster a majority. They are two insignificant in numbers, too much closed in by implacable enemies, too visibly struck by the fatality which constitutes a material portion of their creed, to re-conquer their wide-spreading domination when once lost. They will form one among the many nations guaranteed and protected by the European power which shall accept the sovereignty of the Bosphorus, of Constantinople, or of Asia Minor, and will be but too happy in the defence of that shield against the vindictive aggressions of the people who have endured their yoke. They will retain their laws, their habits, their creed, till habitual contact with a more advanced civilization shall insensibly lead them to property, industry, commerce, and all the social benefits which flow from these. Their territory, their relative independence, and their nationality will remain under the guardianship of Europe, till their complete union with the other free nations of Asia takes place. Did the plan which I have conceived and propose depend for its execution on violence, on the expatriation and forcible dispossession of this wreck of a great and generous nation, I should regard it as a crime. The Turks, by the inherent and irreclaimable viciousness of their administration and of their habits, are incapable of governing their present territory in Europe and Asia, or either of them. They have depopulated the countries which owned their sway, and have destroyed themselves by the slow suicide of their government: but as a race of men, they are still, in my estimation, the first and most worthy amongst the numerous races that people their vast empire; their character is the noblest and most dignified, their courage is unimpeach-

able, and their virt es, religious, civil, and domestic, are calculated to inspire every impartial mind with esteem and admiration. Magnanimity is nscribed on their foreheads and displayed in their actions: if they had better laws and a more enlightened governme t, they would be one of the greatest people the world has seen. All their instincts are generous. They are a people of patriarchs, of contemplatists, of adorers, of philosophers, and when their cause is that of religion, they are a people of heroes and martyrs. God forbid that I should instigate the extermination of such a race, whom I believe to confer honour on humanity! But as a nation, they are, or soon will be, no more. As a race of men, they must be saved, with those whom they oppress and whose propagation they impede, by the direction of their destiny and that of Asia being at a decisive moment assumed by more competent hands. By what right? it may be asked. By the right of humanity and civilization. It is not the right of power which I invoke: power confers no right, but it confers a capability, Europe combined in one aim—the preservation and civilization of the human race, has indisputably the capability of deciding the fate of Asia. It is for her to examine herself, and to ask whether that capability does not constitute a right, whether it does not impose a duty. For my part, I hold the affirmative. No cannon need be fired; no violence, no confiscation, no proscription, no violation of religion or morals, authorized. A resolution only is to be taken, a protection promulgated, a standard unfurled; and if this be not done, twenty years of unprofitable warfare is reserved for Europe; and for Asia, anarchy, ruin, stagnation, depopulation to the end of time! Has God bestowed upon man so magnificent a domain, in the finest portion of the globe, that it may be left sterile, uncultivated, or ravaged by eternal barbarism?

As for Europe herself, her convulsed and revolutionary state, the exuberance of her unemployed population, industry and intellectual forces, ought to lead her to bless that Providence which so opportunely opens to her so boundless a

career of thought, activity, noble ambition, civilizing proselytism, manufacturing and agricultural industry; offices and emoluments in every shape; fleets and armies to direct: ports to construct; cities to erect; colonies to found; fertile solitudes to cultivate; new manufactures to establish; new discoveries to turn to account; new regions to explore; alliances to attempt; young and sound populations to educate; systems of legislation to study and to prove; religions to investigate and rationalize; union of people and of customs to consummate; Europe, Asia, and Africa to draw nearer to each other, and to unite by new communications, which shall leave but the interval of a month between India and Marseilles, and place Cairo in connexion with Calcutta.

The finest climates of the world; the rivers and plains of Mesopotamia offering their currents and their roads as channels for the infinitely multiplied activity of universal commerce; the mountains of Syria furnishing an inexhaustible depôt of fuel to innumerable steam-vessels; the Mediterranean, become the lake of southern Europe, as the Euxine already is of Russia, and as the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf are of England; nations, now destitute of territory, country, rights, laws, or security, dividing amongst them, under the shelter of European legislations, those districts in which they now encamp, and overspreading Asia Minor, Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey in Europe, and the islands, with an industrious population, thirsting after the knowledge and the productions of Europe. What a picture is here! what a prospect for the three continents! what a boundless sphere of new activity for the faculties and the wants which consume us! what elements of pacification, of domestic order, and of steady progression, for our tempestuous times! And this picture is a simple truth; a truth infallible, easy, certain. Europe wants only just opinions and generous sentiments to realize it; a word will suffice her to save herself while preparing a glorious futurity for mankind.

I shall not here discuss the limits of the European and Asiatic protectorates, and the compensations to which those

limits might lead in Europe itself: the task belongs exclusively to the agents of the principal powers assembled in a secret congress. Established nationalities represent in some degree the individual indentity of the people. They should be touched as little as possible in negotiation; war alone effects them. Such compensations therefore would be easily granted, and need not produce the interminable discussions and perpetual squabbles which are always raised against them. As I have just observed, in certain cases capability is right. The lesser powers ought not to embarrass the greater, in whom actually resides the preponderating voice, from which there is no appeal, in the great European council. When Russia, Austria, England, and France understand each other, and have promulgated a firm and unanimous decision, who can prevent their executing whatever their dignity, their interest, and the welfare of the world shall dictate to them? Certainly no one. The inferior diplomacies may murmur, may intrigue, may write; but the work will be accomplished, and the vigour of Europe renewed.

July.

The Russian fleet and army have departed. They have learned their way hither, and have accustomed the eyes of the Turks to their presence. The Bosphorus is now inanimate and deserted.

My Arabian horses have arrived: they have come by the way of Asia Minor. Tadmor, the handsomest and most spirited of the whole, died at Magnesia, almost at the end of the journey. The sais wept for his loss, and renewed their tears on recounting it to me. He was the admiration of all the towns of Caramania through which he passed. The rest are so weak and exhausted that they will require a month's repose to fit them for the journey through European Turkey and Germany. I have sold the two handsomest to M. de Bouteneif for the Emperor of Russia's stud. The other three I have disposed of to different persons in Constantinople. I shall never cease to regret Tadmor and Saide.

I have just concluded a bargain with some Turks of Stam-

boul, and of the village of the Eyoub, who own those carriages in which the women ride about the streets of Constantinople. They have agreed to let me have five arabas, each harnessed with four horses, to convey in twenty-five days to Belgrade, myself, my wife, M. de Capmas, my servants and our baggage. I have hired two Tartars to conduct the caravan, several moukres and mule-drivers for conveying our bedding, provisions, books, &c. and lastly six saddle-horses, in case the roads do not permit us to use the arabas. The price I am to pay for all these horses and carriages is about four thousand francs. An excellent interpreter accompanies us on horseback. Our departure is fixed for the 23rd July.

July.

We left Constantinople at two o'clock this morning. The horses and carriages were waiting for us in the village of Eyoub, in a small square not far from a fountain shaded by plantains. There was a Turkish coffee-house hard by. A crowd assembled to see us depart, but we suffered neither insult nor robbery. Honesty is here the virtue of the common people; it is less frequently met with in palaces. The Turks, who were sitting under the trees before the coffee-house, and the people who passed by, helped to load our arabas and our horses, and gathered together and brought to us any little articles which we had dropped.

We began our journey at sunrise. We were all on horseback, and we toiled up the long, solitary, and hilly streets of Eyoub, as far as the Greek walls of Stamboul. On leaving those walls, we crossed a barren hill, on which were some superb barracks. In front of these barracks, two battalions of the Nysam Djedid, or regular troops, were exercising. M. Truqui, and the young Greeks attached to his consulate, had insisted on accompanying us. We parted here. We embraced this excellent man, who had been a providence to us in our solitude. When we are in despair, a friendship of two months' duration is like a friendship of many years. May Heaven soothe and reward the declining years of my

kind-hearted friend! who knows whether we may ever meet again in this world? we are setting out on a long and perilous peregrination. He is separated from his wife and his country. He endeavoured to conceal his tears, while ours moistened his trembling hands.

We halted at three leagues from Constantinople, to wait till the heat of the day should be past. We had crossed a tract of country full of undulating hills overlooking the sea of Marmora. There were a few houses scattered about the fields, but no villages. At four o'clock we again resumed our journey, and after passing over some low and barren hills we arrived at a little town, where our Tartars, who had gone on before us, had got a house ready for our reception. This house belonged to an amiable Greek family, who had three charming daughters and some younger children of admirable beauty. They spread carpets and cushions on the floor, where we were to repose for the night. My cook contrived to procure some rice, chickens, and abundance of vegetables. At three o'clock next morning our caravan was ready to move. One of my Tartars proceeded a considerable way in advance of the troop. After our mid-day repast, which we took at the brink of a fountain, or in some caravansary hut, he took my orders, and galloped off to the town or village at which we were to sleep. He presented my letters from the grand vizir or pacha to the aga, the ayam or lord of the village. The latter selected the best Greek, Armenian, or Jewish house in the neighbourhood, and gave the proprietor notice to prepare it for strangers. Forage was then provided for thirty-two horses, which we had with us, and often a supper for ourselves. The ayam, accompanied by the principal inhabitants and some cavalry troops, when there happened to be military in the town, came to meet us on the road, and accompanied us to our quarters. They alighted from their horses, conducted us into the house, ordered pipes and coffee to be served to us, and then retired to their homes where after a short time, I returned their visit.

From Constantinople to Adrianople we saw nothing re-

markable, nothing picturesque, except an immense extent of plains without habitations or trees, intersected by a river half dried up, flowing under the arches of a ruined bridge. In the evening, we sometimes arrived at a wretched village, lying in the depth of a valley, and surrounded by fruit-trees. The inhabitants of these villages were all Greeks, Armenians, or Bulgarians. The kans are huts almost without roofs, in which men and horses are lodged together. Our road continued thus for several days. We met no more; it resembled the desert of Syria. Once only we fell in with a party of thirty or forty Bulgarian peasants, dressed like Europeans, and wearing on their heads black sheep-skin caps. They were proceeding to Constantinople, and were marching to the music of two instruments like bagpipes. On perceiving us, they shouted loudly, and ran toward us, begging for a few piastres. These are the Savoyards of European Turkey. They guard the horses of the Grand Seignior and the pachas in the meadows of the fresh waters of Asia and Buyukdere: they are likewise the gardeners of Stamboul.

On the morning of the sixth day we perceived Adrianople, at the extremity of these plains, in a hollow surrounded by mountains. The city appears immense, and is commanded by its beautiful mosque. This mosque is the finest religious monument in Turkey next to St. Sophia: it was built by Bajazet at the time when Adrianople was the capital of the empire. Corn, vines, and fruit-trees of every kind were growing in the fields, to the distance of two leagues round the city. The aspect of the country reminded me of Dijon or Lyons. Numerous streamlets wind through the fields. We first entered a long suburb, and we passed through the city amidst a crowd of Turks, women, and children, who thronged round us, but who, far from annoying us, treated us with every mark of respect. The persons who advanced to meet us, conducted us to the door of a very fine house, belonging to M. Vernazza, the Sardinian consul at Adrianople.

Here we passed two days. The family of the consul were

at a house some leagues distant, on the banks of the river Maritza (the ancient Hebrus.) In the evenings, we enjoyed a charming view of Adrianople from M. Vernazza's terrace. The city is about as large as Lyons, and is watered by three rivers, the Hebrus, the Arda, and the Tundicha. It is completely surrounded by wood and water; and the fertile valley in which it lies is encircled by fine chains of mountains. We visited the mosque, which is like all other mosques, only more lofty and spacious. Our European architecture has produced nothing more bold, more original, or more effective, than this monument and its minaret. It is a column pierced with open-work, more than a hundred feet high.

We left Adrianople for Philippopoli. The road crosses defiles and valleys, covered with trees, and smiling, though deserted, between the high mountains of the Rhodopus and the Hemus. We journeyed for three days, now and then passing beautiful villages. When we were within three leagues of Philippopoli, I perceived a party of Turkish, Armenian, and Greek horsemen advancing to us at full gallop. A handsome young man, mounted on a superb horse, came up to us before the rest, and touched my clothes with his finger. He then turned his horse, and rode beside me. He spoke Italian, and explained to me that having been the first to touch me, I must accept his house, however urgent the others of his party might be to conduct me elsewhere. The kiaia of the governor of Philippopoli next joined us. He complimented me in the name of the governor, who, he said, had prepared a large and commodious house for my reception, and that supper was ready: he at the same time expressed a hope that I would remain some days in the city. I however determined to receive the hospitality of the young Greek, M. Maurides.

When we entered Philippopoli our party consisted of sixty or eighty horsemen. The people had assembled in the streets and at their windows to see us pass. We were received by the sister and the aunts of M. Maurides. The house

was spacious and elegant, containing a fine divan, with four-and-twenty windows, and furnished in the European style. The governor and the chiefs of the people of different nations residing in Philippopoli came to pay their compliments to us, and took coffee. We passed three days at Philippopoli, enjoying the liberal hospitality of M. Maurides, making excursions in the environs of the town, and receiving and returning the visits of the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians.

Philippopoli contains a population of thirty thousand souls. It is four days' journey from Adrianople, and eight from Sophia. It is situated on the edge of a river, on a little rocky eminence in the bosom of a broad and fertile valley. It is one of the finest natural situations for a city that can possibly be conceived. The hollow in which the city is built is in the form of a crescent, the two points of which are likewise crowned with houses and gardens. The streets descend in a winding direction, in order to diminish their slope to the river, which flows at the bottom of the valley. The view of the bridges, gardens, houses, and large trees rising from the banks of the river; the wooded plain which separates the river from the mountains of Macedonia; these mountains whose flanks are intersected by foaming torrents, and studded with villages and Greek monasteries, all render the garden of M. Maurides one of the most delightful spots in the world. Philippopoli is inhabited by about equal numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. The Greeks are in general well-informed people, and are actively engaged in trade. The principal families send their children to be educated in Hungary: but this education only renders them the more sensitive to the oppression of the Turks. They sigh for the independence enjoyed by their brethren of the Morea. At Philippopoli I became acquainted with three young Greeks, whose sentiments and energy of mind rendered them worthy of another fate and another country.

In two days after our departure from Philippopoli, we reached a little town in a cultivated plain, called Tatar

Bazargik. It belonged, together with the surrounding province, to one of those great feudal Turkish families, five or six of whom have been respected by the sultans, and still exist in Asia and Europe. The young prince who possesses and governs Tatar Bazargik is the son of the old Vizir, Husseim Pacha. He received us with chivalrous hospitality, lodging us in a newly built and elegant house situated on the bank of a river which flows round the town. This house belonged to a wealthy Armenian. No sooner were we installed in it than fifteen or twenty slaves arrived, each bearing a pewter dish on his head. These dishes, which they laid on the ground at our feet, contained rice, cakes, game, and sweetmeats of all kinds, from the kitchens of the prince: two fine horses were likewise sent to me as a present, which however I declined, and several calves and sheep as food for my suite.

Next day we began to discern the Balkans before us: those fine wooded mountains, which are interspersed with large villages and richly cultivated land, are inhabited by Bulgarians. We travelled all day along the edge of a torrent which forms marshes in the plain. On reaching the foot of the Balkans, we found all the principal inhabitants of the Bulgarian village of Yenikeni waiting for us. They took the reins of our horses, ranged themselves on each side of our carriages, supported them at times with their shoulders, and occasionally lifted them up to prevent the wheels from slipping over the precipices; and in this manner we were escorted to the miserable village, where my Tartars had arrived before us. The houses, which are dispersed over the sides of two hills, separated by a profound ravine, are surrounded by fine orchards and meadows. All the mountains are cultivated at their base, and covered with fine forests on their flanks: their summits are of rock. The little Bulgarian houses, or rather huts, are built of clay and roofed with branches of trees with their foliage. We occu-

pied seven or eight of them, and our moukres, Tartars, and horsemen, bivouacked in the orchards.

Each house has but one room, with no other flooring than the bare earth. I was seized with an inflammatory fever, brought on by fatigue and anxiety. I lay for twenty days between life and death, stretched on a mat, in one of these miserable hovels without a window. My wife, who attended on me with unwearied devotedness, never closed her eyes for fifteen or twenty days. She sent to the marshes of the plain to procure leeches, and the Bulgarians at length found some. Sixty were applied to my chest and my temples, which greatly relieved me. I was conscious of my danger, and I was agonised by the thought of the desolate condition in which my wife would be placed if I should die amidst the mountains of Macedonia, four hundred leagues from my friends. I requested M. Capmas to come to me, and I communicated to him my last wishes in the event of my death. I desired that I might be buried under a tree which I had observed on the roadside as we where coming to the village, and that a single word should be inscribed on the stone over my grave: this word was—God.

On the sixth day of the fever, when the danger was already over, we heard the sound of horses' feet entering the court before our house. Several horsemen alighted; the foremost was my king Greek friend from Philippopoli, M. Maurides, accompanied by a young Macedonian physician, several servants, and horses laden with provisions, medicines, and furniture. A Tartar, who had crossed the Balkans on his way to Adrianople, had halted at Philippopoli, where he related that a Frank traveller had been taken ill, and was dying at Yenikeni. This story reached the ears of M. Maurides at ten o'clock one evening. Immediately concluding that the Frank was the same who had recently been his guest, he sent for his friend the physician, assembled his servants, and loaded his horses with everything which his charitable foresight suggested would be useful

to me. He left his home in the middle of the night, travelled without resting, and after a journey of two days arrived at Yenikeni, bringing succour and consolation to a stranger whom he will never see again. Such traits as this cheer the heart, and show that the generous nature of man is alike in all places and in all climates. M. Maurides found me almost convalescent Business called him back to Philippopoli, and he set off again the same day, leaving the Macedonian doctor in attendance on me. He was a young man of talent and information. He had pursued his medical studies at Semlin in Hungary, and he spoke Latin. I however did not require his professional aid: the affection, the presence of mind, and the energetic resolution of my wife had enabled her to render me all the assistance which my case required.

The Prince of Tatar Bazargik, on being informed of my illness, showed me no less kindness and hospitality He every day sent sheep and calves as provisions for my suite; and during the whole time of my stay at Yenikeni, five or six horsemen of his suite were constantly in my courtyard, with their horses saddled, and ready to execute my most trivial commands. On the few last days of my convalescence, they attended me in my rides through the magnificent valley, and over the mountains in the environs of Yenikeni. The Prince even offered me his slaves, and on my departure a detachment of his horsemen accompanied me as far as the boundaries of his government. At Yenikeni I had an opportunity of observing the domestic manners of the Bulgarians, which closely resemble those of our Swiss or Savoyard peasantry. They are a simple, mild and laborious people, full of respect for their priests and zeal for their religion, which is that of the Greek Church. Their priests are, like themselves, simple peasants. The Bulgarians are an increasing population, now amounting to several millions. They live in large villages and small towns, separated from the Turks. One or two Turks, delegated by the pacha or the ayam, annually visit the Bulgarian villages to collect

the imposts in money. Excepting these, and some taxes in labour and in kind, they live unmolested in the observance of their primitive customs. Their costume resembles that of the peasants of Germany, and the women and children dress much like the mountaineers of Switzerland. The women are pretty, lively, and graceful; and their manners are pure, though they have laid aside the veil of the Turkish females, and freely associate with the men. I saw some of the rustic dances of the Bulgarians, which are similar to those of our French villagers.

I left Yenikeni and its amiable inhabitants with regret: and shortly after arrived at Belgrade.

We were about an hour in crossing the Danube, which is very broad and deep, and its waves are as rough as those of the sea. At length we reached the meadows and orchards which surround Semlin. At three in the afternoon we entered the lazaretto, where we were to remain ten days. To each of us was assigned an apartment, and a little yard planted with trees. I dismissed my Tartars, my moukres, and my dragomans, who set off on their return to Constantinople. They all sorrowfully kissed our hands; and I could not without deep emotion and gratitude part from these faithful and generous attendants, who had guided, us with the affection of brothers, and who during the innumerable vicissitudes of an eighteen months journey through foreign lands, proved to me that all religions have their divine moral, all civilizations their virtue, and all men the sentiment of the just, the good, and the beautiful, engraven in various characters in their hearts by the hand of God.

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AUTHOR
Travels in the Holy Land

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